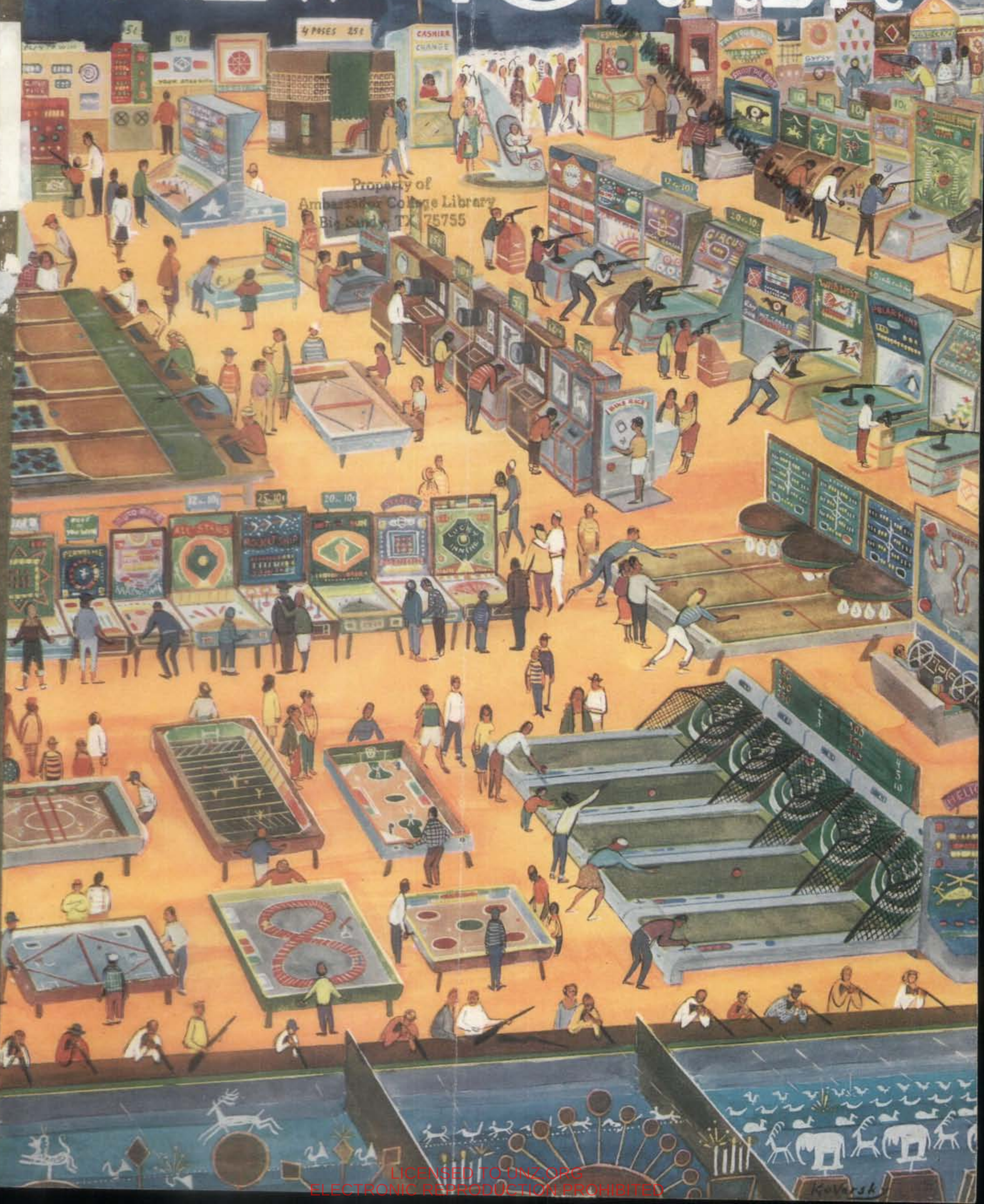
June 2, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

AUG 10 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755


4 POSES 25¢
CASHIER
CHANGE
CIRCUS
ALL STARS
LUCKY INNING
POLAR HUNT
Kovarsky

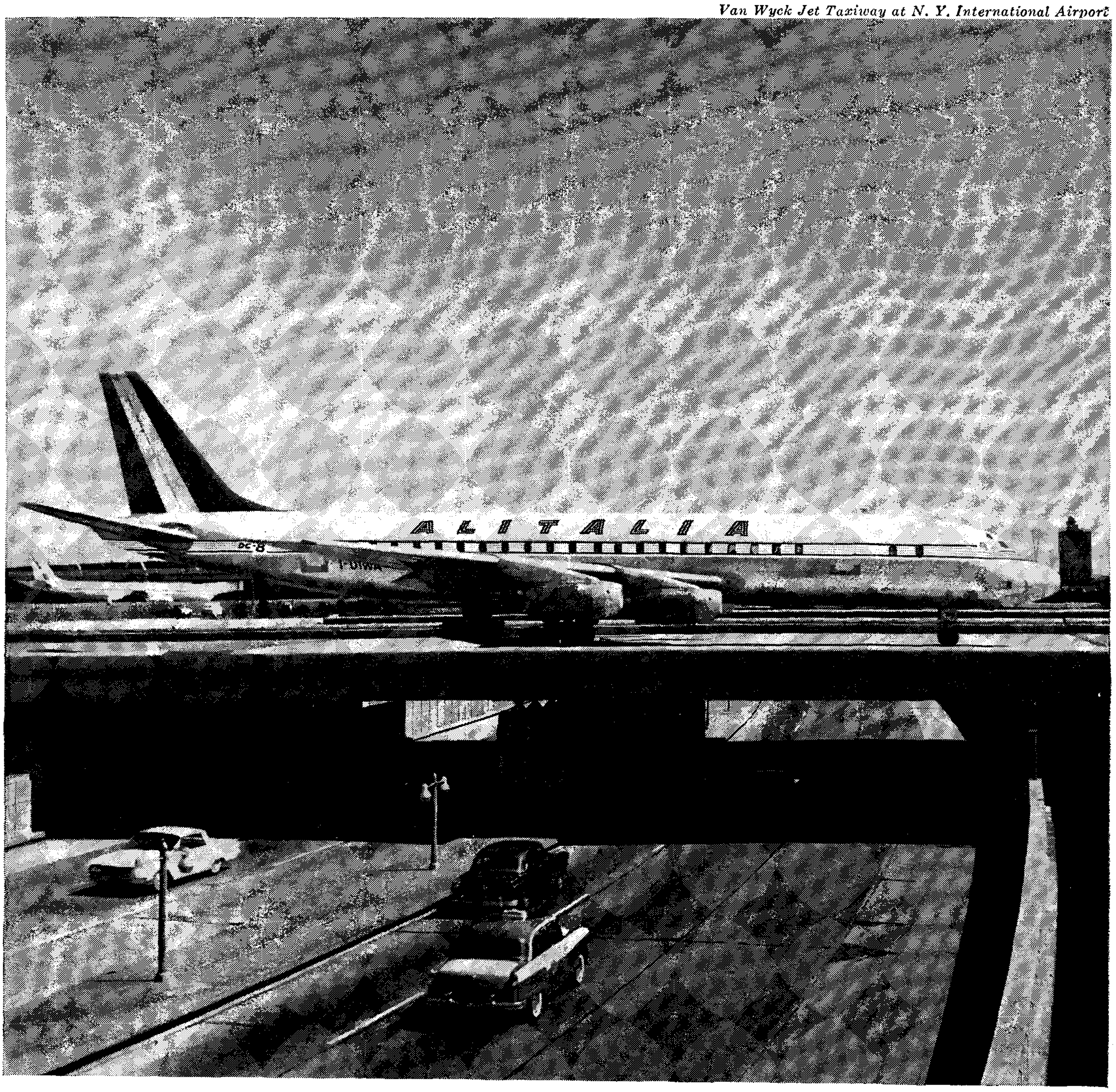
An imaginative new vinyl floor–Montina Corlon

for
a
free
sample,
drop
us
a
line.
Armstrong
Lancaster, Pa.
POSTAGE

Everything about Montina Corlon is refreshingly new. Each vinyl chip is delicately veined with color, each irregularly shaped. And all are of different sizes, like pebbles on a beach. They're set in translucent vinyl, creating intriguing random patterns and a gently textured surface. You can use this new sheet vinyl floor in any room in your home—even in a downstairs recreation room, directly on the concrete. Drop us a line for a free sample of Montina Corlon and a folder showing its fashionable colors. Armstrong, 6206 Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 62-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. ☐ Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

SHOWN, STYLE 86700. MONTINA AND CORLON® ARE TRADEMARKS OF ARMSTRONG CORK CO. FLOOR PATTERN COPYRIGHTED.

Van Wyck Jet Taxiway at N. Y. International Airport



LONDON BRIDGE

An Alitalia jet links New York with London every day of the week!

Alitalia's Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jets roll non-stop to London every evening at 9:15*... arrive bright and early every morning. You can't beat that kind of convenience unless you want to go twice in one day. Alitalia is also the only airline that jets non-stop to both Milan and Rome. Convenient connections at all three gateways for most of Europe via Alitalia Caravelle Jet. Frequent flights from New York, Boston, Chicago and Montreal. Ask your Travel Agent to plan your trip with Alitalia—the most European way to jet to Europe.

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

**Effective June 1, from N. Y.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Gideon—Douglas Campbell and Gerald Hiken make an entertaining team as they portray God and Gideon, respectively, in this Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky, but their colloquies are not magnetic enough to hold one's attention through two acts and five scenes. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

A Man for All Seasons—A distinguished play (by Robert Bolt) and a distinguished actor (Paul Scofield) in happy conjunction. The play concerns Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, and Mr. Scofield's portrayal of him is sympathetic, amusing, exciting, and convincing. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered while spending an evening in her quarters. The combination of French farce and courtroom drama doesn't always progress very speedily, but William Shatner, as the examining magistrate; Walter Matthau, as a banker; and Louise Troy, as the banker's wife, lend sturdy support to Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—Cesare Siepi giving his powerful basso a workout in a rather disorganized play about an Italian restaurateur who finds himself hard pressed by an eating-chain outfit and has to resort to larceny to keep his rivals from getting the upper hand. A. J. Russell is responsible for the book, Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer wrote the lyrics and music, and Stanley Prager provided the direction. Michele Lee, Maria Karnilova, George S. Irving, Lu Leonard, Arnold Soboloff, and Gene Varrone are also on view. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—All the Horatio Alger ground rules for getting ahead in business are broken in this saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. A merry piece of spoofing, which owes much to Frank Loesser, Abe Burrows, and a couple of other collaborators. The best performances are those by Robert Morse, who plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée, who plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of the life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The ladies aren't always the most diverting company in the world, but there is dancing galore, and the songs, by Jerry Herman, are rendered amiably by a cast led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—You probably won't split your sides laughing at this Betty Comden-Adolph Green comedy about people trying to survive in Manhattan without money, and the score by Jule Styne may leave you unmoved, but the play is handsomely mounted, includes a couple of splendid production numbers, and has the valuable services of Sydney Chaplin, Orson Bean, Carol Lawrence, and Phyllis Newman. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** Susan Watson plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Her associates are Jerry Orbach and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Sat-

	Page
BOOKS	118
THE CURRENT CINEMA	79
LETTER FROM LONDON	80
MUSICAL EVENTS: CONCERT RECORDS	115
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: THIS AND THAT	100
THE RACE TRACK	113
A REPORTER AT LARGE	89

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 15, June 2, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn.

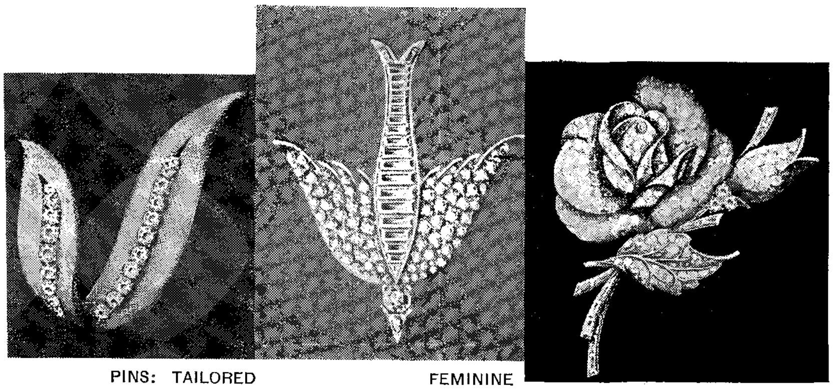
©, 1962, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

What makes a diamond wardrobe?

Diamond jewel pieces are to wear, with joy and pride. Planning a diamond wardrobe will help you get more pleasure from your diamond treasures

As in everything you wear, you want your diamond jewel pieces to express your flair for the beautiful, to be very personally yours.

Should your diamond jewelry be modern and tailored, feminine and dainty, or classic and elegant? Maybe you already know the answer, have taken this rewarding first step in the planning of a diamond wardrobe. But if you haven't, what a delightful time you can have finding the kind of designs that do the most for you and fit the life you lead.

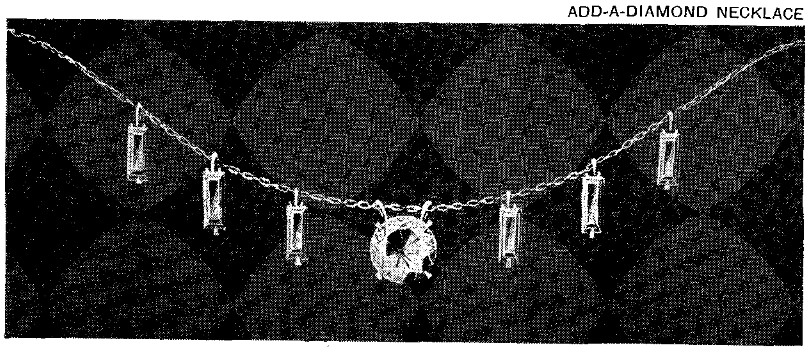

PINS: TAILORED FEMININE CLASSIC

Even if diamond jewelry is only a dream for the future, what more exciting way is there of exploring the means of expressing your taste, punctuating your personality, animating your features than through trying on diamond jewelry?

A fine jewelry store isn't a museum, you know, though it probably has as many treasures. You're always welcome to browse, to try on, to ask questions. The man behind the counter is usually an expert in helping women to express their personalities, as well as in gemology. Why not stop in now and then? It's your privilege to make up your mind slowly.

Once you have settled on the kind of design that's truly yours, you will want to consider the pieces that will go into your diamond wardrobe. This is long-range planning, for you'll probably acquire them one at a time. Gift occasions are special opportunities. Such planning pays you dividends in diamond jewels that will be constant joys through the years.

ADD-A-DIAMOND NECKLACE



Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

Here's a little list you can make your own:

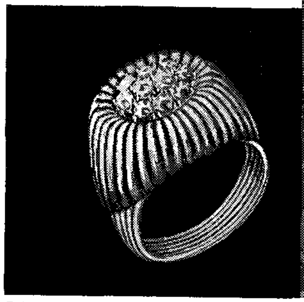
RING . . . a flaming right-hand solitaire, or a cocktail or dinner ring of intriguing design.

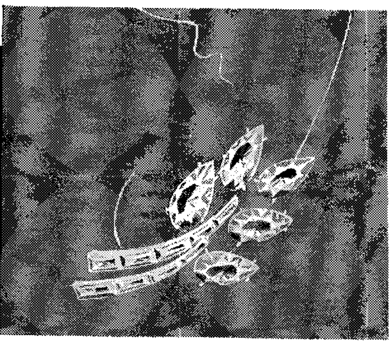
CLIP, PIN OR BROOCH...fabulous or fascinatingly feminine. Designers are dreaming up delectable new ones all the time.

EARCLIPS . . . these can match, or complement your clip or brooch. Or, you can choose two lovely little clips that double as ear adornments.

BRACELET OR WRIST WATCH . . . or both. A diamond wrist watch can become a diamond bracelet by adding a diamond at a time to a paneled metal band.

NECKLACE . . . this may be a breath-taking, many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a modest beginning, with a single diamond on a slender chain, or a crescent of jewels or a clip on a platinum choker. Diamonds can then be added from time to time.

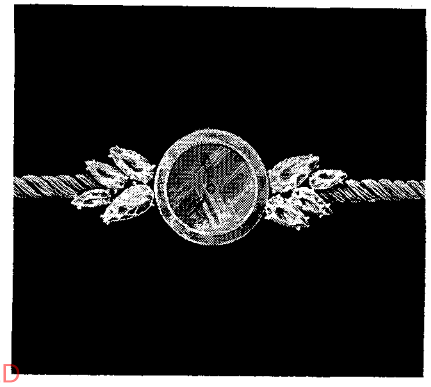

DOME RING


EARCLIPS

However you plan your diamond wardrobe, however long it takes you, you'll bask in flames of loveliness that never change or dim. And each of your treasures will have a lasting value.

A diamond is forever

WRIST WATCH



De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Martha Wright and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Brigadoon," with Sally Ann Howes, Farley Granger, and Peter Palmer, is the second in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 10.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sunday, June 3, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Murder of Me—A play by Scott Michel. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sunday, June 3, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—An adaptation of James Joyce's semi-autobiographical work is being presented in this double bill, together with a play by Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Donald Woods, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. All of them are admirable in David Ross's admirable production. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

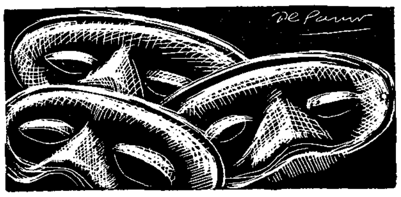
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is running a course in self-expression for Patricia Bright (a sardonic girl talker) and Ruth Harrison and Alex Fisher (satiric dancers), and they clearly love their work. They come into view twice a night Tuesdays through Saturdays, only at dinner on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's bubbly trio do the dance music. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where there's always something—usually Stanley Worth's little dance band—happening from apéritifs to curfew night after night. Another band fills in on Mondays.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Guests should lend a two-track ear to the dinner and supper proceedings in the Persian Room—one track for the snapdragon didos of Eartha Kitt, a top-of-the-evening high-style singer, the other track for the enhancing counterpoint she's given by the orchestrations of her British pianist, Pete Dodd. Before, betwixt, and behind, Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's small one weave yard after yard of dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano that contains absolutely no harsh irritants is presented (except on Mondays) by Kurt Maier in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is inhabited by the good-natured dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jerry Wald's dance orchestra, which occupies the huge Grill, has a few simple rules of the road: Drive slowly, drive carefully, always put your hand out when making a turn. The band takes to the road itself on Saturday, June 2, and on Monday, June 4, Gunnar Hansen brings in a group that is much more accustomed to handling the New York brand of traffic. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Patachou, a comprehensive, easy, and pleasurable lesson in colloquial French, finishes her series of twice-a-night roundelays in the Maisonette on Tuesday, June 5, and departs for the season, along with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the rest of the musicians. . . . ¶ La Boite, a small new *concours d'élégance* just across the way where a piano and a violinist hum gently from dinner through supper, likewise turns out the lights on Tuesday, June 5. . . . ¶ The Roof, a favorite midsummer night's dream, opens on Wednesday, June 6, with—according to custom immemorial—dancing to the bands that spent the winter in the Maisonette. No action anywhere on Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, that handsome Italian villa, is in its summer mood, which means hearts-and-flowers music by a trio from six to nine-thirty. No dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Uprooted denizens of Park Avenue still return, their damsels on their arms, to the scenes of their childhood—namely, the big Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's and Roger Steele's bands do dance tunes in New York style) and the wee Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi fiddles while the midnight oil burns). Both pleasure domes are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—From five to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday, in Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plies her piano with sweetmeats.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): People you know going on just as they would on their own front porch, even though there's a leavening of utter strangers. For one and all, Budd Gregg plays social piano from eight on. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, round about midnight; Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering,

A TAHITIAN TAN BY LANVIN

Sun 'n Fun
LANVIN
Sun 'n Fun

A jet-fast tanning cream for a glamorous Tahitian tan...
and a transparent sun-screen stick to protect lips and eyelids...
plus a handy mirror! COPYRIGHT 1962. LANVIN-PARFUMS, INC.

COMPLETE $2 PLUS TAX

PAT. PEND.

Bull or Bear, our "Wall Street" tie is designed for him

Created by Dominique France, this distinctive silk tie has authentic company symbols and a replica of the original Edison ticker tape machine. Being conservative, the quotations on it are the lows for last year. Makes an inspired Father's Day gift! Olive, navy, medium blue, red and silver. **7.50**

Mail and phone orders filled
Outside delivery area add 55c

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes the stand on Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the main roads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than the management's élite corps of ambulatory violinists who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An excellent opportunity to be in Florence, now that spring is here. It is garnished with native dishes and native operatics. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department, up to and including the conducting of a minute troupe of opera lovers. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri IV's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sunday, June 3, is the end of the run for Dick Gautier, whose tales of his own wildwood can be supernatural, and for Barbra Streisand, who burnishes at least some of her songs to a brilliant shine. Another collection of players should arrive on Tuesday, June 5. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, the court musicians, will stay on.... **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Not a bad little palace on the Danube, with the menu you'd expect and the zither you'd expect. Ten is the finish of the zither recital. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Implications of the Alhambra are everywhere to be seen, but the restaurant is as American as smog, and so is the drifting-and-dreaming piano of Conrad Monjoy, which begins at six and keeps on until midnight, or a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest revisited in the midst of a midsummer night's dream. The heady air is filled by the earnest and ceaseless rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles, and by the carolling of vivacious natives. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park, giving it a professional touch from cocktail time to suppertime. His night off is Sunday.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The late, late edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, along with (from eight-thirty until perhaps two) George Feyer's piano, which is Byzantine. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. Sundays, there's dancing from two to seven; Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing after eight.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic's whoop-de-do voice and piano start their call to arms at ten in the well-cushioned small greenroom, and Andy Hamon's sort of soulful voice and piano will be added as of Saturday, June 2. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday.... **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A neat little dining room, where piano and guitar quietly think things over until around dessert time, when there's the first recital of ballads by Rita Dimitri, once of "Can-Can," whose manner is just-for-fun. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The tiny buttery of the Hotel Stanhope offers mural work that is literally an eye-opener all the time. From nine-thirty to one every night but Monday, it also offers casual piano work.

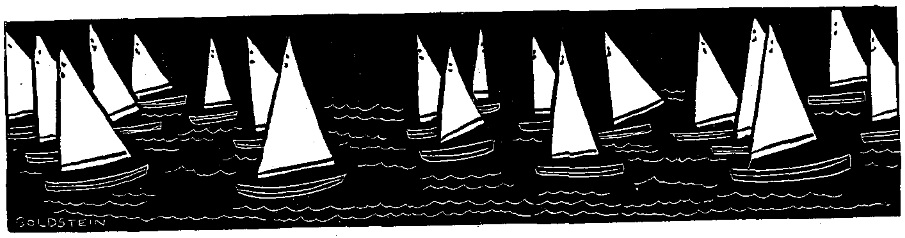
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Nothing here troubles the careworn mind, since the subject matter is not the body politic but the body beautiful. Among the numerous specimens are the girls of the Wallenda aerial ballet. Marie McDonald, representing the Hollywood lodge of the category, contributes a kind of song-and-dance act; the Tonelys contribute free-floating European acrobatics; Pepper Davis and Tony Reese contribute a slap-and-dash act that is wildly funny when it isn't wildly blue. On Wednesday, June 6, Arlene Dahl (for whom see the specifications for Miss McDonald) replaces—by one of those coincidences—Miss McDonald. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The speaker at the banquet is Mort Sahl, who has been called in at nearly the last moment to redesign the world; the musicians are led by George Shearing, who is part jazz and part idyllic thought; the singing is done by Nancy Wilson. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): An ample supply of shouting and tumult by Dave Astor, who showers all hands with a string of lively hit-and-run jokes; by the Smothers Brothers, who can't take folk music seriously for more than eight bars; and by the Clara Ward Gospel Singers, who put their faith in the loud pedal and dancing feet. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short restores life after dark to its golden age by pouring forth his wake-up-and-live piano and lyrics without stint. Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's traps are his aides. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Seven Come Eleven," Julius Monk's most recent revue, is a detailed explanation, couched in hundreds of well-chosen words and grace notes, of what ails us all and how to laugh it off. The mourners (all of them radiantly professional) are Ceil Cabot

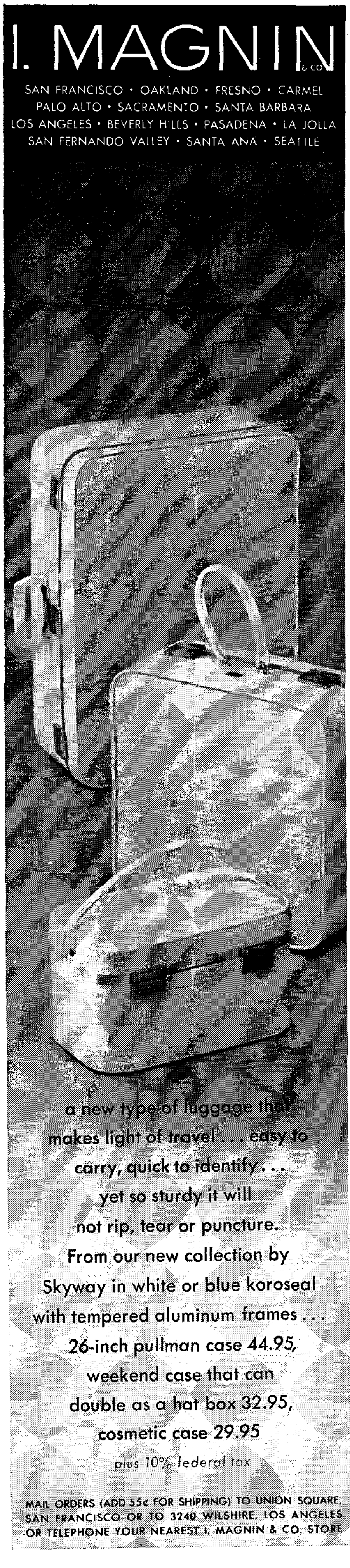


Photograph of bearer
PHOTOGRAPH ATTACHED
DEPARTMENT OF STATE
PASSPORT AGENCY NY
Visas
Renewal, extensions, amendments
limitations, and restrictions

when you come back from Copenhagen
you'll change your passport photo, too

If you're lucky enough to visit Copenhagen and knowing enough to seek out Birger Christensen, the city's leading furrier, you'll do what so many other Americans have done—return with a jacket or cape or coat of prime Saga Mink. This fur is the pride of Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden. Mr. Christensen's elegant handling of fur is one of the world's delights. Any of his creations will be your delight. You'll want everybody, just everybody, to see it. **BIRGER CHRISTENSEN**

Furriers since 1869, 33 Ostergade, Copenhagen By appointment to the Royal Danish Court



I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • FRESNO • CARMEL
PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • SANTA BARBARA
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

a new type of luggage that makes light of travel . . . easy to carry, quick to identify . . . yet so sturdy it will not rip, tear or puncture. From our new collection by Skyway in white or blue koroseal with tempered aluminum frames . . . 26-inch pullman case 44.95, weekend case that can double as a hat box 32.95, cosmetic case 29.95

plus 10% federal tax

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Mary Louise Wilson, ministering archangels of long standing, and a flock of blithe new cherubs—Rex Robbins, Donna Sanders, Steve Roland, and William Bogert. The music is the pianos of Carl Norman and Sam Pottle. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): An earlier and just as carefree example of the Julius Monk revue. Its lifetime inhabitants are Freddie Weber, girl gallimaufry, and her mischief-loving guardians, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle; their newly acquired aide is Carol Morley, a dizzy Canadian caper. The keyboard work of Robert Colston and Robert Milrad is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Latin race—from a half-dozen Argentinian guitar-bearing gauchos to the Spanish Angel Mancheno, whose feet are shod in Mercury wings—is ready to die gracefully, gloriously, and garrulously on the altar of love. Between their sessions of song and prance, Pupi Campo's dance band calls upon the customers to be agile, too. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a fine little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The Victorian music hall set up here by the Players Theatre of London winds up its season like this: Thursday, May 31, at nine; Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sunday, June 3, at seven-thirty. In the bar adjoining the stage, though, piano by Pat Belmont will still be offered every night but Monday, from seven to nine and from ten-thirty until curfew. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen Amaya, *doyenne* of the Iberian cultural mission to this country, now and then gets heavily involved in the flamenco fire dances and fire songs concocted by her troupe of gypsies. Friday through Sunday, June 1-3, the fairly regal Nina Simone and her quartet will add sugarplum jazz to the evening. Mondays are assigned to itinerant jazz bands.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dick Guard, in his earlier incarnation a portion of the Kingston Trio, is now president of the Whiskeyhill Singers, who are staging their Manhattan inaugural here; Stan Getz, who for all his sturdy horn work is a bit of a romanticist, has a quartet in hand. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but firm hands on the local piano in pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): All manic, no depression. The Dukes of Dixieland and Cozy Cole's quartet undertake this massive assignment without batting anything but the listeners' eyes. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): *Sturm und Drang* at the hands of the quintet run by John Coltrane, who believes that his solos bear repetition and sees that they get it; less assertive musings, also in the modern manner, by Kai Winding's septet. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Chico Hamilton's quintet, breathing hard, moves out of its pleasant Village quarters on Sunday, June 3; on Tuesday, June 5, the foursome run by Tubby Hayes, the British sax man, moves in. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): "Sweet Adeline" is the most popular request number now, but Harold Quinn's trio and Peter Appleyard's foursome can, when they wish, rise a trifle above that particular genre. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A special form of riptide rushes from the trumpet of Wild Bill Davison, peer of the realm. In his crew of old-school fellow-thinkers are Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Life here is indeed all beer and skittles during the extremely offhand courses in Early Americana. On Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, this conclave of deans is due: Jo Jones, Red Allen, Edmond Hall, Cutty Cutshall, Russell Moore, Eddie Barefield, Red Richards, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The Jazztet, a joint declaration by Art Farmer and Benny Golsom as to the beneficial qualities of modern music, bows out on Sunday, June 3, along with Roland Kirk's quartet. On Tuesday, June 5, Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks, whose voices evoke with joyous accuracy the harmonies and dissonances of a jump band's brass section, begin their recitations with a new girl partner in place of the absent Annie Ross. Ornette Coleman's quartet arrives at the same time, snorting defiance of all rules and regulations that pertain to musical structure. On Sundays there are additional seminars from four to seven; on Monday nights drop-in artists do the work. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The trio of Dave Pike (off duty Mondays) and Randy Weston's quartet (off duty Tuesdays) hold solemn conclaves here. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the bar. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Someone in the folk business must love amateurs, because there are so many of them, especially downtown. There are also, however, Anita and Jacques (she's Anita Sheer), whose knowledge of guitar and flamenco is comprehensive. Their closing night is Sunday, June 3. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If lemon peel is an insufficient supplement to one's espresso, there's always folk music of sorts in this frontier tavern, and folk music of an excellent sort from the lips and guitar of young Mr. Mike Settle. He stays home Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Peter Agostini—Sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, June 2. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Rose Alber—Semi-realistic landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, June 2. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Leonard Baskin—Sculptures, bronze bas-reliefs, and drawings; through Friday, June 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Beck—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Friday, June 8. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Julio de Diego—Paintings on the theme of "The Armada;" through June 29. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, June 9. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Feeley—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

John Ferren—Abstract paintings and collages; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Drawings, water colors, and small oils; through Saturday, June 2. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Friday, June 8. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

William Pachner—Expressionist drawings, temperas, and collages; through June 16. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Drawings; through Friday,

"Remember those grim summers, Rodney— when the ladies went abroad shockingly stockingless!"

Good old days, Rodney? Indeed not. Before tinted stockings, every summer was a trial for me. I regarded the very sight of bare legs in public as an affront. (Once, at a party in Oyster Bay, limbs *au naturel* quite put me off my feed.) So hip-hip-hurrah for stockings in summer. Tints, especially. Du Pont Nylon, specifically. Fortunately, ladies are learning that even in summer every fashion needs a stocking all its own!

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

$16.50

SLEEP SUIT

One-piece oriental style pajamas for cool, comfortable loafing or sleeping Fine quality lightweight pima cotton in light blue

Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large

Leather Scuffs, with cross straps. Black or burgundy. $6.50

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing • Hats • Haberdashery • Shoes

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET • NEW YORK

June 8. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Rudolf Ray—Abstractions; through June 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings and Saturdays.)

Noel Rockmore—Figures and other subjects, treated somewhat abstractly; through Saturday, June 2. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Louis Schanker—Abstract paintings; through June 23. (Dewey, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Charles Schucker—Non-objective paintings; through June 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

George Segal—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 2. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Everett Shinn (1876-1953)—Theatres and other metropolitan scenes, mostly in Paris and New York (pastels, water colors, and drawings), 1900-40; through Saturday, June 9. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings by this Mexican artist; through Friday, June 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Thon—A new set of Italian and Maine landscapes; through Saturday, June 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Nat Werner—Abstract welded sculptures; through Saturday, June 2. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Benjamin West (1738-1820)—Historical paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Stravinsky and the Dance—A loan exhibition in honor of Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday, comprising nearly two hundred paintings and drawings of stage and costume designs for such ballets as "Firebird" and "Petrouchka," as well as numerous portraits, by Berman, Cocteau, Tchelitchew, and others. For the benefit of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. Through Saturday, June 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Stravinsky showing at the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.

Sculptures—At the **gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **time & life building exhibit center**, Rockefeller Center: Bronzes by seven living Italians: Agenore Fabbri, Pericle Fazzini, Emilio Greco, Giacomo Manzù, Marino Marini, Luciano Minguzzi, and Mirko; through Sunday, June 3. (Open until 7 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Drawings and Prints—At the **bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Cranach, and others; through June 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Lee Bontecou, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Moscowitz, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, and Jack Tworkov; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: "American Prints, 1775-1962," made up of works by about a hundred and fifty artists, including Winslow Homer, John Sloan, and Reginald Marsh; through June 16.... **the drawing shop**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: "The Non-Dissenters, David through Puvis de Chavannes," a showing of nineteenth-century French drawings; through June 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 10.)... **este**, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "The Eighth Annual Exhibition of Master Drawings from Five Centuries." Among the European and American artists are Tiepolo, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Frederic Taubes. Through June 30.... **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Tom Hardy, John Koch, and Andrée Ruellan are three of the participants in a display of contemporary drawings; through June 22. (Closed Saturdays.)... **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nineteenth-century French drawings, by Renoir, Degas, and Gauguin, for instance; through June 30.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **de nagy**, 149 E. 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures and reliefs by such gallery artists as Jane Wilson, Peter Forakis, and Ilse Getz; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The figure is the theme of the spring group show, and the painters and sculptures include Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through June 15. (Closed Saturdays.)... **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Three painters—Joseph Hirsch, Sarai Sherman, and Joyce Treiman; through Saturday, June 9.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by William Baziotes, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and seven others; through Saturday, June 2.... **kornblee**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Landscapes by Milton Avery, Jane Freilicher, Reuben Tam, and others; through Friday, June 1.... ¶ Figures by Charles Cajori, Robert Goodnough, Marcia Marcus, and others; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni, to mention a few; through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by, among others, Julio Girona and Charles Shaw, plus sculptures by Wolfgang Behl; through Friday, June 8. (Closed Saturdays.)... **tanager**, 90 E. 10th St.: Nell Blaine, Angelo Ippolito, and Louise Nevelson are three of the more than a hundred and fifty painters and sculptors represented in the final show of this gallery, which opened in 1952; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **auslander**, 50 E. 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by Jean Metzinger, Yves Tanguy, Matta, Antonio Music, and Larry Rivers; through Saturday, June 2.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Modern masters (painters and sculptors), including Calder, Rouault, and Utrillo; through June 15. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro, Bernard Perlin, Leonardo Cremonini, and other painters and sculptors; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and others, most of whom live in Paris; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **loeb**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such Paris artists as Dufour, Lanskoy, and da Silva; through June 15.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English drawings and water colors lent from British collections. 1750 to 1850 is the period covered, and three of the artists are Constable, Turner, and Cozens. Through Sunday, June 3.... ¶ The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18.... ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sept. 4.... ¶ Picasso, Boccioni, Miró, and Tinguely are several of the artists in an exhibit of fifty drawings; through Aug. 12.... ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, consisting of pieces by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through Sunday, June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.: Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, scores, and books by, among others, Lukas Foss, William Faulkner, and Frank O'Connor. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Isamu Noguchi, Charles Sheeler, Nicolai Cikovsky, Walter Gropius, and others. Through June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"French Masters of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," a loan show of paintings and drawings by artists ranging from Théodore Géricault (who died in 1824) to Picasso and Braque; through Saturday, June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Phillip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteen-century drawings, by Goya, van Gogh, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—"Punch's Progress—Heroes of the Puppet Stage," a showing of more than a hundred and fifty marionettes and puppets of every description, from an eighteenth-century Punchinello to the puppet stars of the current musical "Carnival." (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St.—A display, chosen from the Library's Dance Collection, that supplements the "Stravinsky and the Dance" exhibition (ending Saturday) at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

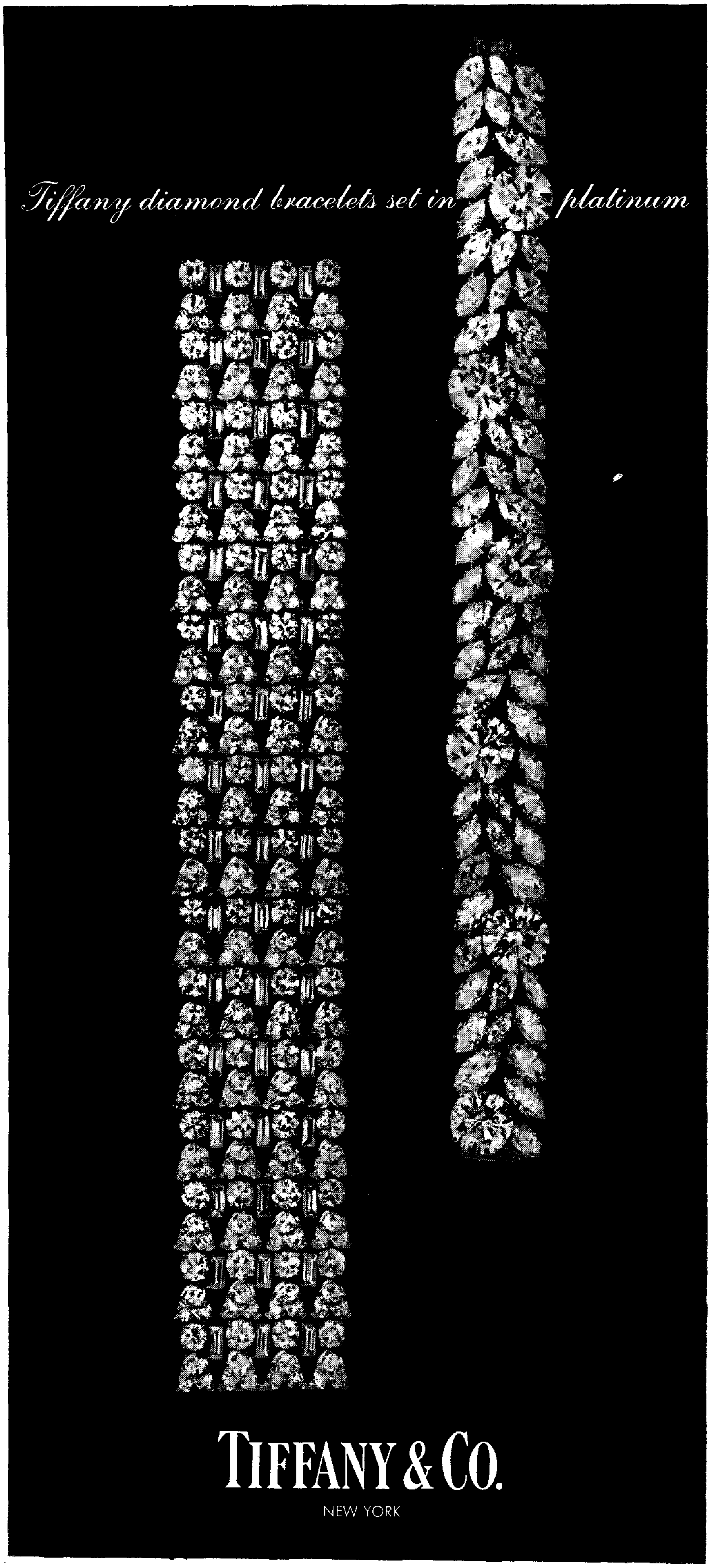
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by John Marin, Alexander Calder, Balcomb Greene, and others are being shown in a dual offering—"The First Five Years of Gifts by the Friends of the Whitney Museum" and "Recent Acquisitions by the Museum;" through June 17. . . . ¶ A one-quarter-scale model for a children's sculpture playground called "Sculpture Continuum: Playground Group," made up of abstract forms in wood designed by Oliver O'Connor Barrett; through June 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

Benefit Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Fela Sowande conducting an orchestra composed of eighty-five members of the New York Philharmonic, with Robert Henson, tenor, and the Howard Roberts Ensemble. A benefit for the African Cultural Center. (Friday, June 1, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Roland Hayes, tenor. A benefit for the American Missionary Association College Centennials Fund. (Sunday, June 3, at 3.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Ran-



Left, $24,200; right, $115,500. Prices include federal tax.

all set for summer, one...two...three

Fashion mileage in triplicate. Pure silk print makes the blouse, lines the Orlon® acrylic sweater...with a textured rayon skirt. Black with black/white or toast with toast/white. 8 to 18, 35⁰⁰

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dolph directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Gene Hollmann, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, June 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, May 31, at 8.... ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 1, at 8; Saturday, June 2, at 1 (doubleheader); and Sunday, June 3, at 2.... **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, June 5, at 8; Wednesday, June 6, at 2; and Thursday, June 7, at 8. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, June 8, at 8, and Saturday, June 9, at 2.

Boxing—Stan Harrington vs. Charley Scott, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, June 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—*Greenwich Kennel Club.* (Greenwich. Saturday, June 9.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Tuesday, June 5.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 2.)... ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. Sunday, June 3.)... ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 8-10.)... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 9.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Final day Thursday, May 31, at 1:30.... **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, June 1, through Saturday, June 30. The Mother Goose, Saturday, June 2; the Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, June 6; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 9. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 1, through Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: Guadalajara vs. Dundee and America vs. Hajduk. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, June 3, at 2.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, June 2, at 2:30, and Sunday, June 3, at 2.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Friday and Saturday, June 8-9.)... ¶ Sears Cup Matches. (Essex County Club, Manchester, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 8-9.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 7, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The sixteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Thursday, June 7. In the meantime, there will be sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Thursday, June 7), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—The annual Flower Mart, spon-

Don't sun today and repent tomorrow

Suntan Lotion
ELIZABETH ARDEN
LONDON NEW YORK PARIS

Guard your skin against the sun's burning rays with Elizabeth Arden Sun Tan Lotion. What better way to tan to the very shade that you want – without even the slightest fear of a burn! That's the beauty of *Sun Tan Lotion. Plastic bottle, 1.50.*

Sun Bloc Lotion is the solution for anyone with fair or sensitive skin who wants complete protection against suntan or burning. Plastic bottle, 2.00.

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

sored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Wednesday, June 6, from 9:30 to 5; Thursday if it rains.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, June 1, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture; decorative objects; paintings; and rugs. The property of Mrs. Charles O. Gorham and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Matta, Gris, and Archipenko; from various sources, among them the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. Exhibition starts Friday, June 1.

Commencement Dates—Smith, Sunday, June 3; Vassar, Monday, June 4; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 5; and Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, Wednesday, June 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: June 10-13 and June 26-July 4. . . . POLO GROUNDS: June 15-20, June 22-24, July 6-8, and July 12-15.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 16.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 16.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 4-7.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Men's Open Championship. (Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. June 14-16.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J. June 21-24.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Dunes Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C. June 28-30.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. July 5-7.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 12-15.)

Horse Shows—Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. June 10.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 14-17.)

Racing—At NEW WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 16. . . . ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 19-22. . . . AQUEDUCT: July 2-28.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: June 10, 16, 23, 24, and July 1, 4, 8, and 15.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: June 22-23. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: June 29-30. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: July 14-15.

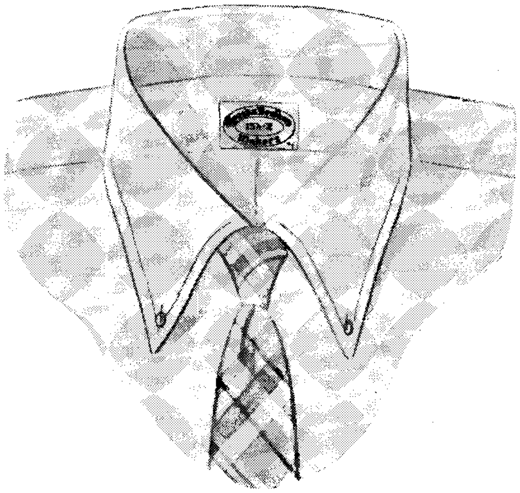
Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. June 16-24.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 23-July 1.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 25-July 7.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. July 2-8.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 2-6.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 16. . . . ¶ America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. July 2-15.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 14-21.)

Music—Casals Festival Concerts, at Carnegie Hall, June 21-22. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 26-Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 20-Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Randalls Island Summer Festival of Stars, June 30-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Sunday chamber-music concerts by the Berkshire Quartet, at Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., July 1-Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 4-Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Jazz and folk concerts, at the Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass., July 8-Sept. 2.

Other Dates—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 10; Yale, June 11; Princeton, June 12; and Harvard, June 14. . . . ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 13. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, June 25-July 13. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Wednesday.



ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR OUTSTANDING LIGHTWEIGHT SHIRTS
made by us in our exclusive styles

WITH BUTTON-DOWN COLLAR

In our zephyrweight cotton oxford. White, $6.50;*
blue or stone, $7; blue, tan or grey stripes on white, $7*

In Pima cotton batiste. White, $6.50; blue,* $7*

In unusually fine lightweight Sea Island cotton.
Blue, tan, grey or yellow stripes on white, $11.50
In Brookscloth (Dacron® polyester and cotton)
White or light blue, $8.50

WITH ROUND COLLAR

White Pima cotton broadcloth with double cuffs, $8.50
In cool pin stripe Madras—blue, tan or grey on white, $7.50

WITH PLAIN COLLAR

In white zephyrweight oxford cloth, $6.50
In blue end-and-end cotton Madras, $7.50
In white Brookscloth (Dacron® and cotton), $8.50

*with regular or half sleeves. All shirts 14-32 to 17½-36.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

La Belle Américaine—A French comedy full of very old-fashioned and therefore brand-new gags, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. If it isn't offensive to say so, this is a picture for the whole family. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 5, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A comedy that never once touches reality, and a lucky thing it doesn't. Audrey Hepburn is the prettiest girl on the town that you could hope to meet and be cheated by, George Peppard is a young writer of easy virtue, and Martin Balsam is an alarmingly astute Hollywood agent. It's funny if you go thinking it will be funny, so go thinking it will be funny. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 5, evening performances only.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—A plausible English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 6, tentative.)

The Five Day Lover—Another dashing and joyous comedy by the French director Philippe de Broca. The setting is Paris, and the not at all star-crossed lovers are young, good-looking, and inexhaustible. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, and François Périer keep stealing the picture from each other. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 6, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—In France, just before and after the First World War, a captivating woman takes more lovers than she should, with consequences that are sometimes hilarious and sometimes not. An odd, novel comedy, directed by François Truffaut and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—A high-spirited translation into modern speech and dress of a famous and shocking eighteenth-century novel. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt, and the victims include Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through June 3.)

Lover Come Back—A nonsensical comedy involving mistaken identity, false advertising, woman-chasing, and other current social problems. Deftly enacted by Rock Hudson and Doris Day, who have come a long way, and by Tony Randall, who was already there. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 6, tentative.)

The Mark—An Anglo-American production, starring Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. A man in his thirties discovers, to his horror, that he is attracted to little girls, and is enabled by means of psychoanalysis to uncover the origins of his sickness, and slowly, painfully, overcome it. The picture itself is often painful; luckily, there are light moments along with the dark, and the three principals are excellent. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 4, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.... ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 6, tentative.)

The Miracle Worker—An immensely moving version of the play, which, as you will recall, was based on the early life of Helen Keller. Anne Bancroft is brilliant as Miss Annie Sullivan, and Patty Duke is her match as the fierce child held incommunicado by deafness and blindness. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 6, tentative.)

No Love for Johnnie—Peter Finch is a middle-aged politician on the make in this English import, which gives glimpses of Parliamentary hanky-panky that one hopes is wholly fictional. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 6, tentative.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney plays the manager of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in West Berlin, and by the time the director, Billy Wilder, gets through inventing preposterous situations for him to blow his stack in, West Berlin seems every bit as suitable a subject for ridicule as Atlanta, Georgia. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 5.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 5, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—An underpaid librarian in a small town in Wales can think of hardly anything except making love, preferably not with his wife, and since Peter Sellers is the troubled thinker, this turns out to be a very amusing picture. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception, superb. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 3.... ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting June 4.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 31.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 6.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 31.)

The Green Pastures (1936)—The Roark Bradford-Marc Connelly piece. With Rex Ingram. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 5.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 5.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; June 3-5, evening performances only, except on Sunday.)

The Joker (1961)—Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 6.)

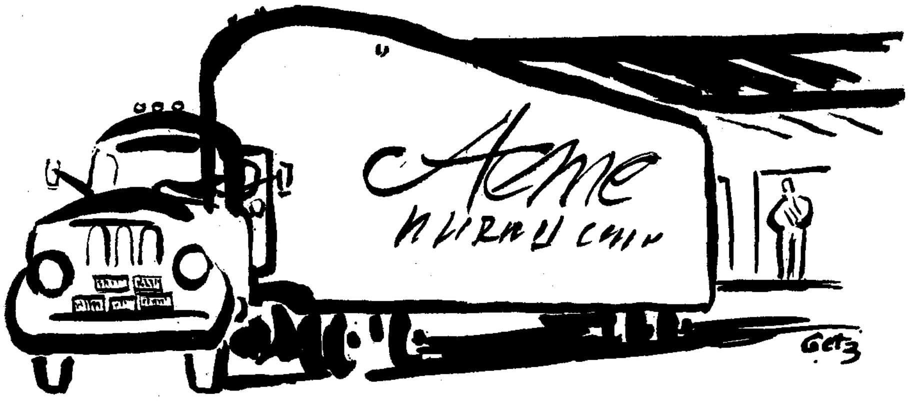
Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 5.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 5, tentative.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; June 3-5, evening performances only, except on Sunday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 6, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through June 4: "Fig Leaves" (1926), with George O'Brien and Olive Borden.... ¶ Starting June 5: "A Girl in Every Port" (1928), with Victor McLaglen and Robert Armstrong. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through June 4: "Suddenly, Last Summer," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.
From June 5, at 8:30: "Advise and Consent," Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton. (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through June 3: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES.**
From June 4: "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy," a film made up of excerpts from eight of the comedian's most famous movies.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 6 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 2: "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," revival, Louis Tock.
June 3-5: **SUSPICION**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.
June 6: A program of experimental films.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 5 (tentative): "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.
From June 6 (tentative): "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 5 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French); and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
From June 6 (tentative): **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE**; and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Suddenly, Last Summer," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 3: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.
June 4-5: Theatre closed.
From June 6: "Advise and Consent," Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 2: "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.
June 3-5: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.
From June 6: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"I Like Money," Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 3: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).
From June 4: "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy," a film made up of excerpts from eight of the comedian's most famous movies.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 5: "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.
From June 6: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 5: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.
From June 6: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 31: **APARAJITO** (in Bengali), revival; and **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival.
June 1-4: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
From June 5: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 5: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.
From June 6: **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**, revival; and **THE JOKER** (in French), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 5 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From June 6 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK**; and **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 3: "Joan of the Angels?" (in Polish).
From June 4: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 5: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.
From June 6: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 5 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).
From June 6 (tentative): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
JULES AND JIM (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 6 (tentative): **THE MARK**; and **TWO WOMEN**, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Summerskin" (in Spanish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 5: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.
From June 6: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 31: "Four Daughters," revival, John Garfield, Priscilla Lane; and "The Crash," revival, Ruth Chatterton, George Brent.
June 1: "Fools for Scandal," revival, Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; and "A Modern Hero," revival, Richard Barthelmess.
June 2: "42nd Street," revival, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Her Majesty Love," revival, Marilyn Miller, W. C. Fields.
June 3: "Hollywood Hotel," revival, Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert; and "Satan Met a Lady," revival, Bette Davis, Warren William.
June 4: "Mayor of Hell," revival, James Cagney; and "Jewel Robbery," revival, William Powell, Kay Francis.
June 5: **THE GREEN PASTURES**, revival; and "The Dark Horse," revival, Guy Kibbee, Bette Davis.
June 6: "Hard to Handle," revival, James Cagney; and "Sweet Music," revival, Rudy Vallée, Ann Dvorak.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 5: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "The Facts of Life," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From June 6: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 4: **THE MARK**; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From June 5: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**; and "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 5 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).
From June 6 (tentative): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 5: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.
From June 6: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 5 (tentative): "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.
From June 6 (tentative): "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.

"I may be holding the answer to one of your biggest problems!"

This man is a Bell Telephone Communications Consultant.

His specialty: solving business problems with efficient, tailor-fit communications.

He can do it for you. First, he'll analyze your operations and see how well your present communications work for you. Then he'll make his recommendation. Because Bell System research is producing newer, more advanced business services all the time, it's a good bet he can give better answers to your communications problems than ever before—answers designed to help you save time, cut costs and improve profits.

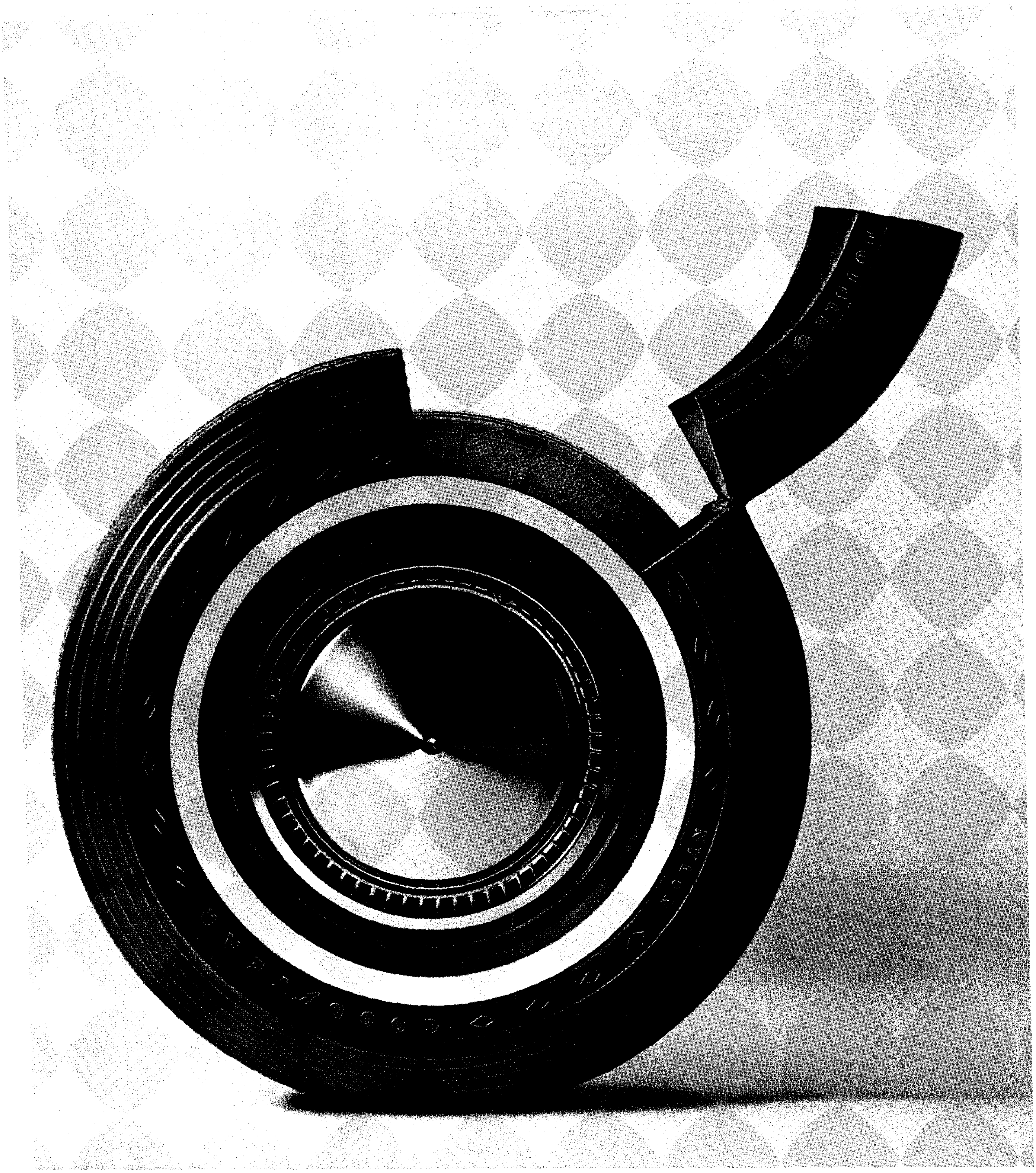
The compact, desktop console switchboard he's holding is just one of these new services. It's part of a new dial-PBX system you should know about.

It will let you and your staff dial all interoffice and outgoing local calls right from your desks. Your switchboard attendant will thus be free to give priority attention to incoming calls—and to handle other productive jobs, too.

Whatever your communications problem may be, you'll profit from a talk with this man. It's easy to arrange. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a Communications Consultant.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM



THE TIRE THAT GIVES YOU A SECOND CHANCE

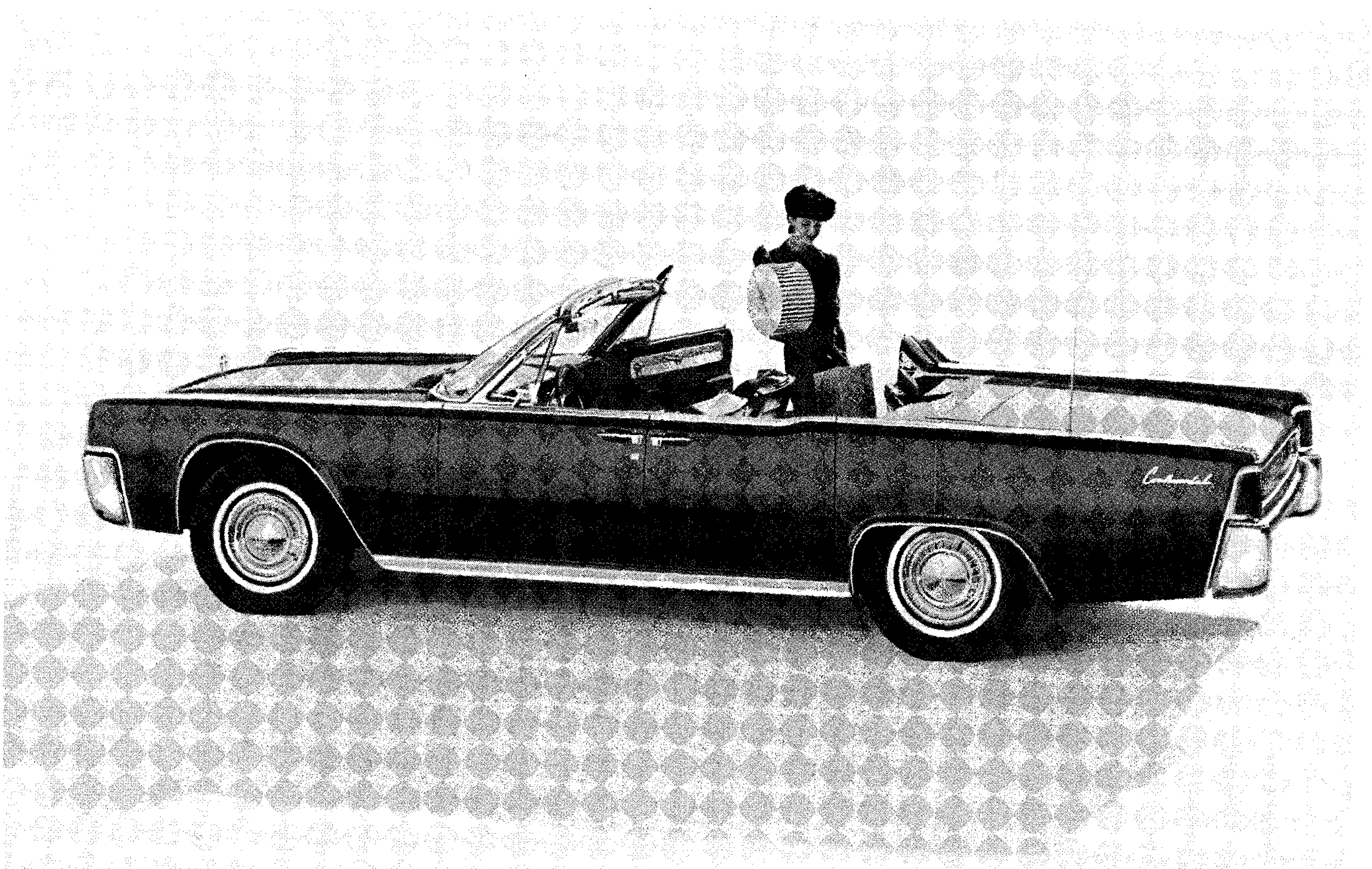
(THERE'S A SECOND TIRE INSIDE)

Captive-Air Double Eagle doesn't go flat. Because it's actually two tires in one. ■ Chances are nothing will ever damage the outer tire—the famous Goodyear Double Eagle. Giant cords make it 70% stronger than an ordinary tire. ■ Yet, if the improbable happens, you get another chance. Because, inside there's a second tire to protect you—an "inner spare," made of nylon and steel cords, that carries the load for up to 100 miles, until you or your wife can conveniently stop for service. There's no more fear of blowouts, and no more worry about flats. ■ Beyond any question, the Captive-Air Double Eagle is the safest tire that man can make and money can buy. And surprisingly, it costs no more than many other premium tires.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, Captive-Air, T. M.'s, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio.



COUNT THE DOORS

Four doors mean you walk into the rear seat compartment of a Lincoln Continental convertible instead of climbing around the front seat. Please notice, too, how the rear doors open—from the center—to provide you with a wider entrance. This is one of the reasons the Lincoln Continental may be called the only luxury convertible in America.

Interior spaciousness is another reason. On the Lincoln Continental the convertible top disappears beneath the rear deck without stealing a single inch of seating room. This, therefore, is the one convertible that has a rear seat large enough for three large passengers... with seven to ten inches more hip room than comparable convertibles.

For this is the Continental concept: to achieve as perfect a luxury automobile as possible. But luxury is only one of many qualities you find in this great motorcar—others are: timeless, classic styling, and unsurpassed quality of manufacture. As a matter of fact, 2,000 separate inspections are conducted during construction. And each car must pass 189 exacting tests after it is built. The result is America's finest automobile, the Lincoln Continental for 1962. It is your wisest investment in tomorrow, warranted for twice as long as any other American car (two full years or 24,000 miles).*

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of Ford Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

---

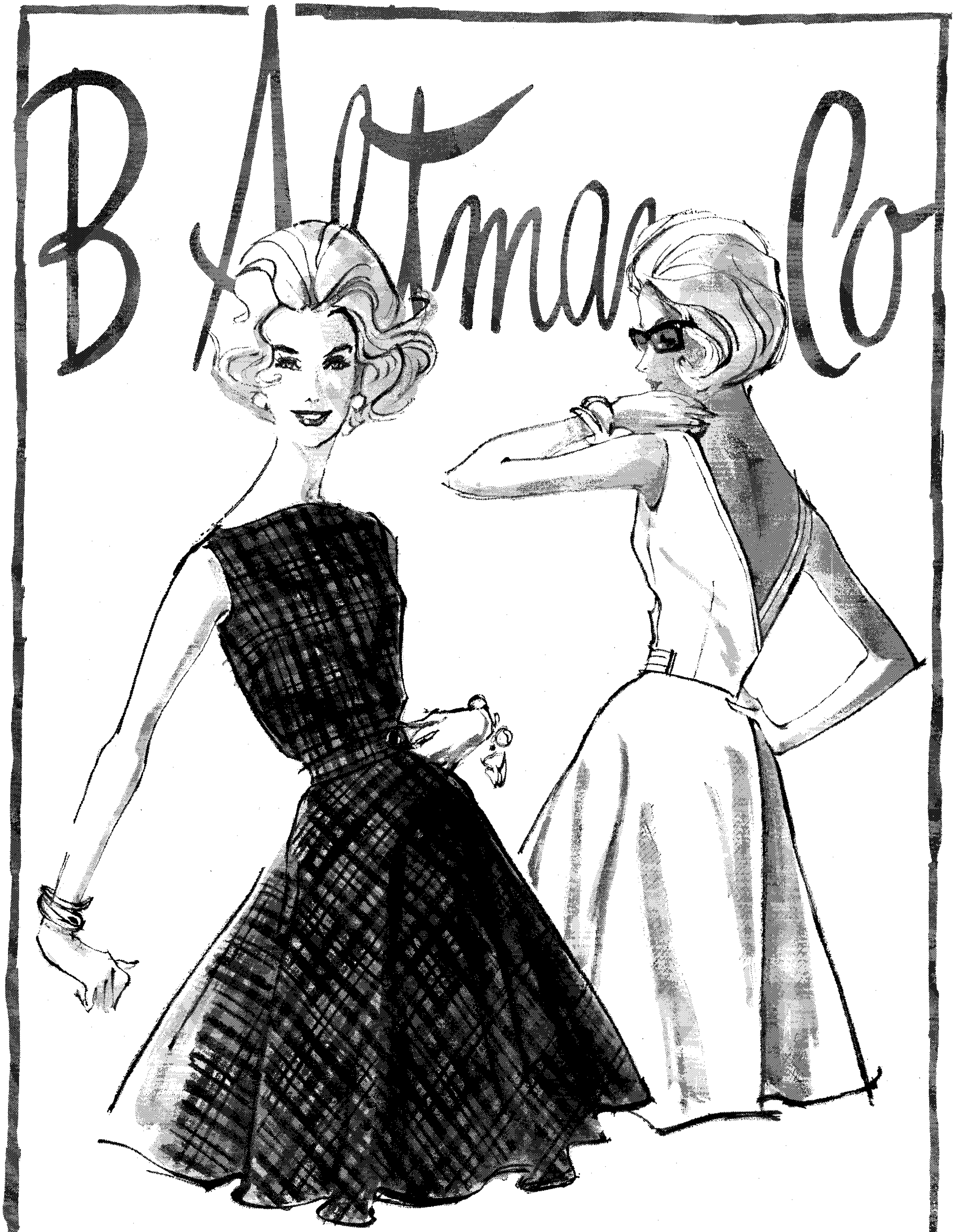
* Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.

Maria
(WEST SIDE STORY)

KAPP RECORDS, INC.

Want to hear this song come to life?
Listen to ROGER WILLIAMS' latest album for KAPP RECORDS, "Maria." Great!

PLUS; TONIGHT, MOON RIVER, AMOR, I'LL BE SEEING YOU, SHALOM, AND 6 OTHER SONG FAVORITES. KL-1266,KS-3266.



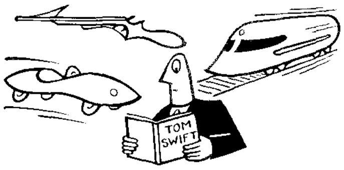
Wrap it, please . . . Summer charmer with some of the season's most interesting back lines . . . in dark, glowing cotton madras . . . black, white or brown cotton pique! 8 to 16. Altman sportswear, third floor, MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **25.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

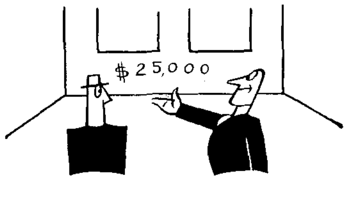
DURING a recent conversation with a scientific-minded friend, we bemoaned the apparent disappearance from the teen-age consciousness of that brash boy inventor Tom Swift, celebrated by the pseudonymous Victor Appleton, who thrilled us all through one long, hot summer with a series of adventures like "Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle," "Tom Swift and His Electric Runabout," and "Tom Swift and His Electric Locomotive" (the last subtitled "Two Miles a Minute on the Rails"). As the youthful genius behind the Swift Construction Company, Tom was given to stirring speeches: "That two miles a minute is a fiction of the imagination cannot be claimed. It is possible. It is humanly possible. It is coming." To which his comrade Ned Newton loyally replied, "Then you must be the fellow to first accomplish it, Tom Swift." It seemed to us, we told our friend, that there should still be a place for such basic American virtues as Tom's, including the Yankee know-how that sent his inventions vaulting from brainstorm to mass production in something under twenty-five chapters. A few days after our talk, our friend called us excitedly to inform us that while the Tom we knew was out of style and out of joint, there was a new series now, retailing the up-to-date experiments of one Tom Swift, *Jr.*, and written for Grosset & Dunlap by one Victor Appleton *II.* Well, with confidence rising in our breast, we hurried over to a nearby bookshop and scanned a rack of new Swift titles: "Tom Swift and His Ultrasonic Cycloplane," "Tom Swift and His Electronic Retroscope," "Tom Swift and His Space Solartron," "Tom Swift and the Cosmic Astronauts." Alas, it wasn't the same at all. Tom Swift, Jr., lacked his father's ability to stay in the avant-garde. One might as well read the daily headlines. It was all too prosaically clear. No hero of science fiction, no hero of science itself can keep ahead of the game for long. Like the evanescent materials they so often work with, the heroes of modern science and science fiction are bound to have a poignantly short half life. Here today and almost gone tomorrow. Chastened and feeling older than our years, we left the store and picked up a copy of the *Times.* But when we opened our paper, a familiar face smiled a confident "Hello" at us from a nearly full-page advertisement. There, in all his black-and-white reality, holding the very latest General Electric engineering triumph, with one nimble finger activating the nickel-cadmium battery that powered the rotating motor, a little chubbier than we recalled him but still youthful, still brash, and, despite the anonymity, still unmistakably getting by in a changing world, was our old friend Tom Swift. He had not been idle. What we had this time was Tom Swift and His Electric Toothbrush.

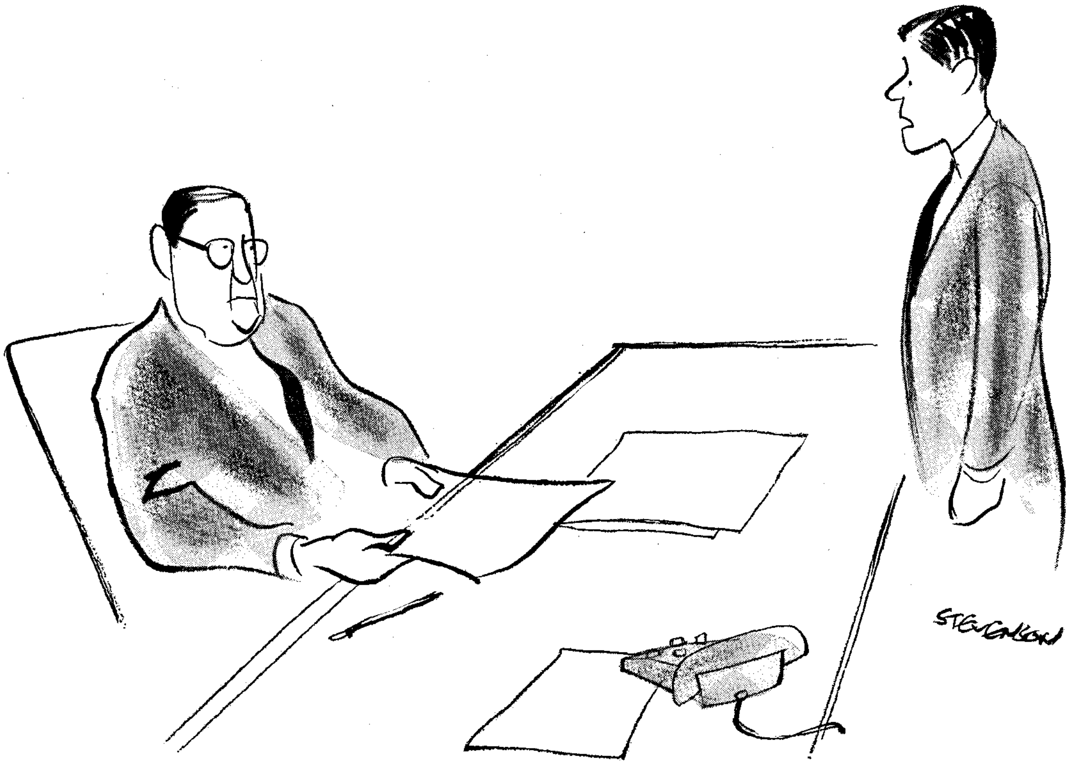


PAX, It's Wonderful

WANT to forget the falling stock market, the threat of socialized medicine, and other horrid intimations of the welfare state? Have a chat, as we did, with Mr. Zachary Fisher, one of the three Fisher Brothers, who are the builders and owners of 400 Park Avenue, 50 Sutton Place South, Imperial House, and many another multiple dwelling of culture and refinement, and who are now putting up a coöperative palace named Parc-Vth, at 785 Fifth Avenue. Thither we repaired the other noon, and although little more than the skeleton of the edifice is up, we were ushered by a uniformed doorman into a sales office, where Mr. Fisher, a tall man with an uncertain smile, greeted us with a "What do you think of our name? Should it be Parc-Cinq? It took me six months to pick it. I was having a drink in Jamaica with Rosser Reeves, of the Ted Bates advertising agency, and I asked him for suggestions, so he sent a memo to his staff, offering a case of champagne to the winner—we're not Bates clients—and they came up with a long list, including Influential House, The Greenery, Autocrat, Bluebook Arms, Xanadu East, Cosmos House, Château House, and Majestic Manor. Well, it turned out that the one we chose was suggested by Reeves himself, so I bought *him* some champagne."

The Parc-Vth, its coöwner told us (pronouncing it not "Veeth" but "Fifth"), is the most southerly coöperative apartment house (Sixtieth Street) short of the Village and will have the largest apartment rooms built since prewar days—some living rooms are twenty-eight feet by eighteen, and some bedrooms twenty by eighteen—as well as marble powder rooms and a telephone jack in every chamber, including master bathrooms. Its ten-room penthouse has just been sold for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, plus maintenance of twenty-five thousand a year. "We opened our sales office three weeks ago, and we've already sold one and a half million dollars' worth of space out of five million," Mr. F. said. "There will be sixty-six units, ranging from three rooms to ten, at up to twenty-five thousand dollars a room, and ninety per cent of the apartments will have eighteen-point-eight-cubic-foot G.E. refrigerators. You can practically put a cow in them. If





"I don't want *to take the afternoon off to see the ball game, Mr. Hill, but I feel all of us are desperately* needed *by the Mets."*

• •

someone tampers with the lock on your door, a light will flash on a board near the doorman."

"What will the doorman do?" we asked.

"Notify Holmes Patrol," Mr. Fisher said. "We'll have our own limousine service, and a PAX dial-telephone system—that stands for Private Automatic Exchange—enabling occupants to dial the doorman, other residents, the garage, and maid service. You can dial to have your dog walked. Most of the apartments have only one live-in maid's room, but waiters can be hired over PAX, and we have a contract with a famous French restaurant—I can't tell you its name—to bring in Continental dinners, with appropriate wines, in a special car they're having made with heated cabins. A very unusual vehicle. Some of our closets are six feet by twelve. You could put a horse in them. How about lunch?"

This harbinger of the good life whisked us to the Voisin, where we learned that the Fisher business was started by his father, Carl, in 1910, and that this *fils* is the youngest of the three Brothers, of whom Martin handles financing and over-all planning, Larry new projects, and Zachary public relations, management, renting, and sales. "My nephew Lester is in charge of construction," Zachary said. "My name was originally Zorin, but I changed it to Zachary, after Zachary Taylor. We have several apartment houses in Riverdale, we built and sold the Sherry Frontenac in Miami Beach, and we're putting up an office building at 605 Third. I live in a penthouse at 50 Sutton Place South. It's done in Japanese style, and it pleases my wife."

We congratulated him and turned to our Continental lunch.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The small oval panel above "Madison Avenue" on the street sign at the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street says "E. 134."

Inflight

WE'VE previously noted here that since commercial airlines are, in the nature of things, so much alike—they fly similar planes, over similar routes, on similar schedules, at exactly the same fares—they have to lure us aboard with all sorts of not very significant fringe benefits, such as red carpets, national culinary specialties, and stewardesses in saris, or maybe even sarongs. The latest seductive wrinkle up yonder is movies in flight, which T.W.A. started showing to first-class passengers on its coast-to-coast and transatlantic jets last summer, and which Pakistan International Airlines has been showing to first-class *and* tourist passengers on its New York-Karachi flights since April. The man behind airborne movies is David Flexer, president of Inflight Motion Pictures, who has been in the movie business for thirty of his fifty-two years, owns a chain of movie theatres in the South, and put four long, hard years into solving the myriad problems that arise when you attempt to tuck a theatre-sized operation into the comparatively tiny and already thoroughly utilized space of a plane. "A lot of airlines people said it couldn't be done and wouldn't be worth doing if it *could* be done," Mr. Flexer told us, with the satisfaction of a pioneer who has proved the scoffers wrong. "They've changed their minds, of course. A recent survey established that enough people were taking T.W.A. flights because of the movies to more than pay the cost of showing them. We charge a flat fee and own and service all the equipment involved. By early fall, many airlines will be showing movies to both classes of passengers. First class will see—or, rather, hear—them free, and tourist class will probably be charged a dollar or so for the necessary earphones, because airlines like to maintain as many distinctions as possible between the classes. Actually, a survey by travel agents indicated that ninety-eight per cent of the passengers would gladly pay a dollar and a half for a movie."

Light weight, small size, ease of operation, and unobtrusiveness were among the specifications for a movie projector capable of going into jets. Mr. Flexer's engineers worked up a number of different projectors, each of which failed for one reason or another, such as leaving too little headroom in the aisle or not measuring up to F.A.A. standards for the amount of impact that equipment in planes is required to withstand (nine Gs, which is to say nine times the equipment's weight at gravity). The projector that finally proved acceptable to everyone concerned weighs only seventy-five pounds fully loaded with sixteen-millimetre film and occupies a thirty-four-inch-long extension of the life-raft compartment, in the ceiling of the plane. The beam of light that carries the image comes through a porthole at a height sufficient to permit stewardesses and others to move up and down the aisle without obscuring the picture; the screen, which is suspended from the ceiling, is two feet high and four feet wide, and, because one is so close to it, gives the effect, so Mr. Flexer says, of an ordinary-size screen in an ordinary-size theatre. A single reel holds an entire picture, so operation is automatic—the flight engineer simply flicks a switch on his deck and away goes Rock Hudson. "Putting a complete picture on one reel meant that we had to use a reel twenty-four or twenty-five inches in diameter, but we had only twelve inches of free height at our disposal," Mr. Flexer said. "What to do? Obviously, we had to put the reel in a horizontal position, but a projector will only take film that's in a vertical position, so we designed guide rollers to turn the film from horizontal to vertical as it goes into the projector and from vertical to horizontal as it comes out. We solved half a dozen other problems equally crucial; an awful lot of ingenuity has gone into this thing, which started from my simply thinking one day, in flight, that air travel is both the most advanced form of transportation and the most boring."

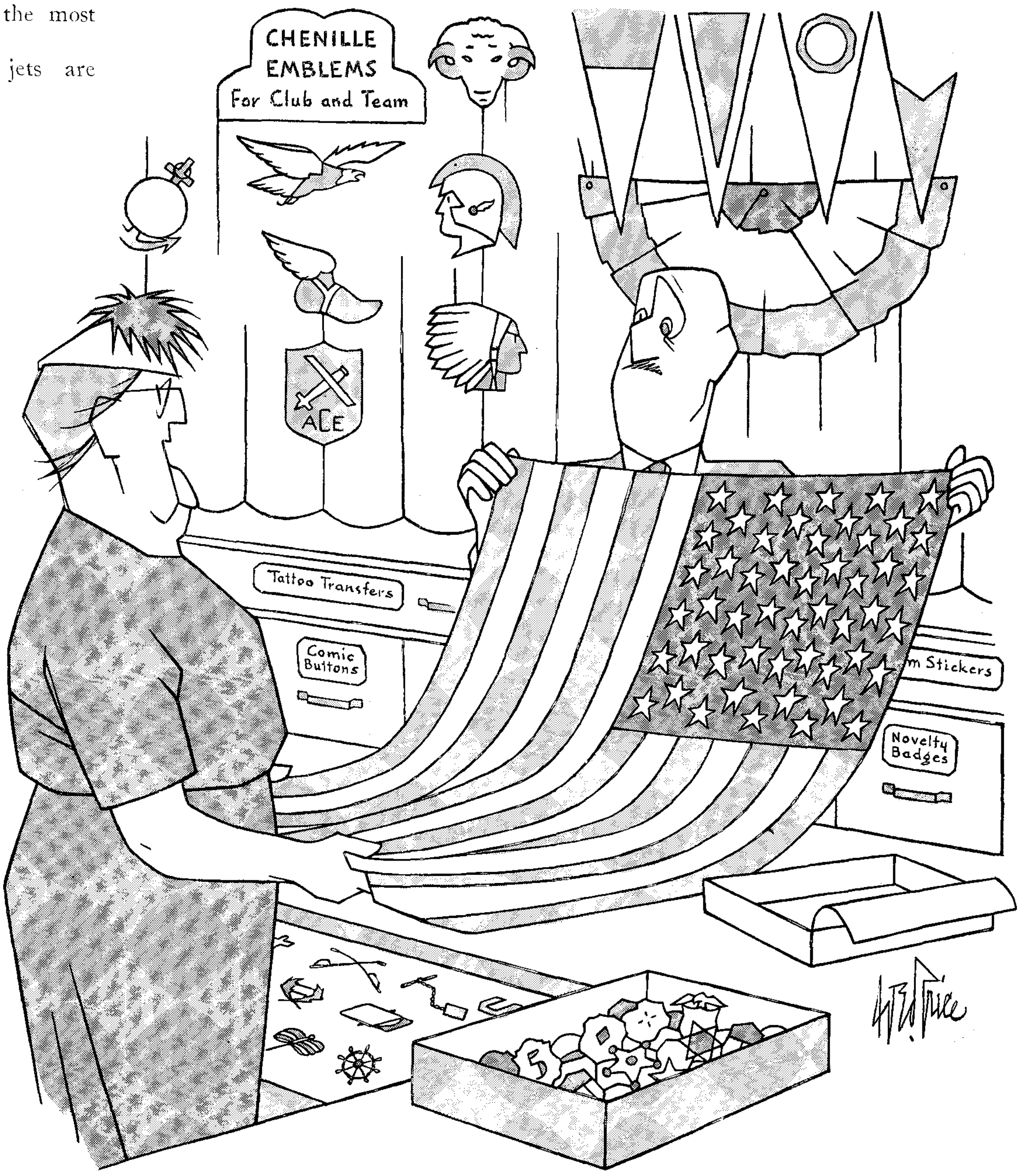
Seats in movie-bearing jets are equipped with individual earphones; if a passenger doesn't plug in his earphones and adjust certain volume controls, he won't hear the movie, and if he doesn't want to look at it he can jolly well look away, or go to sleep. Naturally, Mr. Flexer pays close attention to the sort of movies shown in flight. "We run a new movie every week on every flight that buys our service," he said. "We screen about two hundred and fifty movies a year to find the fifty-two that suit us best. We can project wide-screen movies as well as standard, and either color or black-and-white, and we can show movies up to two hours and twenty minutes long. Because there are usually a good many children and teen-agers aboard, we tend to stick to family-type pictures. We wouldn't show a picture like 'The Children's Hour' even to adults, because we don't think the subject is right for air travel. And, of course, we don't show movies that feature disasters at sea or—ah—air crashes. On her flight home from Pakistan, earlier this spring, Mrs. Kennedy requested 'Five Finger Exercise,' but I hear she was so tired that she fell asleep after twenty minutes. The press, which were flying economy class, were shown 'The Notorious Landlady,' and seemed to enjoy it very much."

Proper Cleanser

A FRIEND of ours residing at the Botanic Garden Apartments, which Harvard University operates in Cambridge, was delighted to find outside his door one morning last week, deposited there momentarily by one of the janitors, a large can of something called Veritas Sludge Solvent.

Lady in Lavender

AT three o'clock one afternoon a week or so ago, we met Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman at the turnstile entrance to the Children's Zoo, which she and her husband donated last year to the city, and before we could blink she had plunked down a quarter before the cashier, slipped a nickel in change into her purse, and ushered us, as her guest, toward a mob of baby chicks. "I always pay my way in, although I have a pass," said Mrs. Lehman, who is white-haired, firm-toned, and gracious, and who had on a lavender suit and carried a lavender parasol. "The only privilege I take is being allowed to come in unaccompanied by a child. My grandchildren are quite grown, and my great-grandchildren I don't have yet. I look at the Zoo from the outside almost every day, and I come in at least twice a week. Every time I come here, I see something new. Look at those little chicks! There's one just hatched. This incubator and



"O. K. with you if I look at it in the dawn's early light?"

brooder are presents to us from my brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Altschul. Our children don't have problems any more in knowing what to give us for Christmas. Last Christmas, my son gave us this baby kangaroo. His name is Noel. He's very dull. He looks so bored. We may send him over to Brooklyn. He might be more coöperative there. Oh, here's Commissioner Morris, with Mr. Galm and Mr. Jenkins. Did you see that little chick just hatched over there, Commissioner?" Commissioner Morris was, of course, Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris; Mr. Galm was John Galm, the Zoo's supervisor; and Mr. Jenkins was Richard Jenkins, the Parks Department's Borough Director.

"Haven't the goose eggs hatched yet?" asked the Commissioner.

"Those eggs are gone," Mr. Galm said.

"That goose was hatching five eggs," the Commissioner said. "I should have hung around till the eggs were hatched."

"You *should* have," Mrs. Lehman said. "Mr. Jenkins, could we send the kangaroo to Brooklyn? It makes me sick every time I see this poor, bored animal."

"This kangaroo is a wallaby," Mr. Jenkins said.

"They told me it was a kangaroo," Mrs. Lehman said. "Look at those black swans. Aren't they beautiful?"

"The swans are Australian," the Commissioner said. "A gift from the Montreal Zoo."

"Why is that swan standing on one foot?" Mrs. Lehman asked. "Has he got a sore foot?"

"Swans, cranes, they rest on one foot as much as they do on two," Mr. Jenkins said.

"I miss having penguins," Mrs. Lehman said. "*Why* did you say we can't have penguins?"

"Too delicate to stand the kicking around they'd get here," Mr. Jenkins said.

"The Recovery Room in our hospital here is full now," Mr. Galm said.

"When the animals get tired or hurt, we put them in the Recovery Room immediately," the Commissioner said. "So they can get some rest."

"I *always* look in on the Recovery Room," Mrs. Lehman said. "Now let's go over and see that burro. Oh, that child is chasing that goose! The little girl in the green raincoat! With the red balloon tied on to her button! That goose should be in the Recovery Room, Mr. Galm."

"As soon as there's bed space," Mr. Galm said.

"I'm disappointed in the way the kids still don't know how to feed the animals," the Commissioner said. "The kids' fingers get pinched because they don't know they're supposed to put the cracker crumbs on their open palm."

"Posters, Commissioner! Posters!" Mrs. Lehman said. "Educational movies, Commissioner! Oh, that poor burro is tied up! Can't we build a higher wall off here at the side, so the burro won't have to be tied up?"

"Where the pigs are?" Mr. Galm asked.

"You want the pigs moved?" the Commissioner asked.

"Where the pigs are *not*," Mrs. Lehman said.

"The burro is the latest addition," the Commissioner said.

"That is not a burro, that is a Sardinian donkey," Mr. Jenkins said.

"Can you tell me the difference?" Mrs. Lehman asked.

"Technically, no," Mr. Jenkins said.

"I must have a look at Bernice, our cow," Mrs. Lehman said. "Is her calf almost due?"

"Maybe four weeks, maybe sooner," Mr. Galm said.

"The Department takes such wonderful care of our animals," Mrs. Lehman said. "It will be so nice when the children can see that milk doesn't come from bottles."

"The duck is sitting on her eggs in the Three Little Pigs' House," the Commissioner said. "See that egg, Mrs. Lehman?"

"Can you maintain a vigil this time, to see that *these* get hatched?" Mrs. Lehman asked.

"I'll devote Saturday, my day off, to it," the Commissioner said. "Last Saturday, I started walking through the Park and wound up sitting with the kids in the storytelling room. There I was, sixty years old and listening to fairy stories."

"I love to listen myself," Mrs. Lehman said. "I usually manage to drop in around this time, so that I can hear at least one story during my visit."

"They're about to start now," the Commissioner said. "Let's go."

"Presently," Mrs. Lehman said. "Look at those Mandarin ducks floating. Aren't they beautiful? They just don't look real. They always look like lacquer."

"They just don't look like a duck," Mr. Jenkins said.

"I like to pat this goat, this white one," Mrs. Lehman said. "Hello, goat! I haven't got anything for you."

"This young fellow has a cracker for the goat," the Commissioner said. "What's your name, young fellow?"

"Stephen."

"Are you going to feed the goat, Stephen?" the Commissioner asked.

"Don't try to give him the *whole* cracker, Stephen," Mrs. Lehman said. "Break it up in small pieces. You don't want to waste a big piece like that."

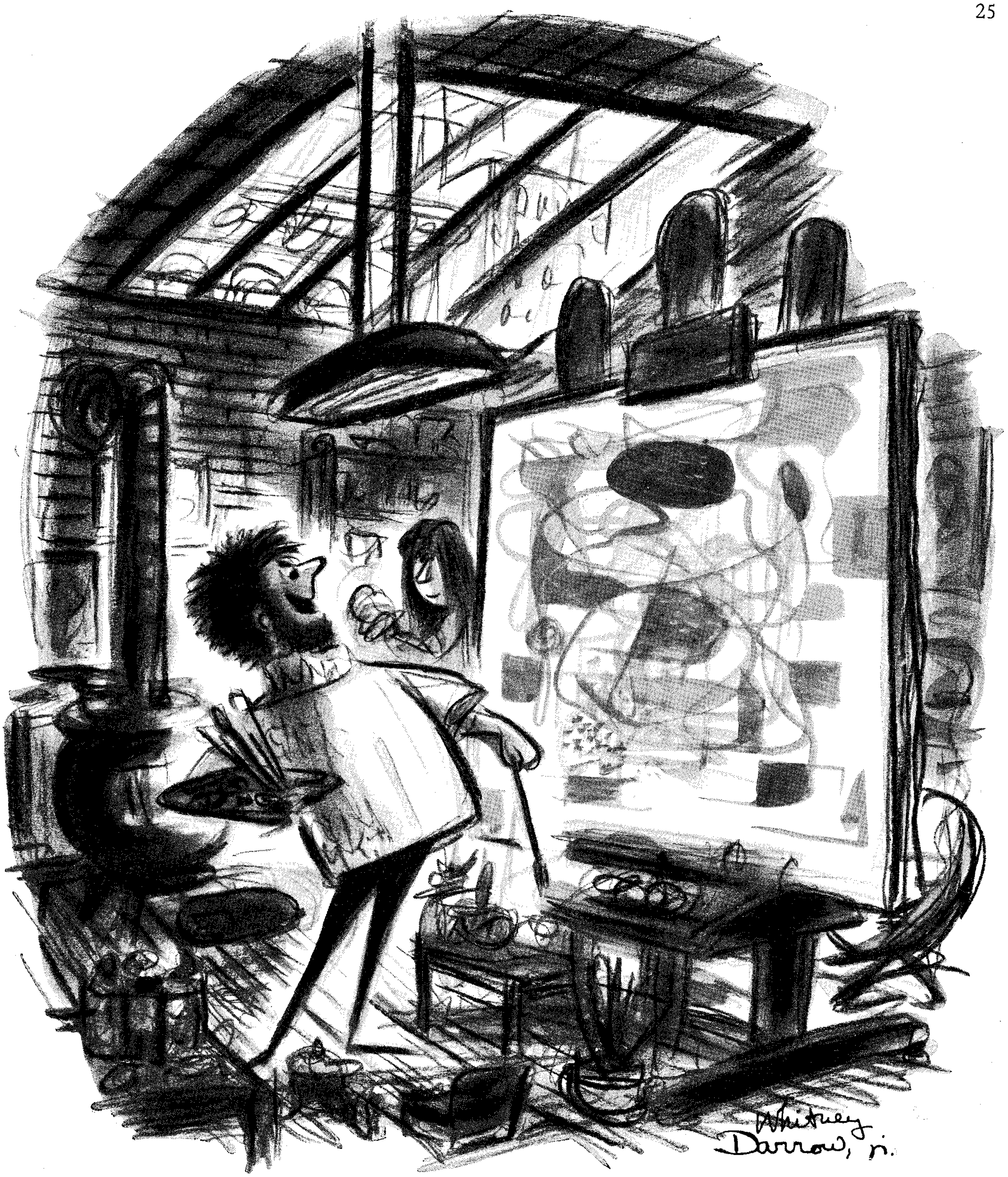
"The children's story hour is a marvellous asset," the Commissioner said. "You shouldn't miss it, Mrs. Lehman."

"Look at that bunny sitting up and observing everything!" Mrs. Lehman said. "Mr. Galm, I must congratulate you on the way you keep the place so clean. Nine thousand children last Sunday, and the place was immaculate. Oh, look at the little mice! They've just been born! Each one the size of a dime. Look, the mother is counting them to make sure she's got them all."

"The stories are starting," the Commissioner said. "But I want you to notice this monkey's window, Mrs. Lehman. See how clean it is? You'll notice we don't have a capuchin monkey in there any more. This new one is a little squirrel monkey. We've had three or four capuchin monkeys, and they all had nervous breakdowns from having the kids constantly tapping on their window. The last one is in the Recovery Room now. Remember the way he used to spit on the window?"

"Oh, this one is beautiful!" Mrs. Lehman said. "In scale, he's the right size for this house, for this window. The capuchin was too big anyway."

"Mrs. Lehman, please!" the Commissioner said. "You're tapping on the window!"


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"There! I'd like to see Scott Carpenter do that!"

• •

"If you want to hear the stories . . ." Mr. Galm said.

"Just one quick look at the Recovery Room," Mrs. Lehman said.

We all moved into the Recovery Room.

"That's a delicious-looking salad the nurse is preparing," the Commissioner said. "For the monkey, I suppose?"

"For the *rabbits*," the nurse said. "We give the monkey a banana."

"Do you have a lot of pets at home?" we asked Mrs. Lehman.

"I have a French poodle, I have a canary bird, and I have countless tropical fish," Mrs. Lehman said.

"Mrs. Lehman, they're singing, 'Come, come, come to the Zoo, stories you'll hear and a song or two. . . .' Mrs. Lehman!" the Commissioner called from the doorway.

"Just a minute! I'm coming!" Mrs. Lehman said. "I wouldn't want to miss the stories."

•

SUCCESSIVE items in the bibliography of Research Study No. 37 of the American Management Association:

"How to Measure a Corrugated Box Correctly," by M. J. Harnist.

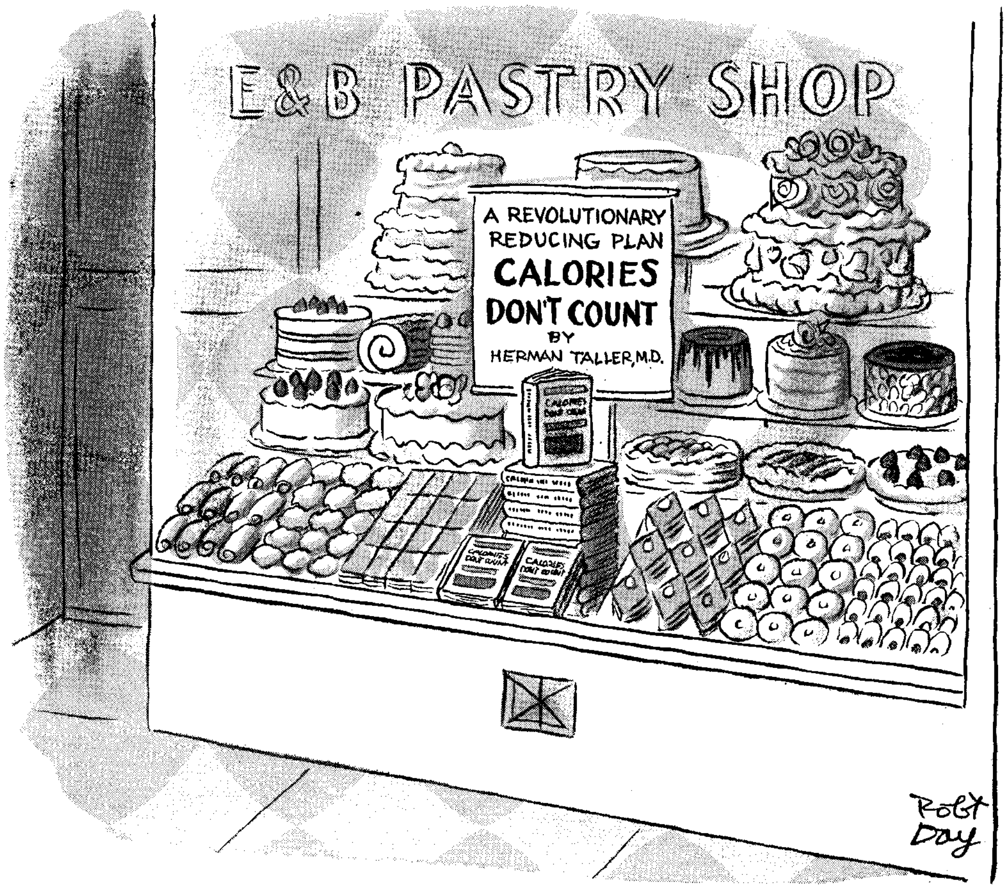
"Another Way to Measure a Corrugated Box," by Charles J. Zusi.

IN THE ABSENCE OF MRS. BULLEN

WHAT had begun as a lick and a promise, provoked by Mrs. Bullen's telephone call ("Sorry, Miss, but I shan't be able to come today, nor the next few days, actually. My sister-in-law's been took worse, and while I'm about it, I expect I'll stay for the funeral. . . ."), had hardened into a thorough turnout of the sitting room; such a thorough turnout that Leonora had broken off to dress the part, assuming one of Mrs. Bullen's overalls, tying up her head in a duster, and changing into an old pair of sandals. Mrs. Bullen worked on spike heels, but Leonora had been taught in her youth what is sense and what isn't. To be properly armed for the fray is half the battle—a maxim, like keeping your powder dry and not buying fish on a Monday. Those spike heels might well be accountable for the dust along the skirting and the cobwebs that clothed the back of the radiator. An element of scorn for Mrs. Bullen's halfhearted purifications heightened Leonora's zeal, and sharpened her self-satisfaction as though it were the vinegar trickled into the mayonnaise. But she did not allow herself to be swept away; she imagined no rebuking conversations to take place when Mrs. Bullen came back from her sister-in-law's funeral. Charwomen were nonexistent in Pew Green. Mrs. Bullen was a Londoner, and travelled to and fro on the Metropolitan, and you don't lightly shake the faithfulness of someone ready to do that for love of your art.

Fifteen years before, when Leonora told other lovers of her art that she had bought a cottage in the peace and quiet of the country, and that when she had added a garage with a proper bathroom over it and replaced rhubarb and cabbages with moss roses and lavender, it would be her dream cottage come true, Pew Green was still a village on the outskirts of London, with its own pretty little slum of real cottages with working-class families in them. Postwar housing developments had changed all that; embedded among natty bungalows that were born with garages and bathrooms and had gardens foaming with floribundas, the vestigial Pew Green looked faintly comic, looked, in fact, very much what Leonora in moments of depression was afraid of becoming herself—a leftover. But she stayed on, from inertia, from prudence, thinking that when the day came when she could no longer sing for her living she would be able to sell the freehold of Bramble Cottage as a building lot and do quite well out of it. Just now that day seemed a long way off. Stimulated by virtue and housewifery, she felt as lively as a flea. Her voice, a durable contralto, was as good as ever, her genre as much in demand—more so, indeed, since she had had the foresight to build up a new repertory of songs with religious appeal, to match the new feeling for religion; and her appearance, though inevitably bulkier and bulgier, was just right for her television career of a sweet-faced motherly woman singing welcomes to prodigal sons and cajoleries to St. Peter. All this she had jeopardized a few years before by giving way to an impulse to make a feature of "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay." This revival of a beefier past hadn't done at all, and like a person of sense she had dropped it. Yet while it lasted it had been a releasing rapture.

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aying sofa cushions was being quite releasing, too, and further satisfactions awaited her: the bowl of detergent suds into which she would plunge her Staffordshire poodles, the polishing she would give to her silver ornaments, the lager chilling in the refrigerator, the slices of underdone cold beef she would eat in her fingers, the digestive repose with her feet higher than her head. It was quarter past eleven on the longest day of the year. On the longest day, every hour is as good as a day in itself; there would be hour after well-spent hour before she need get into her black and go off to Rusty's party to meet that guitar-playing fellow who might have a song for her.

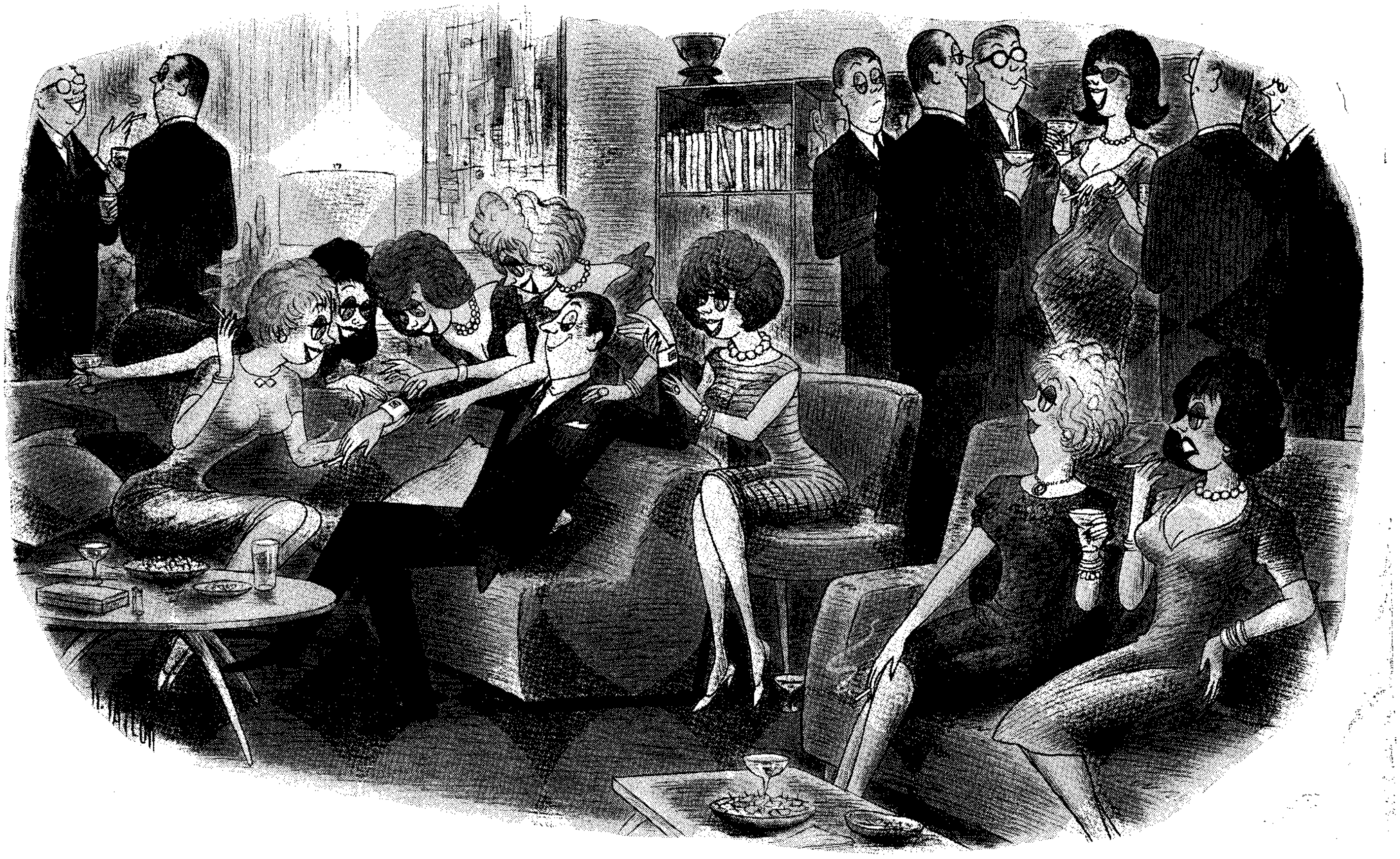


AT eleven-twenty someone came whistling to the door and rang the bell. Since the interruption whistled, it must be something being delivered—flowers, perhaps. She could do with some nice tributary flowers. The supply wasn't what it had been since old Mr. Jameson had gone to dodge death duties in the Isle of Man. Odd, really, when you had no one depending on you, to take such a high moral line about death duties. The whistle broke off as she opened the door. The whistler was a young man with a little bag—one of the new young men, with a coiffure and an intellectual expression.

"Morning. Is this where Miss Leonora Keeling lives?"

After all, why *should* he have recognized her? Looking a damned sight more motherly than she cared to think, and sweat-faced into the bargain, she could thank her stars that he hadn't recognized her. But she didn't want him coming in. "Miss Keeling is not at home."

Instead of going away, he stood there smiling at her. "I've come to do the piano. I'm the new tuner."



"I rue the day I ever gave him those damn conversation cufflinks."

• •

"Miss Keeling will be out all day."

"Tut-tut! Never mind, I don't suppose she'd want to overhear every note of it."

"And I'm in the middle of turning out the room."

"That won't worry me. I can work through anything. Just get me a clean duster and I'll be no more trouble to you. Which way do I go?"

Leonora had sometimes imagined herself saying, "Leave my house this instant!" The hour and the man had never combined to make this possible. They didn't now. She saw him take off his coat, open his bag, and begin to rip the piano to bits in the usual ruthless way—only in this case it seemed more markedly ruthless.

"Somewhat dusty, is it not?" He hoo-hooed into its interior, and a wiry sigh responded. "Off we go!"

Tum. Tum-tum.

While she stood in the kitchen, boiling with frustration and choosing out a quellingly flawless duster, it suddenly occurred to her that she had seen no tuning fork. Suppose he was one of those take-in thieves, only waiting for her reappearance to gag and bind the poor old charwoman and make off with her mistress's jewelry? He was steadfastly tum-tumming, still making unsatisfied bites at that middle A—but this might be only a blind. One can tum-tum with one hand while the other tightens its hold on a weapon. She took the duster that came uppermost, and hurried back.

"Here you are. Why, where's that thing you do it with—what's it called? Tuning fork. Haven't you got one?"

"There's one in the bag. But I don't use it. I don't need to. I've got absolute pitch."

It was clear that jewels would mean nothing to him, nor wine, women, revenge, the call of the wild, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Isles of Greece. He had absolute pitch.

"Don't let me put you off whatever you were doing in here. It won't worry me."

"Speak for yourself," she muttered, and slammed out of the room.

Tum. Tum-tum.

THE sound pursued her. It possessed the house, as if it were some indifferent occupying power, a foe from the moon. She went back to the kitchen—there is always something to do in a kitchen—and began to count those dusters. Tum-tum. She lost count, left them, polished a spoon, saw a smeared wineglass, and rubbed it. The stem snapped under her energy. Tum-tum. She took herself into the garden, and began weeding. The sound was in the garden, too. Her occupation withered in her hands. She returned indoors, and on an impulse flushed the toilet. The noise of her defiance subsided. Tum-tum. Tum-tum. On other piano-tuning occasions, she had always gone out, with a blithe "Offer him a drink, Mrs. Bullen, if I'm not back in time." For a moment there was silence. Then he began his probing again. Tum-tum-tum, farther up the keyboard. "I shall go mad!" she exclaimed. "Damn Mrs. Bullen!" For that matter, she could go out now, flouting him with the roar of the accelerator, leaving him and his absolute pitch to get on with it by themselves. Tum. Tum-tum. But the thought withered, as the expedient of weeding had done. It was impossible to decide on anything with that noise in the house—impossible to think, impossible to act, impossible to exist except as the attendant on those disembodied fidgetings, enforced, just when she was getting used to tum and tum, by an interposition of chords, or a chromatic scale, or an iteration of gaunt fifths. Tum. Tum. Now he had gone back to the middle of the keyboard, just about where he had started from. Good God, could nothing satisfy him? Why couldn't he leave well enough alone, as other people did? Besides, what was this

POWWOW

(Tama Reservation, Iowa, 1949)

They all see the same movies.
They shuffle on one leg,
Scuffing the dust up,
Shuffle on the other.
They are all the same:
A Sioux dance to the spirits,
A war dance by four Chippewa,
A Dakota dance for rain.
We wonder why we came.
Even tricked out in the various braveries—
Black buffalo tassels, beadwork, or the brilliant
Feathers at the head, at the buttocks—
Even in long braids and the gaudy face paints,
They all dance with their eyes turned
Inward, like a woman nursing
A sick child she already knows
Will die. For the time, she nurses it
All the same. The loudspeakers shriek;
We leave our bleacher seats to wander
Among the wickiups and lean-tos
In a search for hot dogs. The Indians
Are already packing; have
Resumed green dungarees and khaki,
Castoff combat issues of World War II.
(Only the Iroquois do not come here;
They work in structural steel; they have a contract
Building the United Nations
And Air Force installations for our future wars.)
These, though, have dismantled their hot-dog stand
And have to drive all night
To jobs in truck stops and all-night filling stations.
We ask directions and
They scuttle away from us like moths.
Past the trailers,
Beyond us, one tepee is still shining
Over all the rest. Inside, circled by a ring
Of children, in the glare
Of one bare bulb, a shrunken fierce-eyed man
Squats at his drum, all bones and parchment,
While his dry hands move
On the drumhead, always drumming, always
Raising his toothless, drawn jaw to the light
Like a young bird drinking, like a chained dog,
Howling his tribe's song for the restless young
Who wander in and out.
Words of such great age,
Not even he remembers what they mean.
We tramp back to our car,
Then nearly miss the highway, squinting
Through red and yellow splatterings on the windshield,
The garish and beautiful remains
Of grasshoppers and dragonflies
That go with us, that do not live again.

—W. D. Snodgrass

• •

perfection he was tum-tumming after? That chilblained Miss Varley, with all those letters after her name like mixed biscuits—L.R.A.M., F.R.C.O.—what was it she used to bore on about? Intonation, intervals, some major thirds being more major than other major thirds—the gist of it was that in order to seem in tune whatever the key you played in, half the notes on the keyboard had to be out of tune. A properly tuned piano was, like everything else, a fake. A fake, a fake! Tum. Tum-tum. That was all he was achieving.

"No better than the rest of us," she exclaimed. "I wonder if he knows it?"

He was now right up at the top of the keyboard, making a noise like a dripping tap. All that fuss about a note you wouldn't want to play more than once in a twelvemonth.

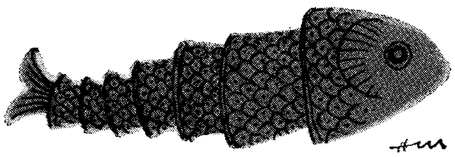
The doorbell rang. Careless as to whether she would again be mistaken for her charwoman, she hurried to answer it. It might be someone who would come in and talk. It was the man to read the electricity meter, who recognized her instantly and remarked, "You've got the piano tuner in, I see." She kept him as long as she could, but he was not a man of much conversation.

She was resigning herself to more solitary endurance, now of being knelled at—for the piano tuner had shifted his attentions and was probing the abyss—when she realized that a silence had become longer than other silences had been. Into it broke a coruscation of arpeggios rushing from end to end of the keyboard. It was over; he was playing the voluntary. He must be offered refreshment. She could do with a whiskey herself. She carried in a tray with cigarettes and glasses and the decanter, only to learn that he neither smoked nor drank.

"But if I can have a glass of milk—"

"Modern, *aren't you?*" she said, availing herself of the freedom of being Mrs. Bullen. Availing herself of the freedom of being Leonora Keeling, she poured out a double whiskey and tossed it off. Flown with milk and principles, he would not notice any discrepancy between the two freedoms.

He didn't. "Tell Miss Keeling that I have put in some moth crystals. It's an old instrument, but that's no reason why it shouldn't be looked after." He closed the piano, he closed his bag. "I daresay she values it for sentimental reasons." He handed her the duster. "That's one of the things I like about Miss Keeling. She doesn't try to be modern. She's content to sing those quiet, old-fashioned songs. I think a woman should be her age—she is, anyhow, so why try to conceal it?"



"Have some more milk."

"Well, thank you. . . . I'd really be glad of it."

Returning with more milk, she found him gazing out of the window.

"Moss roses, aren't they?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Some sort of roses."

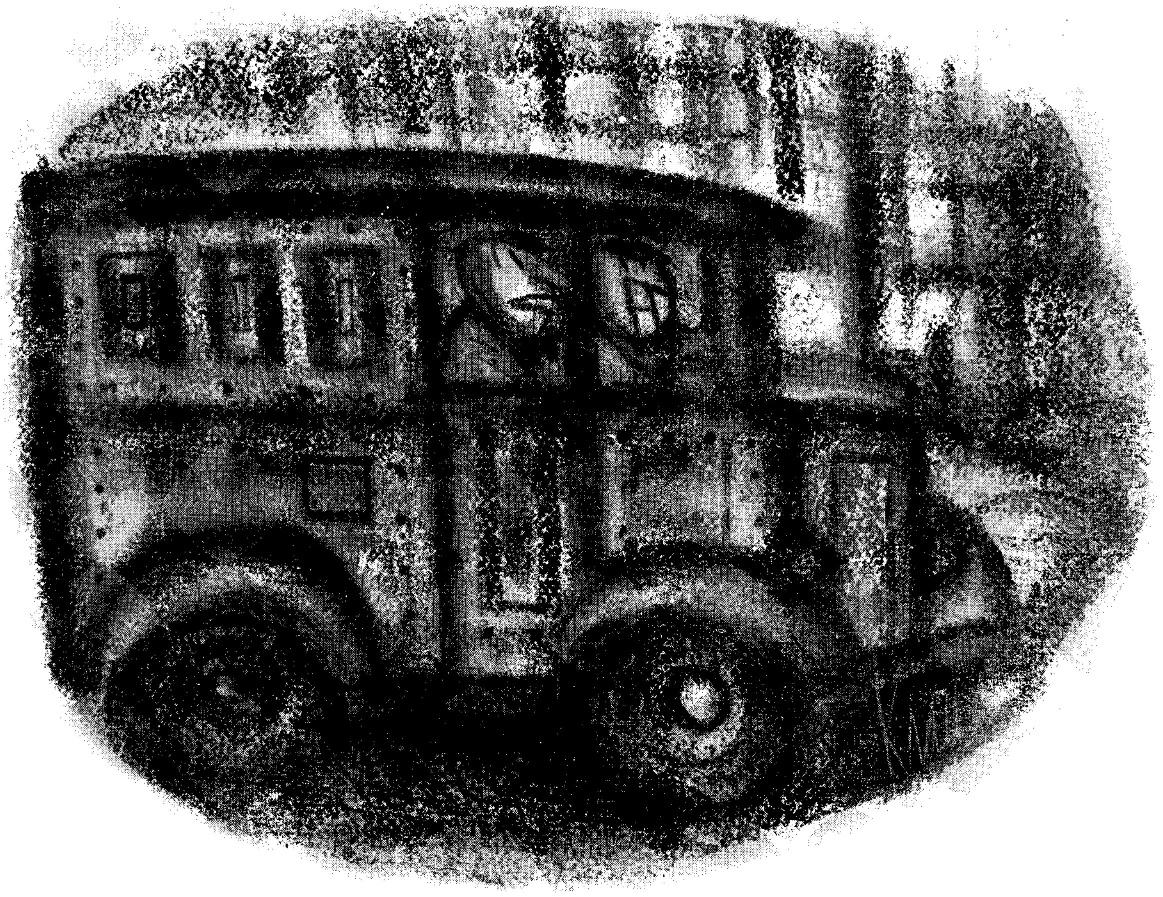
"Moss roses. It's a curious thing, but I always connect Miss Keeling with moss roses."

"Why? She hasn't got whiskers."

He wrinkled his pure high forehead in a frown of rebuke. "Miss Keeling is an artist I think very highly of. I have a complete set of her recordings. I should think that's unique. I may say that the earlier ones took a lot of finding. I had to advertise in the *Exchange and Mart.*"

"What's it you think so specially highly of?"

"Her sincerity. I feel she's so sincere. The first time I saw her on television, I said to myself, 'This is a good woman, who's been tried in the furnace and come out of it as sweet as an old-fashioned rose.' So naturally, when I saw those moss roses in the garden, I was



"Personally, I never carry more than fifty dollars in cash."

quite struck. I'm like that, though. I can always tell a person's real character. I daresay it's something to do with my absolute pitch."

"Do you like her voice?"

"I always like a contralto. It's my favorite voice. And she puts so much feeling into hers. That song 'Little Irish Donkey'—the way she sings that last verse! 'Close your patient eyes, for when you've climbed the last blue hill you'll be in paradise. . . .' " It was flatteringly obvious that he had listened most attentively.

"Is that the one you like best?" she asked, the performer's insatiable lust to have everything liked best rising in her. "What about 'Now You Are Home'?"

"Yes, that's certainly one of my favorites." As though he had learned it at her knee, he welcomed the prodigal. He also Loved his Autumn Roses Best of All, Thought of his Neighbors' Sorrows too, and meditated on the Old Sewing Machine that was Silent Now. He had quite a good voice, warm and caressing, and plenty of it. She was dreamily wondering whether she oughtn't to take to milk when she saw him putting on his coat.

Should she tell him? It would give him the thrill of his life, and one doesn't meet such an admirer every day. Should she ask him to stay for lunch?

"Well, I must be going. Remember to tell her about the moth crystals. I wish I could have told her myself. To tell the truth, she's always been a sort of mother image to me. Well, I'll be back next quarter—perhaps I'll meet her then."

"If you do, I'm afraid she'll be a bit of a disappointment to you."

"Disappointment? Why? Is she—isn't she as strong as she was? Now I come to think of it, she hasn't been on the screen lately."

"She's as strong as she was, all right. You should see her going round and round this room doing the high kicks and singing 'Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay.' "

"Ta-Ra . . .?"

"Song you've never heard of, young man. Goes like this."

The first couple of kicks dislodged the sandals; the next loosened the duster; a specially ardent kick wrenched the buttons off the overall and split her skirt to above the knee. Round and round she went, singing louder and louder, kicking higher and higher, growing more and more giddy, and each time that she neared him she saw the young man take another cautious backward step toward the door. When she lost her balance and fell, he made no attempt to pick her up.

Squirming into a sitting posture, she wriggled herself round to face him. Gathering her breath together, composing her features, she assumed her public-appearance expression, smiled her sweet-faced motherly smile, freed her jaws:

"Little Irish Donkey," she intoned.

"It's disgraceful, disgraceful! You're not worthy to work for such a good woman. I don't believe a word of it!"

But as he rushed out of the room, it was plain that he believed more than he supposed.

STILL on the floor, sitting bruised and breathless amid the scene of her thorough turnout, Leonora contemplated her extraordinary behavior. What a way to treat a piano tuner! What a way to treat one of her public!

"Couldn't have acted otherwise," she pronounced with solemnity. "No one with the soul of an artist could have acted otherwise."

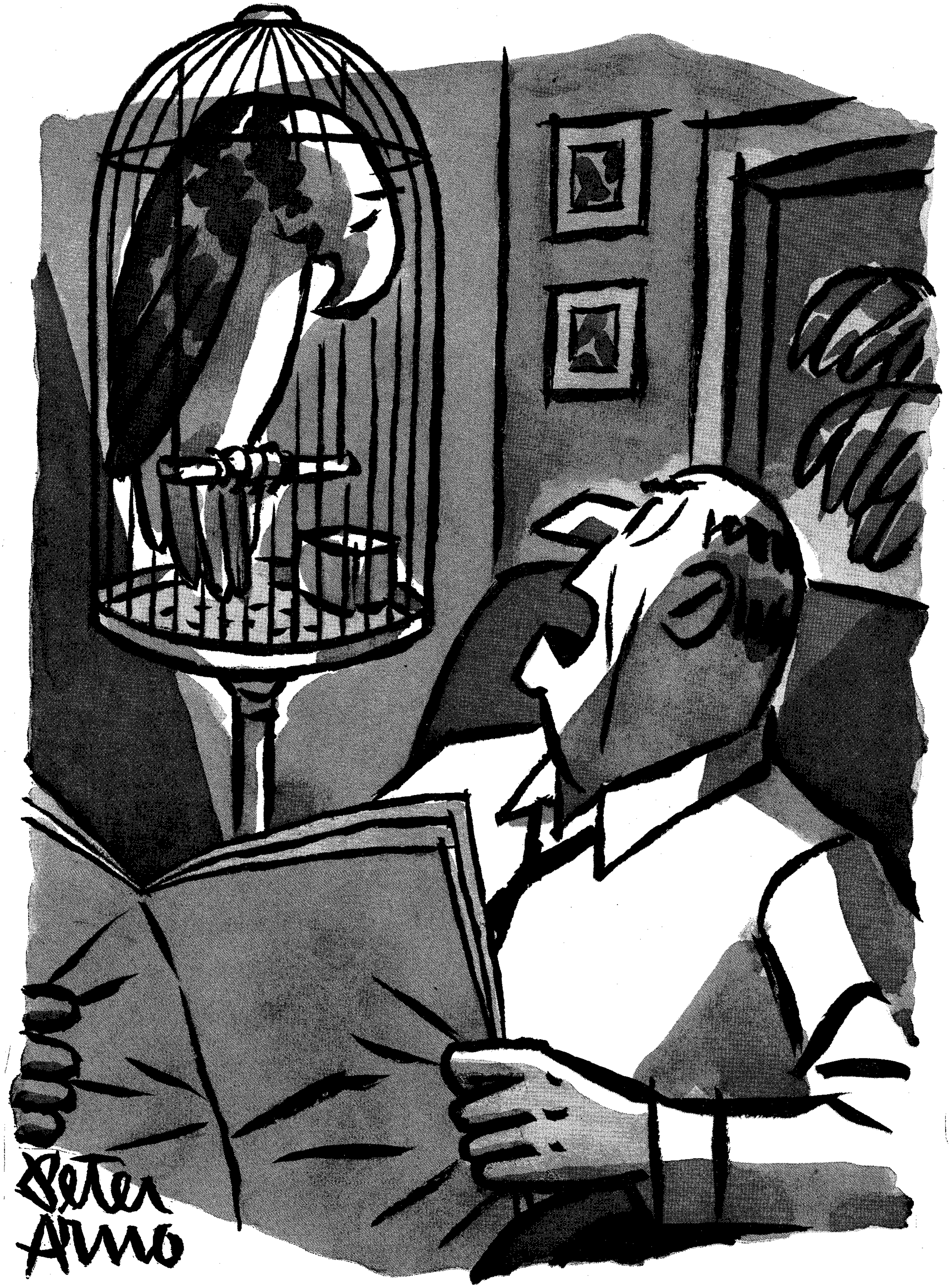
For though it was news to her that she had the soul of an artist, she accepted the revelation. It isn't what you do that matters; everyone has a right to earn a living, and fooling a willing public is as good a way as any other. They enjoy it, you enjoy it, everyone's happy. Where the soul of an artist comes in is when you won't let the public fool you. Owing to an unfortunate train of circumstances that began when she tied up her head in a duster, she had almost yielded to the sweetness of being fooled. But not quite. The soul of an artist had seen to that. She was saved. So was the beef. If she had asked him to lunch, she would have had to give him all the beef. There was not enough for two.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

LOST in vicinity Dillman Rd. and Military Trail, dark brown mare. Anyone finding him, please call OV 3-3799.—*Adv. in the Palm Beach Post.*

We're not even going to look.



"Stop calling me 'Dad'!"

SO MUCH UNFAIRNESS OF THINGS

THE Virginia Preparatory School lies just off the Shirley Highway between Washington, D.C., and Richmond. It is a small Southern school with dull red brick dormitories and classroom buildings, quiet old school buildings with quiet old Southern names—Page House, Stuart Hall, Randolph Hall, Breckinridge, Pinckney, and Coulter. The high brick wall that surrounds the school is known as the Breastworks, and the shallow pond behind the football field is the Crater. V.P.S. is an old school, with an old school's traditions. A Virginia Department of Conservation sign commemorates the use of the school by Union troops as a military hospital in 1861, and every October the school celebrates "Liberation Day," in honor of the day in 1866 when the school reopened.

Graduates of the Virginia Preparatory School who have not returned for some years are shocked by the glass-and-steel apartment houses and cinder-block ramblers that have sprung up around the school grounds, but once they have driven along the Breastworks and passed through the ornate wrought-iron East Gate, they see, with satisfaction, that the school has not changed. Neither have its customs. For example, new boys, or "toads," still must obey the Toad Code. They must be courteous to old boys and faculty. They must know the school song and cheers by the end of the second week. They must know the names of all members of the faculty and the varsity football team. They must hold doors open for old boys and see that old boys are served first in the dining room. And they must "run relay"—meaning that they have to wake up the old boys in the morning when they wish to be wakened and see that they are not disturbed when they wish to sleep.

Philip Sadler Wilkinson was fourteen; he was an old boy. The new boy shook him lightly. "Mr. Wilkinson? Mr. Wilkinson? It's five-thirty, sir. You asked me to wake you up."

Next year the new boy would be permitted to call Philip Sadler Wilkinson "P.S.," like the others. He watched P.S. stretch, turn over, and go back to sleep. "Sir? Hey! Wake up!"

P.S. rolled out of his metal cot, rubbed his eyes, felt around the top of his desk for his glasses, put them on, and looked at the new boy.

"Toad?"

"Yes, sir?"

"What is the date?"

"Thursday, the seventh of June."

"How much longer do we have until the end of the school year?"

"Seven days, twenty-three hours, and"—the new boy looked at his wristwatch—"and thirteen minutes, sir."

P.S. smiled. "Are you sure?"

"No, sir."

"Ah-hah! Ah-HAH! Toad, assume the position!"

The new boy locked his knees and bent over and grabbed his ankles.

"What is a 'toad,' toad?" P.S. asked.

"Sir, a toad is a loathsome warty creature who eats insects and worms, sir. A toad is the lowest form of amphibian. A toad is despicable."

"Well, well, now, straighten those knees, toad." P.S. looked at the new boy and saw that his face was turning red with strain. "Toad, are you in pain?"

"No, sir," the new boy lied.

"Then you may straighten up."

The new boy massaged his calves. "Honest to God, P.S., you're a sadist."

"No, no, wait till next year. You'll be pulling the same thing on some toad yourself. I had it done to me, you had it done to you. And did I detect you calling me by my rightful name?"

The new boy smiled.

"Ah, God, you toads will never learn. Assume the position."

The new boy started to bend over again.

"Oh, hell, go away," P.S. said. The new boy started out of the door and P.S. called him back. "Hey, toad? You gonna kill the Latin exam?"

"I hope so."

"How do you conjugate the verb 'to spit'?"

"*Exspuo, exspuere, exspui*—"

"Good God, no!" P.S. laughed. "It's *spitto, spittere, ach tui, splattus!*"

The new boy groaned and left the room.

P.S. looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes to six. He could hear the new boy waking up the boy in the next room. P.S. picked up his water glass and toothbrush and tiptoed down the corridor. He stopped at Charlie Merritt's room and knocked softly.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Charlie."

"Oh, hey, P.S. Come on in."

P.S. pushed aside the curtain of the cubicle. Charlie was sitting at his desk, studying.

"Morning," P.S. whispered.

"Morning."

"Studying the Latin?"

"Yep."

"You know how to conjugate the verb 'to spit'?"

"Yep," Charlie said. "*Spitto, spittere, ach*—"

"O.K., O.K.!" P.S. laughed. "You gonna kill the exam?"

"I hope so. You think you'll pass it?"

"Doubt it. I haven't passed one yet." P.S. looked over at Charlie's bureau. "Say, Charlie? Can I borrow your toothpaste? I'm out."

"Sure, but roll it from the bottom of the tube, will you?"

P.S. picked up the toothpaste and went down the hall to the bathroom. Mabrey, the head monitor, was shaving. P.S. watched him in the mirror.

"You must have had a porcupine for a father," P.S. said. "You've got the heaviest beard in school."

Mabrey began to shave the length of his neck.

"How come you got such a heavy beard?" P.S. asked. "We all know you like little boys."

"Wilkinson, you're about as funny as a rubber crutch."

"Cut your throat! Cut your throat!" P.S. began to dance around behind Mabrey, sprinkling voodoo potions on the top of the older student's head. "Monkey dust! Monkey dust! Oh, black Pizzoola! Great Kubla of the Ancient Curse! Make this bad man cut his throat!"

Mabrey cursed and a small red stain began to seep through the lather on his throat. "P.S., will you *get out of here!*"

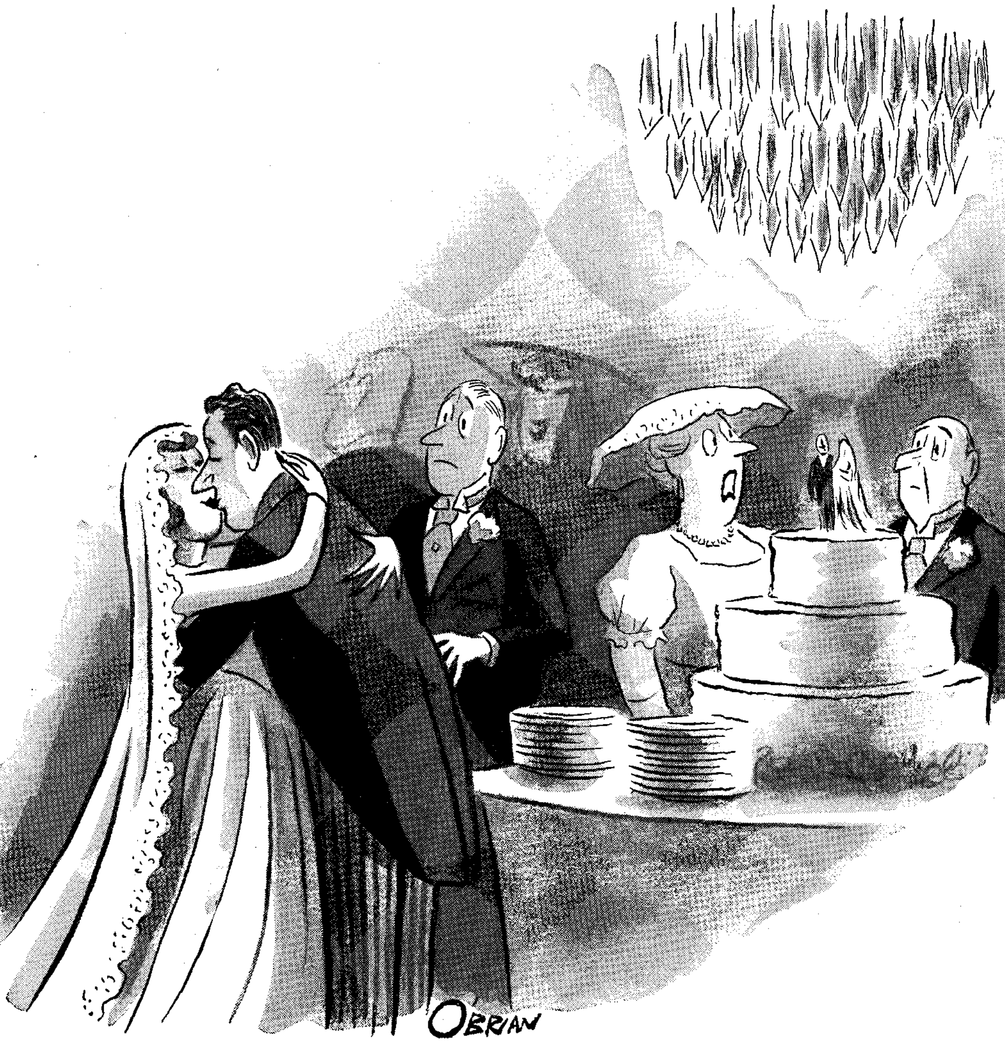
P.S. stared, eyes wide open, at the broadening stain. "My God! My God! It worked!"

Mabrey undid the towel from around his waist and snapped P.S.'s skinny behind. P.S. yelped and jumped away. "Hey, Mr. Mabrey, sir? Hey, Mabrey? I'm sorry, I really am. I didn't know it would work."

"What would work?"

"My voodoo curse. I didn't know it would make you cut yourself."

"For God's sake, P.S., what're you talking about? I cut a pimple. Will



"I must say this is a fine time for Mr. Right to come along!"

• •

you leave me alone before I throw you out of a closed window?"

P.S. was quiet for a moment. Then he moved over to the washbasin next to Mabrey and looked at himself in the mirror. He ran his fingers through his light-brown hair and pushed his glasses higher on his nose. "Hey, Mabrey? Do you think I'm fresh? I mean, I have great respect for you—you being the head monitor and all. I mean it. Sometimes I worry. I mean, do you think I'm too fresh?"

Mabrey finished rinsing his face. "P.S., kid," he said as he dried himself, "you're all right. You're a nice guy. And I'm willing to bet that if you could only learn to throw a baseball from center field to second base overhand, you might turn out to be a pretty fair little baseball player."

"*Overhand!* Whaddya mean 'overhand'? They call me 'Deadeye Wilkinson.' " P.S. wound up with an imaginary baseball and threw it as hard as he could. Then he pantomimed being the second baseman. He crouched and caught the incoming ball at his knees and thrust his hand down to tag out the runner. "*Safe!*" he shouted. "I mean, out! Out! Out!"

"Too late," Mabrey said, and laughed. "An umpire never changes his decision."

"I meant *out*," P.S. said.

Mabrey disappeared down the hall.

P.S. brushed his teeth, being careful to squeeze the toothpaste from the bottom of the tube. He looked at himself in the mirror and chanted, "*Fuero, fueris, fuerit, fuerimus, fueritis, fuerint!*" He examined his upper lip and was disappointed. He wished that he didn't have such a young face. He wished he had a heavy beard, like Mabrey. He washed his face, wet his hair down, and walked back into Charlie's room. Charlie was P.S.'s best friend. He was very short. The other boys kidded him about being an engineer for Lionel trains. P.S. was very tall and thin, and he had not yet grown into his height. At fourteen he was already six feet tall, and he had a tendency to stoop to compensate. He and Charlie were known as Mutt and Jeff. When P.S. entered the room, Charlie was curled up on his bed studying his Latin notes. He didn't look up until P.S. dropped the toothpaste tube on his pillow.

"Rolled from the bottom," P.S. said.

"Hey, how do you expect to pass your Latin exam if you don't study? I heard you and Mabrey clowning around in the can."

"If I don't study!" P.S. said. "Do you know how long I've studied for this exam? Two years! If I flunk it again this year, I get to keep the trophy."

"What trophy?"

"For God's sake, I don't know what trophy. But I'll get something, for sure. I've spent the last two weeks practically doing nothing but studying Latin. I recopied all my notes. I underlined practically the whole book. And I memorized all the irregular verbs. Come on, come on, ask me anything. God, if I don't pass it this year, I've had it. Come on, ask me anything."

"O.K., what's the word for 'ridge'?"

"The word for 'ridge'?" P.S. stalled.

"Yep."

P.S. thought for a moment. "Look, I don't know. Make it two out of three."

"The word for 'ridge' is '*iugum.*' " Charlie looked at his notes. "O.K., two out of three. What's the word for 'crowd'? And 'troop,' as in 'a troop of cavalry'?"

"The word for 'crowd' is '*turba, turbae*.' . . . What was the other one?"

" 'Troop of cavalry.' "

" 'Cavalry' is '*equitatus.*' . . . I don't know. What is 'troop'?"

" 'Troop' is '*turma.*' " Charlie laughed. "Well, you got one out of three."

"Did I get partial credit for the 'cavalry'?"

"Nope."

"Jesus, I hope Dr. Fairfax is more lenient than you are."

"He won't be," Charlie said.

"If I flunk the Latin exam again this year . . ."

"How come you flunked it last year?"

"How come anybody flunks an exam? I didn't know the answers. Boy, Charlie, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. If you weren't such a nice guy and lend me your toothpaste and things like that all the time, I'd probably feed you to the—to the what's-their-name fish. Those fish who eat people in South America all the time."

"Well, since you don't know what to do with me, as a start why don't you let me study?"

"Sure. Sure, O.K. . . . O.K., be a grind. See if I care."

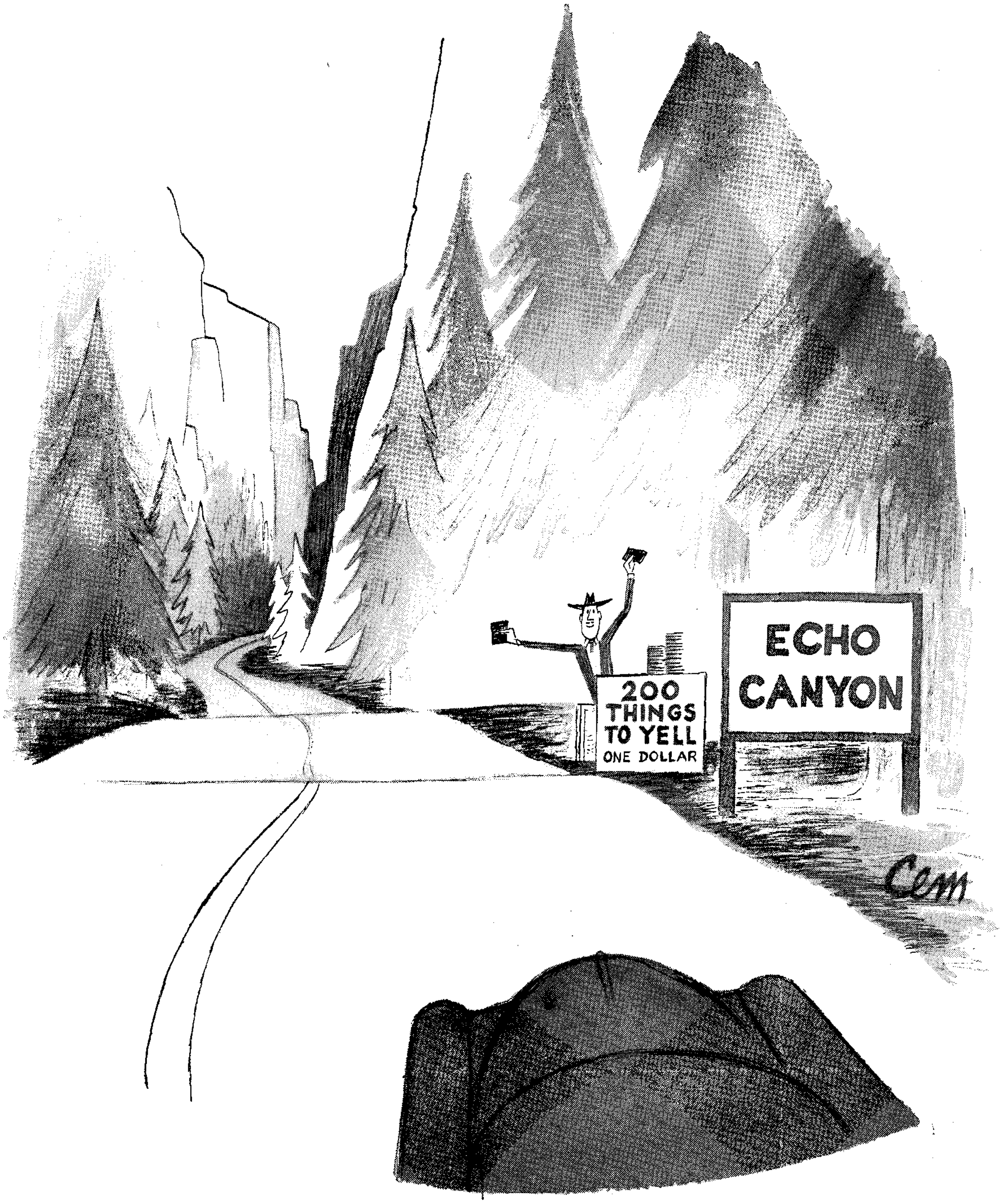
P.S. walked back to his cubicle and pulled his Ullman and Henry "Latin II" from his unpainted bookcase. First he studied the irregular verbs in the back of the book. Then he went over his vocabulary list. He concentrated for as long as he could; then he leaned out of his window to look at the shadows of the trees directly below, dropped a penny out of the window to see if a squirrel would pick it up, checked his window sill to see if the cookie crumbs he had left for the mockingbird were still there. He turned back to his Latin book and leafed through the Forestier illustrations of Roman soldiers. He picked up the picture his father had given him last Christmas. Within the frame were four small round photographs of Wilkinsons in uniform. There was his father as an infantry major during the Second World War, his grandfather as a captain in the field artillery during the First World War, his great-great-grandfather as a corporal in a soft gray Confederate uniform, and a great-great-great-great something or other in a dark uniform with a lot of bright buttons. P.S. didn't know who the last picture was of. He imagined it to be somebody from the Revolutionary War. P.S. had seen the oil portrait the photograph had been taken from hanging in the hallway of his grandfather's house. P.S. had the long, thin nose of the other Wilkinsons in the pictures, but he still had the round cheeks of youth and the perfect eyebrows. He was the fifteenth of his family to attend the Virginia Preparatory School. Among the buildings at V.P.S. there was a Wilkinson Memorial Library and a Sadler Gymnasium. When P.S. was packing to begin his first year at the school, his father had said, "Son, when your great-grandfather went off to V.P.S., his father gave him a dozen silk handkerchiefs and a pair of warm gloves. When your grandfather went off to V.P.S., his father gave him a dozen silk handkerchiefs and a pair of warm gloves. When I went off to V.P.S., your grandfather gave me a dozen silk handkerchiefs and a pair of warm gloves. And now here are a dozen silk handkerchiefs and a pair of warm gloves for you."

P.S. looked at the brightly patterned Liberty-silk handkerchiefs and the fuzzy red mittens. No thirteen-year-old ever wore red mittens, except girls, and particularly not fuzzy red mittens. And P.S. knew he would never dare to wear the silk handkerchiefs.

"Well, thank you very much, Dad," he had said.

"That's all right, son."

P.S. left the red mittens behind when he went away to V.P.S. He used two of the silk handkerchiefs to cover the top of his bureau and bookcase, gave one other away to a girl, and hid the rest beneath his underwear on the second shelf of his bureau. His father had done very well at the school; he had been a senior monitor, editor-in-chief of the yearbook, and a distance runner in winter and spring track. P.S. hoped he would do as well, but he knew he had disappointed his father so far. When he flunked the Latin examination last year and tried to explain to his father that he just could not do Latin, he could see the



THE LONG WATERS

I

Whether the bees have thoughts we cannot say,
But the hind part of the worm wriggles the most,
Minnows can hear, and butterflies, yellow and blue,
Rejoice in the language of smells and dancing.
Therefore I reject the world of the dog,
Though he hear a note higher than C
And the thrush stopped in the middle of its song.

And I acknowledge my foolishness with God,
My desire for the peaks, the black ravines, the rolling mists
Changing with every twist of wind,
The unsinging fields where no lungs breathe,
Where light is stone.

I return where fire has been,
To the charred edge of the sea,
Where the yellowish prongs of grass poke through the blackened ash
And the bunched logs peel in the afternoon sunlight,
Where the fresh and salt waters meet
And the sea winds move through the pine trees—
A county of bays and inlets, and small streams flowing seaward.

II

Mnetha, Mother of Har, protect me
From the worm's advance and retreat, from the butterfly's havoc,
From the slow sinking of the island peninsula, the coral efflorescence,
The dubious sea change, the heaving sands, and my tentacled sea cousins.

But what of her
Who magnifies the morning with her eyes—
That star winking beyond itself
(The cricket voice deep in the midnight field,
The blue jay rasping from the stunted pine)?

How slowly pleasure dies!
The dry bloom splitting in the wrinkled vale,
The first snow of the year in the dark fir.
Feeling, I still delight in my last fall.

III

In the time when the trout and young salmon leap for the low-flying insects,
And the ivy branch, cast to the ground, puts down roots into the sawdust,
And the pine, whole with its roots, sinks into the estuary,
Where it leans, tilted east, a perch for the osprey,
And a fisherman dawdles over a wooden bridge,
These waves, in the sun, remind me of flowers:
The lily's piercing white,
The mottled tiger, best in the corner of a damp place,
The heliotrope, veined like a fish, the persistent morning-glory,
And the bronze of a dead burdock at the edge of a prairie lake,
Down by the muck shrinking to the alkaline center.

I have come here without courting silence,
Blessed by the lips of a low wind,
To a rich desolation of wind and water,
To a landlocked bay, where the salt water is freshened
By small streams running down under fallen fir trees.

IV

In the vaporous gray of early morning,
Over the thin, feathery ripples breaking lightly against the irregular shoreline—
Feathers of the long swell, burnished, almost oily—
A single wave comes in like the neck of a great swan
Swimming slowly, its back ruffled by the light cross-winds,
To a tree lying flat, its crown half broken.

I remember a stone breaking the eddying current,
Neither white nor red, in the dead middle way,
Where impulse no longer dictates, nor the darkening shadow,
A vulnerable place,
Surrounded by sand, broken shells, the wreckage of water.

V

As light reflects from a lake, in late evening,
When bats fly, close to slightly tilting brownish water,
And the low ripples run over a pebbly shoreline,
As a fire, seemingly long dead, flares up from a downdraft of air in a chimney,
Or a breeze moves over the knees from a low hill,
So the sea wind wakes desire.
My body shimmers with a light flame.

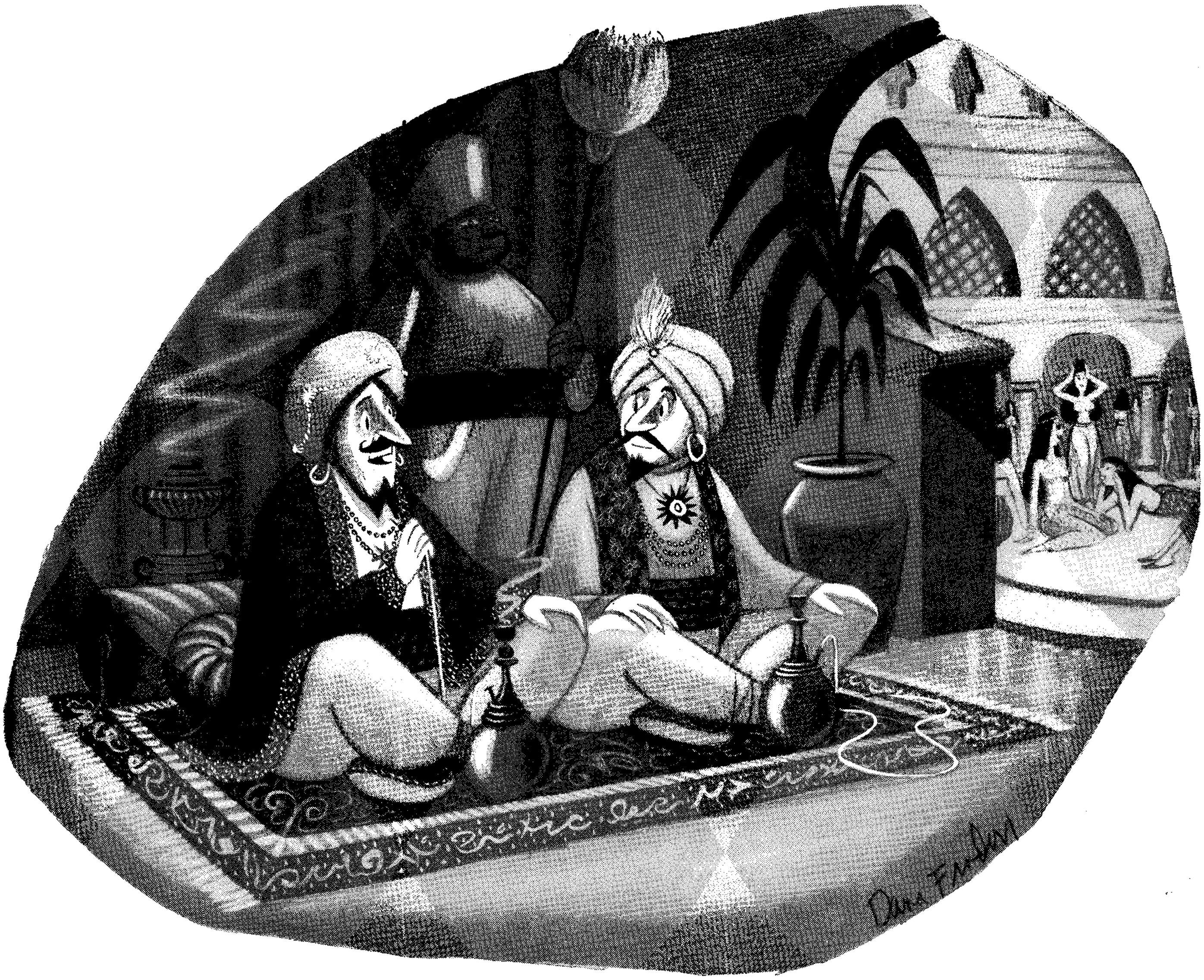
I see in the advancing and retreating waters
The shape that came from my sleep, weeping:
The eternal one, the child, the swaying vine branch,
The numinous ring around the opening flower,
The friend that runs before me on the windy headlands,
Neither voice nor vision.

I, who came back from the depths laughing too loudly,
Become another thing;
My eyes extend beyond the farthest bloom of the waves;
I lose and find myself in the long waters;
I am gathered together once more;
I embrace the world.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

• •

disbelief in his father's eyes. "My God, son, you just didn't study. 'Can't do Latin,' what nonsense!" But P.S. knew that studying had nothing to do with it. His father said that no Wilkinson had ever flunked at V.P.S.; P.S. was the first. His father was not the kind to lose his temper. P.S. wished he were. When P.S. had done something wrong, his father would just look at him and smile sadly and shake his head. The boy had never felt particularly close to his father. He had never been able to talk to or with his father. He had found the best means of getting along with his father was to keep out of his way. He had given up their ever sharing anything. He had no illusions about leading a calendar-picture life with his father—canoeing or hunting together. He could remember trying to get his father to play catch with him and how his father would always say, "Not now, son, not now." But there were certain occasions that his



"I found you can fool some of your wives all of the time and all of your wives some of the time, but you can't fool all of your wives all of the time."

• •

father felt should be shared with P.S. These were the proper father-son occasions that made P.S. feel like some sort of ornament. There would be Father's Day, or the big football game of the season. P.S. would be told to order two tickets, and the afternoon of the game he and his father would watch the first half together. His father remembered all of the cheers and was shocked when P.S. didn't remember some of the words to the school song. At the half, his father would disappear to talk to his friends and P.S. would be left alone to watch the overcoats or umbrellas. After the game, P.S. would wander back to the field house, where the alumni tables were set up. He would locate his father and stand next to him until his father introduced him to the persons he was talking to. Then his father would say, "Run along, son. I'll meet you back in your room." So, P.S. would go back to his room and wait for his father to come by. The boy would straighten up the bed, dust the bureau, and sweep the floor. And then after a long wait his father would come in and sit down. "Well, how are you, son?" the conversation would always start. And P.S. would answer, "Fine, thank you, sir." His father would look around the room and remark about its not being large enough to swing a cat in, then there would be two or three anecdotes about the times when he was a boy at V.P.S., and then he would look at his watch and say, "Well, I guess I'd better be pushing off." His father would ask him if there was anything he needed, and P.S. would say that he didn't think there was anything. His father would give him a five-dollar bill and drive away. And P.S., with enormous relief, would go look for Charlie. "Did you and your dad have a good time?" Charlie would ask. "Sure," P.S. would say. And that would end the conversation.

P.S. knew that his father loved him, but he also knew better than to expect any sign of affection. Affection always seemed to embarrass his father. P.S. remembered his first year at school, when his father had first come up to see him. He had been very happy to see his father, and when they were saying goodbye P.S. stepped forward as usual to kiss him and his father drew away. P.S. always made it a point now to shake hands with his father. And at fourteen respect and obedience had taken the place of love.

P.S. picked up his Latin notes and went over the translations he had completed. He wished he knew what questions would be asked. In last year's exam there were questions from all over the book, and it made the exam very difficult to study for, if they were going to do that. He pictured himself handing in the finished examination to Dr. Fairfax and saying, "Sir? Wilkinsons do not flunk. Please grade my exam accordingly."

P.S. looked at his wristwatch. The

dining hall would begin serving breakfast in fifteen minutes. He made his bed and put on a clean pair of khakis and a button-down shirt. He slipped into his old white bucks and broke a lace tying them, and pulled out the shorter piece and threaded what was left through the next eyelet up, as the older boys did. He tidied up his room for inspection, picked up his notes, and went back to Charlie's room. Charlie was sweeping the dust into the hall. The new boy on duty that day would be responsible for sweeping the halls and emptying all trash baskets. P.S. entered and sat down on the bed.

"Jesus Christ, P.S.! I just made the bed!"

"O.K., O.K., I'll straighten it up when I leave." P.S. ran his fingers across the desk top. "Merritt, two demerits—dust. . . . Hey, you know what, Charlie?"

Charlie dusted the desk and then said, "What?"

"You're such a grump in the morning. I sure'd hate to be married to you."

"Well, I wouldn't worry about that. In the first place, my parents wouldn't approve."

"I'm not so sure that my family would want me to marry a Merritt, either. I think you'd have to take my family name. I mean you're just not our class, you know what I mean?"

"P.S., buddy, you're in a class all by yourself."

"Well, anyway, what I mean is that you're such a grump in the morning that I can see someday your wife coming in—if you ever find a girl who's foolish enough to marry you. But I mean, she might come in some morning and give you grapefruit juice instead of orange juice and you'll probably bite her hand off or something."

"Or *something*." Charlie laughed.

P.S. punched Charlie on the arm. "Garbage mind! God all mighty!"

"What do you mean? I didn't say anything. You've got the dirty mind. All I said was 'or something' and you say I've got a garbage mind."

"Well, you know what I meant."

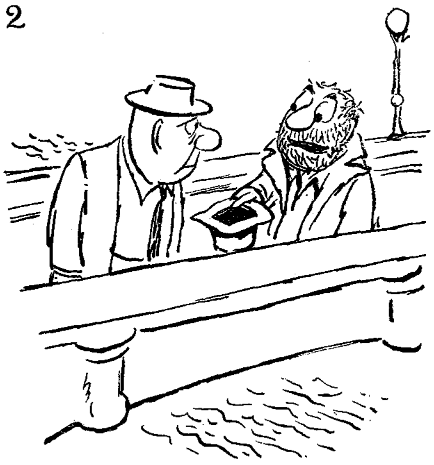
"I don't know anything at all."

P.S. looked at Charlie for a moment, then he laughed. "I'm not going to take advantage of your last remark. I'm much too good a sport to rake you over the coals when you place your ample foot in your ample mouth."

"*Ample foot!*" Charlie held up his foot. "I've got a very small foot. It's a sign of good breeding."

1

2



"Only in horses, Twinkletoes, only in horses."

"Horses, *horses!* What do horses have to do with it?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." P.S. leafed through Charlie's notes. "Hey, the exam's at ten-thirty, isn't it?"

"Yep. If you flunk Latin again, will they make you go to summer school?"

"Probably. I really think it's archaic the way they make you pass Latin to get out of this place."

"Boy, I sure hope I pass it," Charlie said.

"You will. You will. You're the brain in the class."

"Come on, let's go to chow."

"That's what I've been waiting for, my good buddy, my good friend, old pal of mine." P.S. jumped off the bed, scooped up his notebook, and started out of the room.

"Hey!" Charlie said. "What about the bed?"

At eight o'clock chapel, P.S. knelt in the pew and prayed: *"Dear God, I pray that I pass my Latin exam this morning. . . . If I can pass this exam, then I'll do anything you want me to do. . . . God, please. If I don't pass this exam, I've really had it. . . .* They must have made these pews for midgets; I never fit in them right. . . . How am I ever going to get out to Colorado this summer unless I pass that exam? . . . *Please God, I don't want a high grade, all I want is to pass . . . and you don't have to help me on the others. . . . I don't want to pass this exam for myself only. I mean, it means a lot to my family. My father will be very disappointed if I flunk the exam. . . .* I wonder if Charlie will be able to go out to Colorado with me. . . . *God bless Mom, God bless Dad, God bless Grandpa Sadler and Grandma Sadler, God bless Grandpa Wilkinson and Granny Wilkinson, God bless all my relatives I haven't mentioned. . . . Amen. And . . . and God? Please, please help me to pass this exam."*

At ten-fifteen, P.S. and Charlie fell in step and walked over to Randolph Hall, where the examination was to be held.

"Well, if we don't know it now, we never will," Charlie said.

"Even if I did know it now, I wouldn't know it tomorrow." P.S. reached into his pants pocket and pulled out his lucky exam tie. It was a stained and unravelled blue knit. As they walked up the path, he was careful to tie the tie backward, the wide end next to his shirt, the seam facing out. Then he checked his watch pocket to see that his lucky silver dollar was there.

"What's the Latin for 'then'?" Charlie asked.

"'*Tum*,'" P.S. answered. "Tums for your *tum*my."

"What's the word for 'thence,' or 'from there'?"

"'*Inde*.'" P.S. began to sing: "*Inde evening byde moonlight you could hearde*—"

"For God's sake, P.S.!" Charlie laughed.

"You don't like my singing?"

"Not much."

"You know? I'm thinking of joining the choir and glee club next year. You know why? They've got a couple of dances next fall. One with St. Catharine's and another with St. Tim's. You wanta try out with me?"

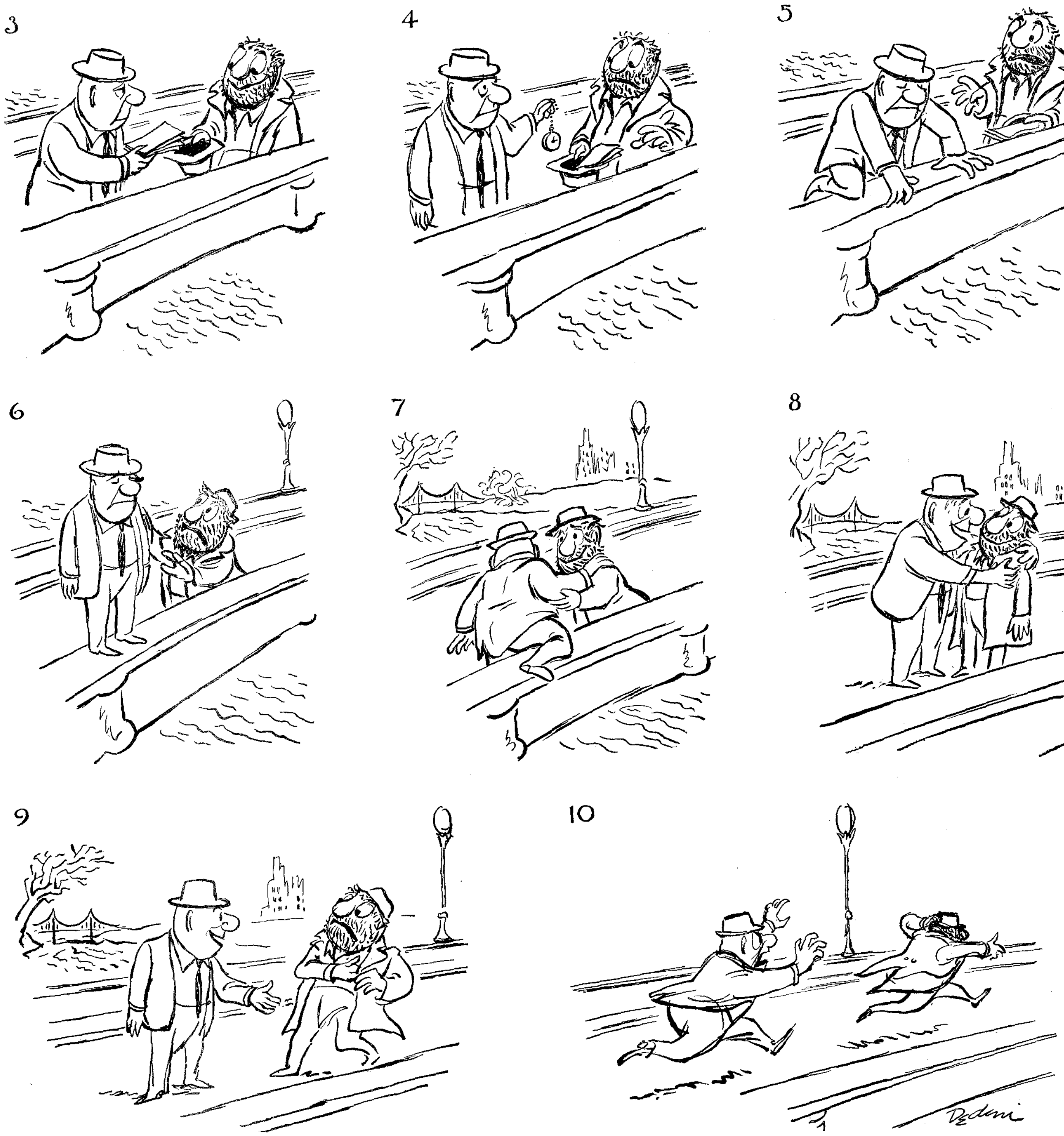
"I don't know. I can't sing."

"Who's gonna sing?" P.S. grabbed Charlie's arm and growled, "Baby, I'm no singer, I'm a lover!"

"Lover? Who says you're a lover?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

P.S. and Charlie walked up the worn wooden steps of Randolph Hall to the third-floor study hall, where the



• •

Latin examination was to be given. They both were in the upper study hall, since they were underclassmen still. P.S.'s desk was in the back corner of the study hall, against the wall. He sat down and brushed the dust off the top of his desk with his palm. Someone had traced a hand into the wood. Others had traced and retraced the hand and deepened the grooves. They had added fingernails and rings. P.S. had added a Marlboro tattoo. He lifted the desk top and, searching for his pencil sharpener, saw that he had some more Latin translations in his desk. He read them through quickly and decided it was too late to learn anything from them. He pulled out his pencil sharpener and closed his desk. The study hall was filling with boys, who took their places at their desks and called back and forth to each other in their slow Southern voices. It was a long, thin room with high windows on either side, and the walls were painted a dirty yellow. Between the windows were framed engravings of Roman ruins and Southern generals. The large fluorescent lights above the desks buzzed and blinked into life. A dark, curly-haired boy sat down in the desk next to P.S. and began to empty his pockets of pencils and pens.

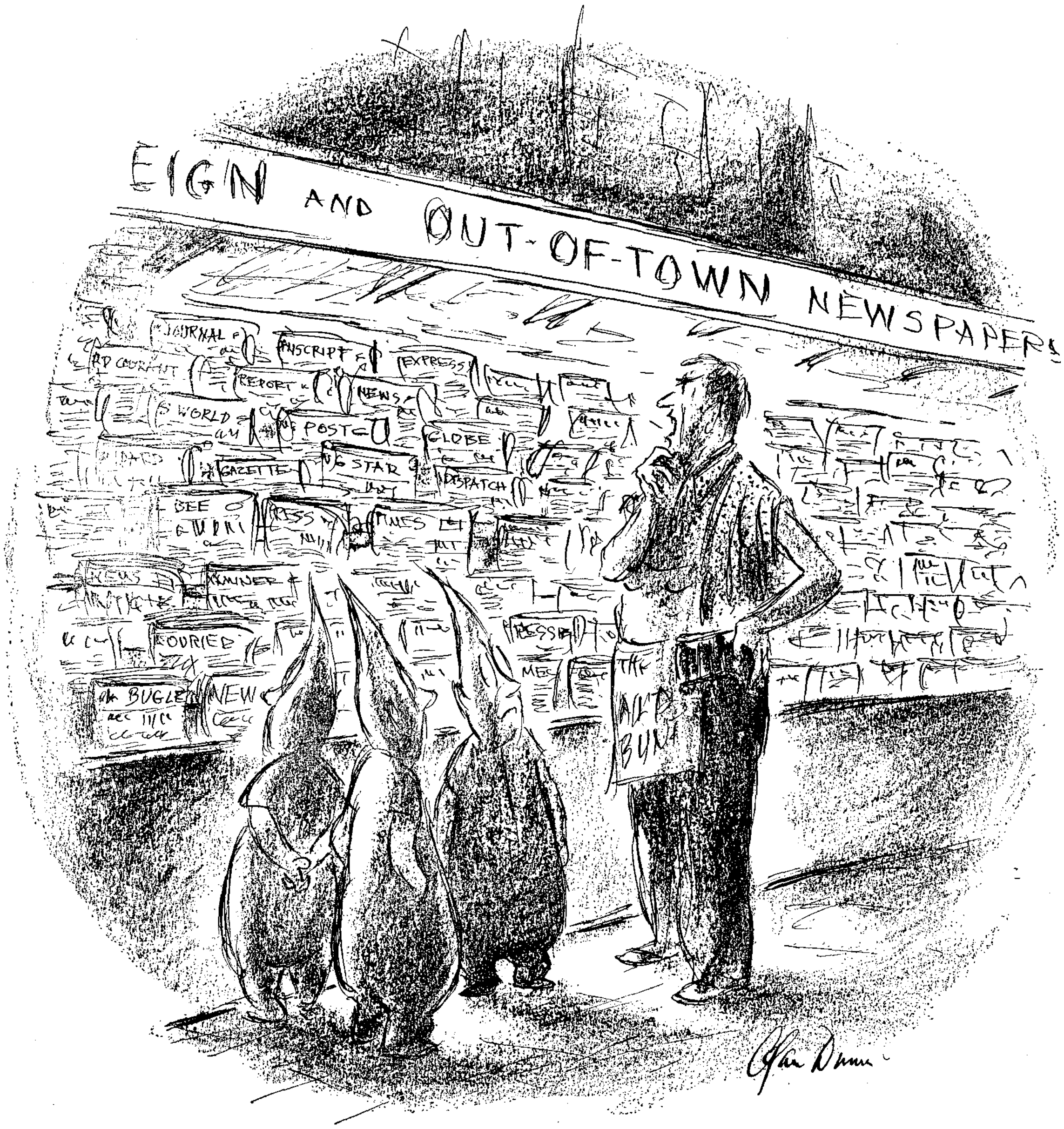
"Hey, Jumbo," P.S. said. "You gonna kill the exam?"

"I hope so. If I can get a good grade on it, then I don't have to worry so much about my math exam tomorrow."

"Well, if we don't know it now we never will."

"You're right."

Jumbo had played second-string tackle on the varsity this year. He was expected to be first-string next year, and by his final year, the coaches thought,



"Never heard of it!"

• •

he might become an All-Virginia High School tackle. Jumbo was a sincere, not very bright student who came from a farm in Virginia and wanted to be a farmer when he finished college. P.S. had sat next to Jumbo all year, but they had never become particularly close friends. Jumbo lived in a different dormitory and had a tendency to stick with the other members of the football team. But P.S. liked him, and Jumbo was really the only member of the football team that he knew at all.

P.S. looked up at the engraving of General Robert E. Lee and his horse, Traveller. He glanced over at Jumbo. Jumbo was cleaning his fingernails with the tip of his automatic pencil.

"Well, good luck," P.S. said.

"Good luck to you."

"I'll need it."

P.S. stood up and looked for Charlie. "Hey! Hey, Charlie?"

Charlie turned around. "Yeah?"

"*Piggo, piggere, squeely, gruntum!*"

"For God's sake, P.S.!"

"Hey, P.S.?" someone shouted. "You gonna flunk it again this year?"

"No, no, I don't think so," P.S. answered in mock seriousness. "In point of fact, as the good Dr. Fairfax would say—in point of fact, I might just come out with the highest grade in class. After all, I'm such a brain."

The noise in the study hall suddenly stopped; Dr. Fairfax had entered. The Latin instructor walked to the back of the study hall, where P.S. was sitting.

"And what was all that about, Wilkinson?"

"Sir, I was telling the others how I'm the brain in your class."

"Indeed?" Dr. Fairfax asked.

"Yes, sir. But I was only kidding."

"Indeed," the Latin instructor said, and the other students laughed.

Dr. Fairfax was a large man with a lean, aesthetic face, which he tried to hide with a military mustache. He had taught at the Virginia Preparatory School since 1919. P.S.'s father had had Dr. Fairfax for a Latin instructor. When P.S. read "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," he had kept thinking of Dr. Fairfax. The Latin instructor wore the same suit and vest all winter. They were always immaculate. The first day of spring was marked by Dr. Fairfax's appearance in a white linen suit, which he always wore with a small blue bachelor's-button. Before a study hall last spring, someone had placed an alarm clock set to go off during the middle of study hall in one of the tall wastepaper baskets at the rear of the room. The student had then emptied all of the pencil sharpeners and several ink bottles into the basket and covered all this with crumpled-up pad paper. When the alarm clock went off, Dr. Fairfax strode down the aisle and reached into the wastepaper basket for the clock. When he lifted it out, the sleeve of his white linen jacket was covered with ink and pencil shavings. There was a stunned silence in the study hall as Dr. Fairfax looked at his sleeve. And then Dr. Fairfax began to laugh. The old man sat down on one of the desk tops and laughed and laughed, until finally the students had enough nerve to join him. The next day, he appeared in the same linen suit, but it was absolutely clean. Nobody was given demerits or punished in any manner. Dr. Fairfax was P.S.'s favorite instructor. P.S. watched him separate the examination papers and blue books into neat piles at the proctor's desk. Dr. Fairfax looked up at the electric clock over the study-hall door and then at his thin gold pocket watch. He cleared his throat. "Good morning, gentlemen."

"GOOD MORNING, SIR!" the students shouted.

"Gentlemen, there will be no talking during the examination. In the two

Super-Lumium

The newest, youngest, lightest shades: CHERRY BLOSSOM and GAY CORAL

Germaine Monteil

Sagebrush: a Stein Bloch Change

in Dressing Up to Go Out

Wives know it was about time, husbands seem to have more fun. This change: Sagebrush, color news in the summer standby, Dacron-polyester and worsted-tropical. A brown-grey-olive that is striped, checked or plaided with henna. Caution: this suit will bring wives to town wangling free lunches on weekdays. With the Stein Bloch hand-tailoring due this cloth, $89.50.

A collection of Stein Bloch news for summer, hand-tailored tropicals and sportswear news, has just arrived at one of the two best stores in your city. Suits, $90 to $145. Where? Write Stein Bloch, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Many-Faceted Fathers

Deserve our exclusive sterling designs for desk or den:

Stamp box, 1⅝" tall, clips one at a time. $10.
Patent pending

Easy-to-grasp lighter, 3", ample fuel. $19.50.

Penstand to match. $8.75.
Black ball-point pen. $2.35.

Federal tax included. Monograms shown, $1. more. Jean Tree, PL 7-8100
Shipping: lighter 65¢; others 55¢.

BLACK STARR & FROST
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

hours given you, you will have ample time to complete all of the necessary work. When the bell sounds signifying the end of examination, you will cease work immediately. In point of fact, anyone found working after the bell will be looked upon most unfavorably. When you receive your examinations, make certain that the print is legible. Make sure that you place your names on each of your blue books. If you have any difficulty reading the examination, hold your hand above your head and you will be given a fresh copy. The tops of your desks should be cleared of all notes, papers, and books. Are there any questions? . . . If not, will Baylor and you, Grandy, and . . . and Merritt . . . will the three of you please pass out the examinations."

P.S. watched Charlie get up and walk over to the desk.

Dr. Fairfax reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. He looked out across the room. "We are nearing the end of the school year," he said. "Examinations always seem to cause students an undue amount of concern. I assure you, I can well remember when I was a student at V.P.S. In point of fact, I was not so very different from some of you—"

The instructor was interrupted by a rasping Bronx cheer. He looked quickly over in the direction of the sound. "Travers, was that you?"

"No, sir."

"Brandon, was that you?"

The student hesitated, then answered, "Yes, sir."

"Brandon, I consider that marked disrespect, and it will cost you ten demerits."

"Aww, sir—"

"Fifteen." Dr. Fairfax cleared his throat again. "Now, if I may continue? . . . Good. There are a few important things to remember when taking an examination. First, do not get upset when you cannot at once answer all of the questions. The examination is designed—"

P.S. stopped listening. Charlie was walking down the aisle toward him.

"Hey, Charlie," he whispered, "give me an easy one."

"There will be no favoritism on my part."

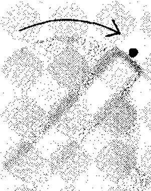
"How does it look?"

"Tough."

"Oh, God!"

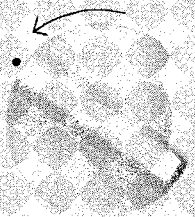
"Merritt and Wilkinson?" Dr. Fairfax said. "That last little bit of conversation will cost you each five demerits."

The Latin instructor looked up at the electric clock again. "When you re-



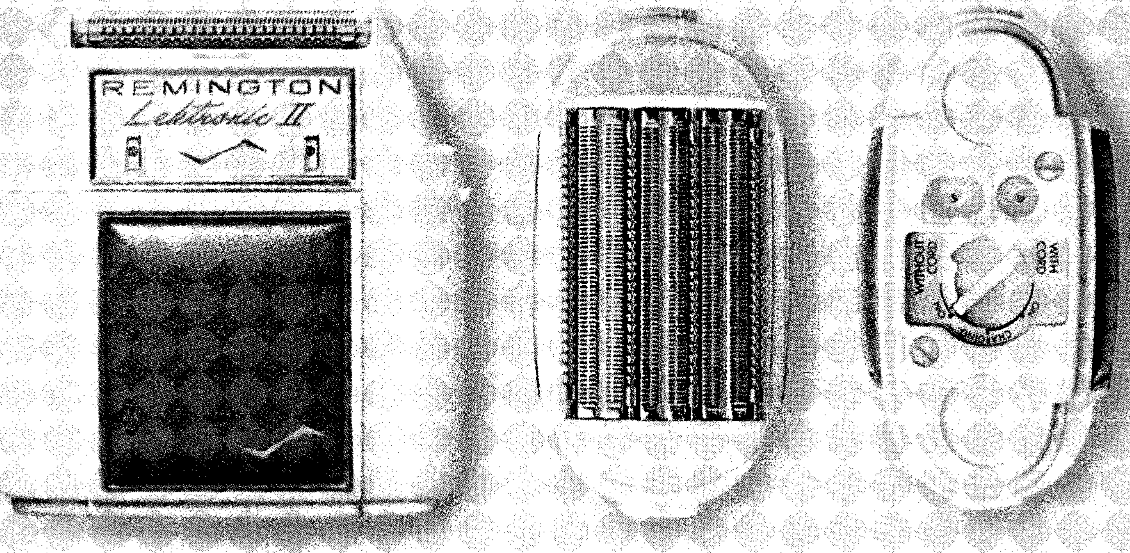
click!

it's self-powered for cordless shaving



click!

it's reserve-powered for extra convenience



NEW REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II WITH 2 KINDS OF POWER!

TRADEMARK SHAVER

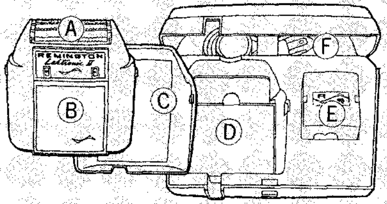
Lektronic II is a cordless shaver and cord shaver all in one!

Self-powered for shaving freedom. Outdoors, indoors. Upstairs, downstairs. Shave wherever you want. No sink. No cord. No morning bathroom rush. Just one cordless shave after another—all from the powerful rechargeable cells.

Reserve-powered for extra convenience. Forget to recharge? Flick the switch and shave with the cord from any 110-volt AC outlet.

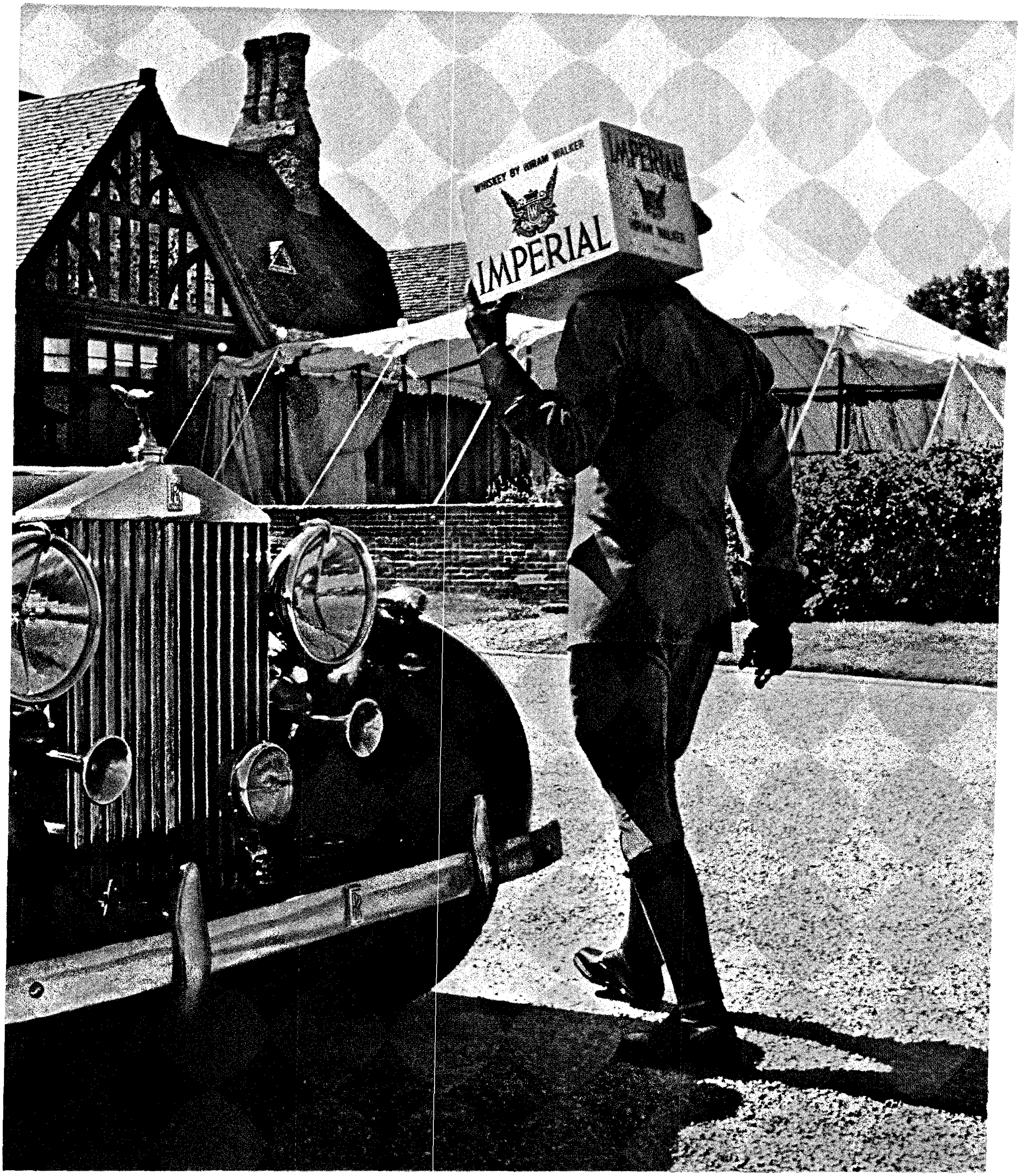
Easy on your face? You get the comfortable shaves that exclusive Remington adjustable roller combs are famous for. Comfort with closeness. No pinch. No pull. Just comfort.

A superb shaver. There's nothing to compare with it. Don't take our word for it. Most dealers offer a free home trial.



(A) Exclusive adjustable roller combs and self-sharpening cutters (B) New cushion-grip panels for a firmer, more comfortable hold. New shaving station case: (C) Holder for charging in closed case or out (D) Mirror (E) Transformer for recharging and cord shaving (F) Storage for recharging cord and accessories.

© 1962 BY SPERRY RAND CORPORATION


WHISKEY BY HIRAM WALKER
IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER

IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial
and they buy it by the case

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

ceive your examinations, you may begin. Are there any questions? . . . If not, gentlemen, it might be well for us to remember this ancient Latin proverb: '*Abusus non tollit usum*.' " Dr. Fairfax waited for the laugh. There was none. He cleared his throat again. "Perhaps . . . perhaps we had better ask the class brain what the proverb means. Wilkinson?"

P.S. stood up. " '*Abusus non tollit usum*,' sir?"

"That's right."

"Something like 'Abuse does not tolerate the use,' sir?"

"What does the verb '*tollo, tollere, sustuli, sublatus*' mean?"

"To take away, sir."

"That's right. The proverb, then, is 'Abuse does not take away the use,' or, in the context I was referring to, just because you gentlemen cannot do Latin properly does not mean that it should not be done at all."

"Yes, sir," P.S. said, and he sat down.

Dr. Fairfax unfolded his newspaper, and P.S. began to read the examination. He picked up his pencil and printed in large letters on the cover of his blue book:

PHILIP SADLER WILKINSON
LATIN EXAMINATION
LATIN II—DR. FAIRFAX
VIRGINIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL
7 JUNE 1962—BOOK ONE (1)

Then he put down his pencil, stretched, and began to work.

P.S. read the examination carefully. He saw that he would be able to do very little of it from memory, and felt the first surge of panic moisten his palms. He tried to translate the first Latin-to-English passage. He remembered that it fell on the right-hand side of the page in his Ullman and Henry, opposite the picture of the Roman galley. The picture was a still taken from the silent-movie version of "Ben-Hur." He recognized some of the verbs, more of the nouns, and finally he began to be able to translate. It was about the Veneti ships, which were more efficient than the Roman galleys because they had high prows and flat keels. He translated the entire passage, put down his pencil, and stretched again.

An hour later, P.S. knew he was in trouble. The first translation and the vocabulary section were the only parts of the exam he had been able to do without too much difficulty. He was able to give the rule and examples for the datives of agent and possession. The English-to-Latin sentences were the most difficult. He had been able to do only one of those. For the question "How do you deter-

Q What Is Investing?

A How do American enterprises get the funds they need for growth and development? How do American investors put their money to work to earn more money?

Over the past half century, the answers to those questions have changed drastically. Time was when business depended for its capital primarily on hundreds of people with millions of dollars to invest. Today millions of people with hundreds of dollars to invest accept the risks of securities-ownership in the hope of reward. These are the investors who provide industry with the capital that is its lifeblood.

In fact, most Americans own stocks indirectly, often without even realizing it. Some 15,000,000 own stocks directly, and many millions more own securities indirectly because much of the money represented by their savings accounts, insurance policies, and pension plans is invested in stocks and bonds. Everyone is a participant in the country's economy, and everyone owes it to himself to understand its workings.

In this and succeeding advertisements, we will try to answer some of the questions that many people still have about securities. It seems appropriate to begin with the fundamental question, What are bonds?—because borrowing is probably the oldest form of financing and lending the oldest form of investing.

When a corporation raises money by issuing bonds, it borrows from the purchasers of the bonds and promises to repay the principal usually at a specified maturity date, when the bond becomes payable. The corporation also pays a set rate of interest in the meantime. Thus a bond is a kind of IOU or promissory note. The seller promises to pay, and the purchaser, who is a creditor, is entitled to get back, a certain amount. The federal government, states, municipalities, and various government agencies also issue bonds to raise money.

Most people's first acquaintance with bonds is with United States Series E Bonds, which cost as little as $18.75 and currently pay 3.75% interest if held seven years and nine months to maturity. But most government, municipal, and corporate bonds come in units or multiples of $1,000 and pay interest that varies with the maturity date and other factors. Some corporate bonds are backed by a mortgage on a specific piece of property, and some (known as debentures) are backed solely by the general credit of the corporation.

In general, bonds appeal to conservative investors because they are regarded as the safest kind of security. Bond interest must be paid before any dividends are paid to stockholders, and if the organization issuing the bond should go out of business, the bondholders, as creditors, would have a prior claim before the stockholders received anything.

In general, bond price fluctuations are relatively small, and bond interest is usually fixed. There are two forms of bond, bearer and registered. Bearer bonds are considered to be the property of the bearer and have attached to them a number of coupons, one of which the owner of the bond clips or detaches, usually every six months, for presentation to the company's paying agent for payment. There are also registered bonds, which are registered in the owner's name by the issuing company, and interest checks are sent by the company to owners automatically.

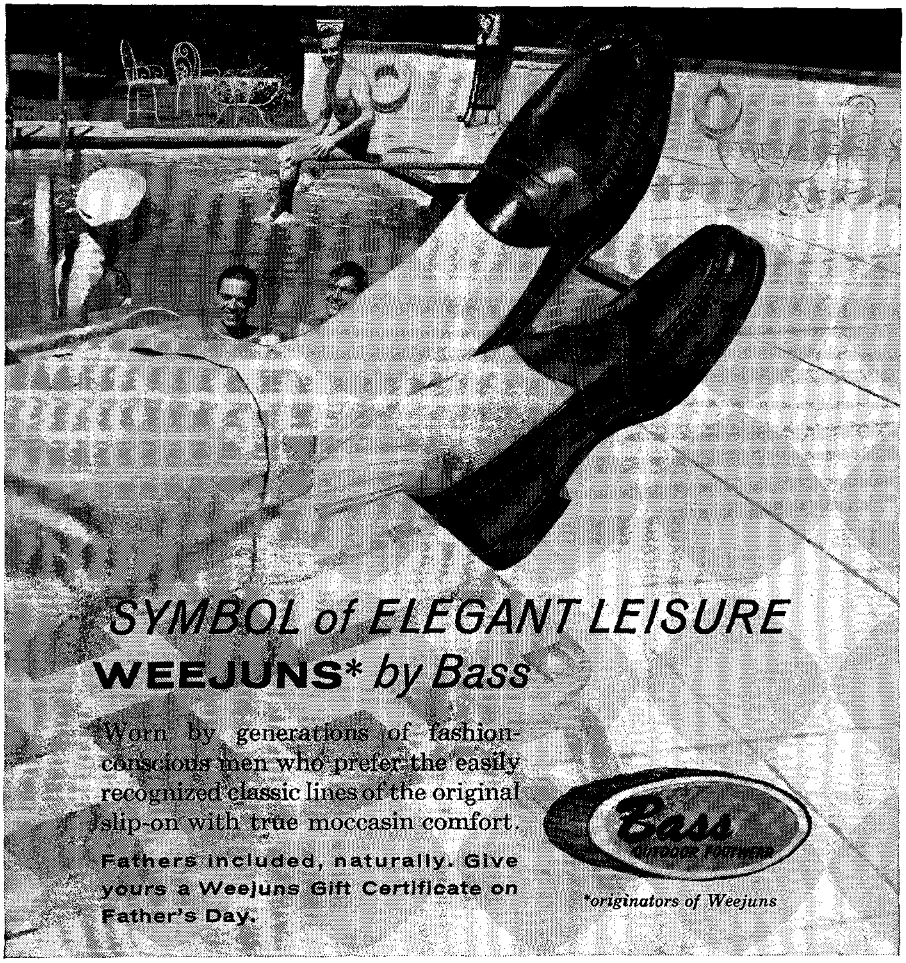
NEXT WEEK: *What Are Stocks?*

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

TROUSERED BY **CORBIN**
the man who put natural shoulders on trousers

CORBIN COTTONS

As you like it, another Corbin Cotton! Handsome, lightweight, tailored with exacting care in a superb fabric of 65% Dacron® Polyester and 35% Pima Cotton poplin. Washes easily, dries quickly, and holds a crisp smartness even in the warmest weather. The cut is Classic Corbin, with pleatless fronts, in select casual colors such as Landlubber Blue. At the stores you would expect, or write to Corbin Ltd., Dept. N, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, New York.



SYMBOL of ELEGANT LEISURE
WEEJUNS* *by Bass*

Worn by generations of fashion-conscious men who prefer the easily recognized classic lines of the original slip-on with true moccasin comfort.

Fathers included, naturally. Give yours a Weejuns Gift Certificate on Father's Day.

Bass OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

**originators of Weejuns*

*T.M. Reg.

G. H. Bass & Co., 26 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

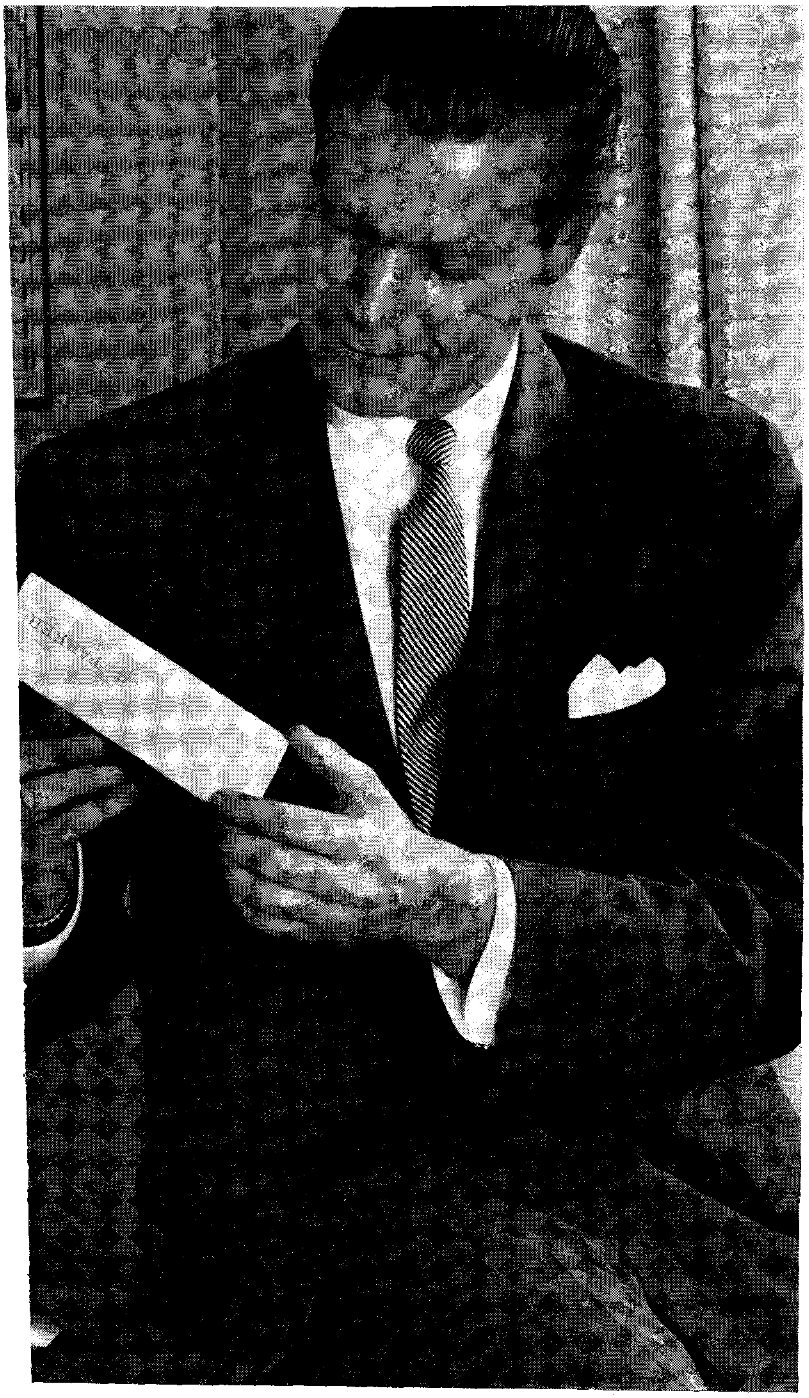
mine the tense of the infinitive in indirect statement?" he wrote, "You can determine the tense by the construction of the sentence and by the word endings," and hoped he might get some credit. The two Latin-to-English passages counted twenty points apiece. If he could only do that second translation, he stood a chance of passing the examination. He recognized the adverb "*inde*," but saw that it didn't help him very much. The examination was halfway over. He tried to count how many points he had made so far on the examination. He thought he might have somewhere between fifty and fifty-five. Passing was seventy. If he could just translate that second passage, he would have the points he needed to pass. Dr. Fairfax never scaled the grades. P.S. had heard that one year the Latin instructor flunked everybody but two.

He glanced over at Jumbo. Then he looked back down at his own examination and swore under his breath. Jumbo looked over at him and smiled. P.S. pantomimed that he could not answer the questions, and Jumbo smiled again. P.S. slid his glasses off and rubbed his eyes. He fought down the panic, wiped his hands on his pants legs, and looked at the passage again. He couldn't make any sense out of the blur of the words. He squinted, looked at them, put on his glasses again, and knew that he was in trouble.

He leaned over his desk and closed his eyes. *Dear God, please help me on this examination . . . please, God, please . . . I must pass this examination. . . .* He opened his eyes and looked carefully around to see if anyone had seen him praying. The others were all working hard on the examination. P.S. looked up again at the engraving on the wall above his desk. Beneath the portrait was the caption "Soon after the close of the War Between the States, General Robert E. Lee became the head of a school for young men. General Lee made this statement when he met with his students for the first time: 'We have but one rule in this school, and that is that every student must be a gentleman.' " They left out that other rule, P.S. thought. They left out the one that says you have to have Latin to graduate! Or is that part of being a gentleman, too?

He read the Latin-to-English passage through twice, then he read it through backward. He knew he had seen the passage before. He even remembered seeing it recently. But where? He knew that the passage dealt with the difficulties the Romans were having in

The uncommon gift for the uncommon man



Take our biased (but experienced) word for it: giving a Parker 61 to the deserving people on your list will get you more genuine thanks than you suspect.

If your man is the practical type, he'll like the fact that the 61 fills itself by the magic of capillary action. No moving parts. Nothing to go out of kilter. No ink-stained hands, ever.

He'll get a kick out of Parker's new Instant Ink capsule. On a trip, all he has to do is put a tiny container on the filling end of the pen, dip it into a glass of ordinary tap water, and presto!—he has a pen filled with real Super Quink ink! No need to run out of ink ever.

Now, if your man has an eye for beauty as well as utility, he'll be rewarded by the beauty of the 61's classic design, its exquisite balance and solid feel in his hand.

All concerned will appreciate the 14K solid gold point (which comes in a wide choice of different styles). And the alert way in which it responds the moment it hits paper, and keeps pace with a man's thoughts.

The Parker 61 is truly an uncommon pen. It should be given only to an uncommon man.

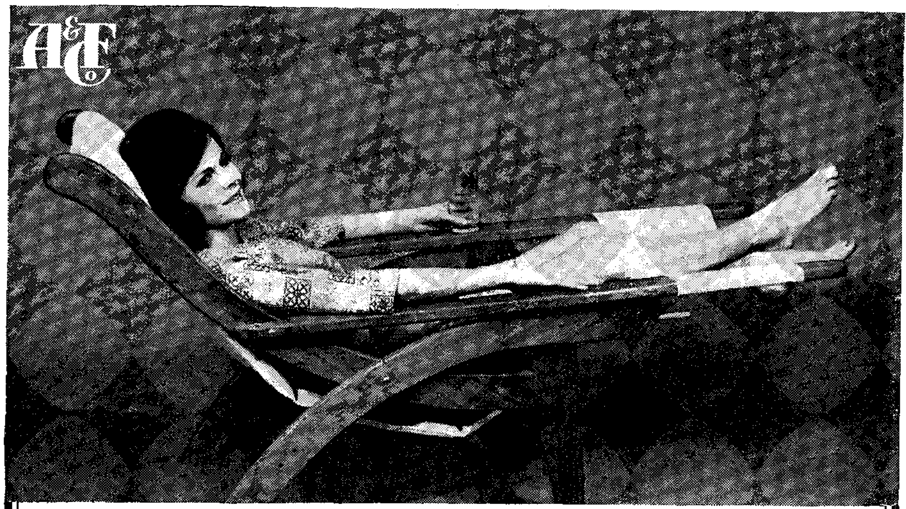
$15 is the minimum price. "Up" will take you as high as $150.

PARKER—Maker of the World's most wanted pens

©1961 by THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

The remarkable

Parker 61

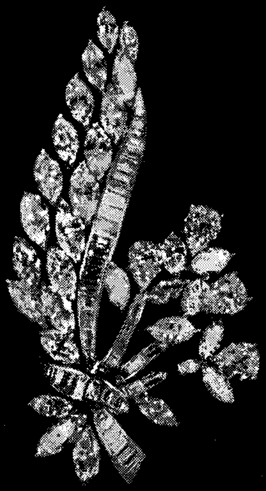

A&F

A&F Planter's Chair

Stems from the days of the British Empire when planters took their ease in such wonderfully relaxing chairs as this A&F revival. We've had it specially made in the traditional planter's style from fine clear-grained California redwood, held together by strong brass bolts. The cushions are of foam-filled vinyl to be completely weatherproof and utterly comfortable. With removable ankle sling. Allow two weeks for shipment. FOB Store. 48.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO COLORADO SPRINGS SAN FRANCISCO
BAY HEAD SOUTHAMPTON HYANNIS


An exquisite
diamond spray clip
of classic elegance,
in platinum.
$12,000

Actual size. Fed. tax incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Fifth Ave. and 52 St., New York 22, N. Y., PLaza 3-0111

fortifying their positions, but there were so many technical words in it that he could not get more than five of the twenty points from the translation, and he needed at least fifteen to pass. . . . He was going to flunk. *But I can't flunk! I can't flunk! I've got to pass!*

P.S. knew if he flunked he wouldn't be able to face his father. No matter what excuse P.S. gave, his father would not believe he hadn't loafed all term.

He looked at the passage and tried to remember where he had seen it. And then his mouth went dry. He felt the flush burn into the back of his neck and spread to his cheeks. He swallowed hard. *The translation's in my desk! . . . It's in my desk! . . . Jesus . . . oh, Jesus! . . . It's the translation on the top of the stack in my desk . . . in my desk!*

All he would have to do would be to slip the translation out of his desk, copy it, put it away, and he would pass the examination. All of his worries would be over. His father would be happy that he passed the examination. He wouldn't have to go to summer school. He and Charlie could go out to Colorado together to work on that dude ranch. He would be through with Latin forever. His Latin grade would never pull his average down again. Everything would be all right. Everything would be fine. All he would have to do would be to copy that one paragraph. Everyone cheated. Maybe not at V.P.S. But in other schools they bragged about it. . . . Everyone cheated in one way or another. Why should that one passage ruin everything? Who cared what problems the Romans had!

P.S. glanced over at Jumbo. Jumbo was chewing on his pencil eraser as he worked on the examination. Dr. Fairfax was still reading his newspaper. P.S. felt his heart beat faster. It began beating so hard that he was certain Jumbo could hear it. P.S. gently raised his desk top and pretended to feel around for a pencil. He let his blue book slide halfway off his desk so it leaned in his lap. Then he slid the translation under his blue book and slid the blue book and notes back onto his desk. He was certain that everyone had seen him—that everyone knew he was about to cheat. He slowly raised his eyes to look at Dr. Fairfax, who went on reading. P.S. covered part of the notes with his examination and began to copy the rest into his blue book. He could feel the heat in his cheeks, the dryness in his mouth. *Dear God . . . God, please don't let them catch me! . . . Please!*

He changed the smooth translation

IMPERIAL LEBARON FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

LEADING EXECUTIVES PERSONALLY TEST IMPERIAL

Several weeks ago, we invited the directors and key executives of America's 500 leading corporations to take the keys of a new Imperial and drive it as their own.

Our dealers attempted no salesmanship when they delivered the cars to the executives' homes and offices. Discussion of the car was confined to brief explanation of its controls. We wanted Imperial to speak for itself. And it did—eloquently.

Most of our executive test drivers agreed that their comparison-tour revealed qualities in Imperial they previously had not recognized.

They learned that Imperial's torsion-bar suspension absorbs road-shock and smooths driving as no other suspension can. They found that Imperial performs as though it were a thousand pounds lighter than it really is. They encountered luxury upon unexpected luxury in Imperial's spacious interior.

It may be you are *not* a corporate executive, but would like to make your own Imperial comparison-tour; we would be pleased to arrange it. Write to: General Manager, Imperial Division, 12200 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan.

IMPERIAL

America's Most Carefully Built Car

IMPERIAL—A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION into a rough one as he copied, so that it would match his other translation.

From these things the army was taught the nature of the place and how the slope of the hill and the necessity of the time demanded more than one plan and order for the art of war. Different legions, some in one part, others in another, fought the enemy. And the view was obstructed by very thick hedges. Sure support could not be placed, nor could it be seen what work would be necessary in which part, nor could all the commands be administered by one man. Therefore, against so much unfairness of things, various consequences ensued.

He put down his pencil and looked around the study hall. No one was watching. P.S. carefully slid the translation back into his desk. He looked to see if the translation gave him any words that might help him on the rest of the examination. His heart was still beating wildly in his chest, and his hands shook. He licked his lips and concentrated on behaving normally. *It's over. . . . It's over. . . . I've cheated, but it's all over and no one said anything!*

He began to relax.

FIFTEEN minutes later, Dr. Fairfax stood up at his desk, looked at the electric clock, then down at his pocket watch. He cleared his throat and said, "Stop!"

Several students groaned. The rest gathered up their pencils and pens.

"Make certain you have written out the pledge in full and signed it," Dr. Fairfax said.

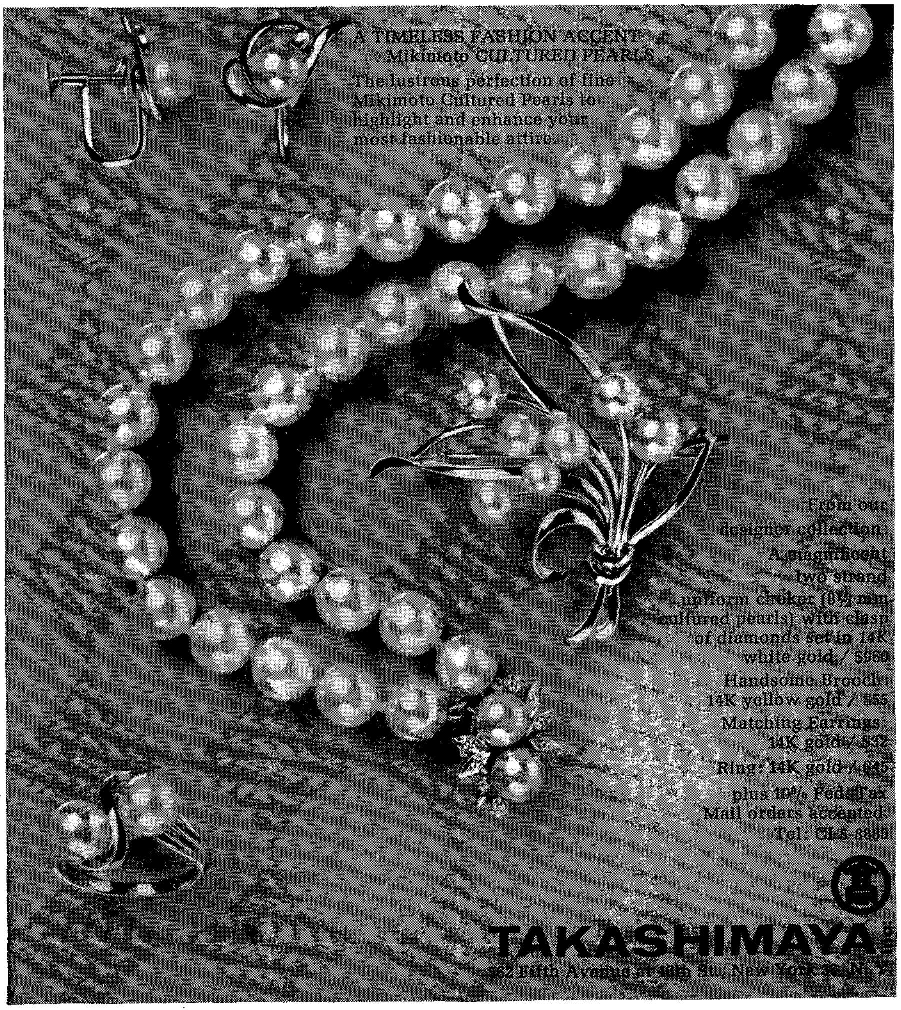
P.S. felt the physical pain of fear again. He opened his blue book and wrote, "I pledge on my honor as a gentleman that I have neither given nor received unauthorized assistance on this examination." He hesitated; then he signed his name.

"Place your examination inside your blue book," Dr. Fairfax continued. "Make certain that you put your name on your blue book. . . . Baylor? If you and, uh, Ferguson and Showalter will be good enough to pick up the examinations, the rest of you may go. And, um, gentlemen, your grades will be posted on the front door of my office no sooner than forty-eight hours from now. In point of fact, any attempt to solicit your grade any sooner than that will result in bad temper on my part and greater severity in the marking of papers. Are there any questions? . . . If not, gentlemen, dismissed."

The students stood up and stretched. An immediate, excited hum of voices filled the study hall. P.S. looked down at his exam paper. He slid it into his blue book and left it on his desk.

Charlie was waiting at the door of

Your good taste is apparent . . .
when you order Great Western Champagne. This is the one that has been awarded six European medals for excellence! No wonder it has held an honored place on the wine lists of America's fine clubs, hotels and restaurants for 102 years. Great Western
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.



A TIMELESS FASHION ACCENT
. . . Mikimoto CULTURED PEARLS
The lustrous perfection of fine Mikimoto Cultured Pearls to highlight and enhance your most fashionable attire.

From our designer collection: A magnificent two strand uniform choker (8½ mm cultured pearls) with clasp of diamonds set in 14K white gold / $960
Handsome Brooch: 14K yellow gold / $55
Matching Earrings: 14K gold / $32
Ring: 14K gold / $45
plus 10% Fed. Tax
Mail orders accepted.
Tel: CI 5-8885

TAKASHIMAYA Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue at 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

the study hall. "Well, P.S., how'd the brain do?"

"You know it's bad luck to talk about an exam before the grades are posted."

"I know. I'm just asking how you think you did."

"I don't know," P.S. said.

"Well, well, I mean, do you think you passed?"

"*I don't know!*"

"Whooey!" Charlie whistled. "And you called *me* a grump!"

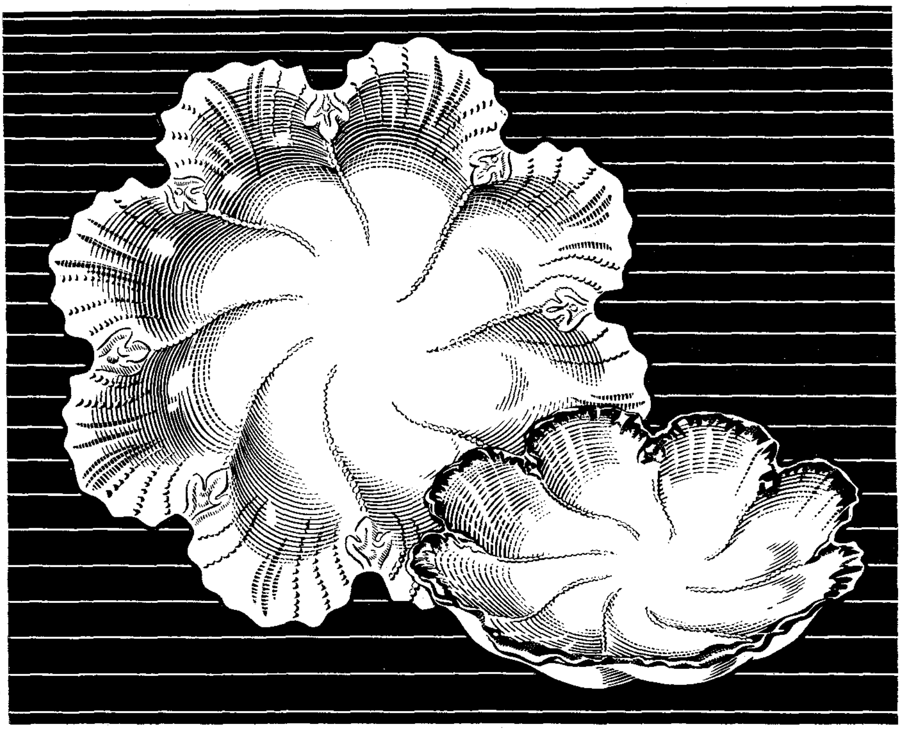
They walked down the stairs together. At the bottom, Charlie asked P.S. if he was going to go to lunch.

"No, I don't think so," P.S. said. "I'm not feeling so well. I think I'll lie down for a while. I'll see ya."

"Sure," Charlie said. "See ya."

IN his cubicle in Memorial Hall, P.S. took off his lucky exam tie. He put his silver dollar back onto his bookcase. He reached inside the hollow copy of "Gulliver's Travels" for the pack of cigarettes he kept there. Then he walked down the corridor to the bathroom, stepped into one of the stalls, and locked the door. He lit the cigarette and leaned his forehead against the cool green marble divider. He was sick with fear and dread. *It's over! It's all over!* he said, trying to calm himself. He did not like the new knowledge he had of himself. He was a cheater. He rolled his forehead back and forth against the stone, pressing his forehead into it, hurting himself. P.S. had broken the Honor Code of the school, and he was scared. *I shouldn't have cheated! What if someone had seen me! I shouldn't have cheated! . . . Maybe somebody did see me. . . . Maybe Dr. Fairfax will know I cheated when he sees my exam. . . . Maybe somebody will check my desk after the exam and find the copy of the translation. . . . I cheated. Jesus, I cheated! . . . Stupid, God-damned fool. . . . What if somebody finds out! . . . Maybe I should turn myself in. . . . I wonder if they'd kick me out if I turned myself in. . . . It would prove that I really am honest, I just made a mistake, that's all. . . . I'll tell them I couldn't help it. . . . Maybe they'll just give me a reprimand.*

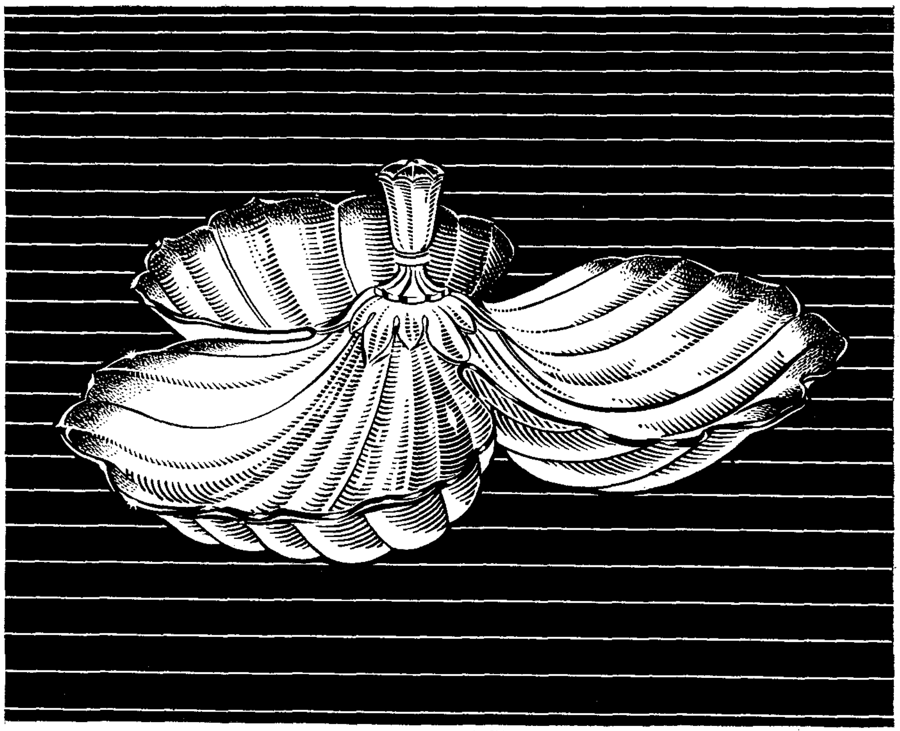
But P.S. knew that if he turned himself in, they would still tell his parents he had cheated, so what good would that do? His father would be just as angry. Even more so, since Wilkinsons don't cheat, either. P.S. knew how ashamed his father would make him feel. His father would have to tell others that P.S. had cheated. It was a part of the Southern tradition. "My son has dis-



LEAF DISH. *Charming, natural leaf design. Two versatile sizes for candy, flower arrangements, dessert plates. Diameters: 10½" and 7½". Ivory* $\$10^{95}$; $\$7^{95}$. *Ivory with 24-k. gold trim* $\$12^{95}$; $\$9^{95}$.

THE PERFECT WEDDING GIFT

THE GREENBRIER SERVER. *Delicately embossed leaves form a unique trio of bowls for ease in the serving of assorted nuts, relishes or appetizers. Diameter: 8½". Ivory with 24-k. gold trim* $\$12^{95}$. *Ivory* $\$9^{95}$.



LENOX CHINA

AVAILABLE AT ALL LENOX DEALERS

GENUINE PEARLS

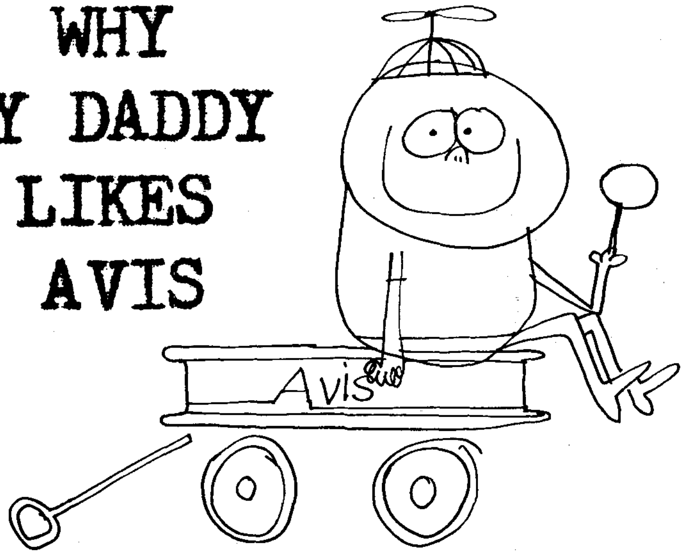
Black and White Pearls,
fancy shaped Diamonds, set
in a Platinum Spray Pin
$5000*

Black and White Pearl,
Baguette Diamond Ring
set in Platinum
$6000*

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

WHY
MY DADDY
LIKES
AVIS



It is dynamic. It is also progressive. It is fast growing. It is also friendly. It is courteous. It is also hard to think of more nice things to say about it.

AVIS RENT-a-CAR

AVIS RENTS ALL MAKES OF CARS...FEATURES FORDS. Safety belts available up front on request at no extra charge on most 1962 cars. You can use any Avis credit card, air or rail travel, or any other accredited charge card for Avis rentals. ©1962 Avis Inc., 18 Irvington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

graced me. It is better that you hear it from me than somebody else." His father would do something like that. And having other people know he had cheated would be too much shame to bear. And even if he did turn himself in, the school would make him take another exam. . . . And he'd flunk that one, too. . . . He knew it. . . . *Oh, God, what am I going to do?*

If he didn't turn himself in and no one had seen him, then who would know? He would never cheat again. If he could just get away with it this one time. Then everything would be O.K. Nobody need ever know—except himself. And P.S. knew he would never be able to forget that he had cheated. Maybe if he turned himself in, it would be better in the long run. *What long run? What the hell kind of long run will I have if I turn myself in? Everybody in the school will know I cheated, no matter whether I turn myself in or not. . . . They won't remember me for turning myself in. . . . They'll remember that I cheated in the first place. . . .*

P.S. wanted to cry, but he couldn't. He dropped the cigarette into the toilet and flushed it down. Then he went over to the sink and rinsed his mouth out. He had some chewing gum in his room; that would cover the smell of his smoking. He looked at himself in the mirror. He couldn't see any change since this morning, and yet he felt so different. He looked at his eyes to see if there were lines under them now. *What shall I do?* he asked his reflection. *What the hell shall I do?* He turned on the cold water and rinsed his face. He dried himself on a towel someone had left behind, and walked back down the corridor to his room. He brushed aside the curtain, entered the cubicle, and stopped, frozen with fear. Mabrey, the head monitor, was sitting on P.S.'s bed.

"Wilkinson," Mabrey said, "would you mind coming with me?"

He called me "Wilkinson," not P.S. . . . not P.S.! "Where do you want to go?"

"Just outside for a few minutes."

"What about?"

Mabrey got up from the bed. "Come on, P.S."

"What . . . what do you want me for?"

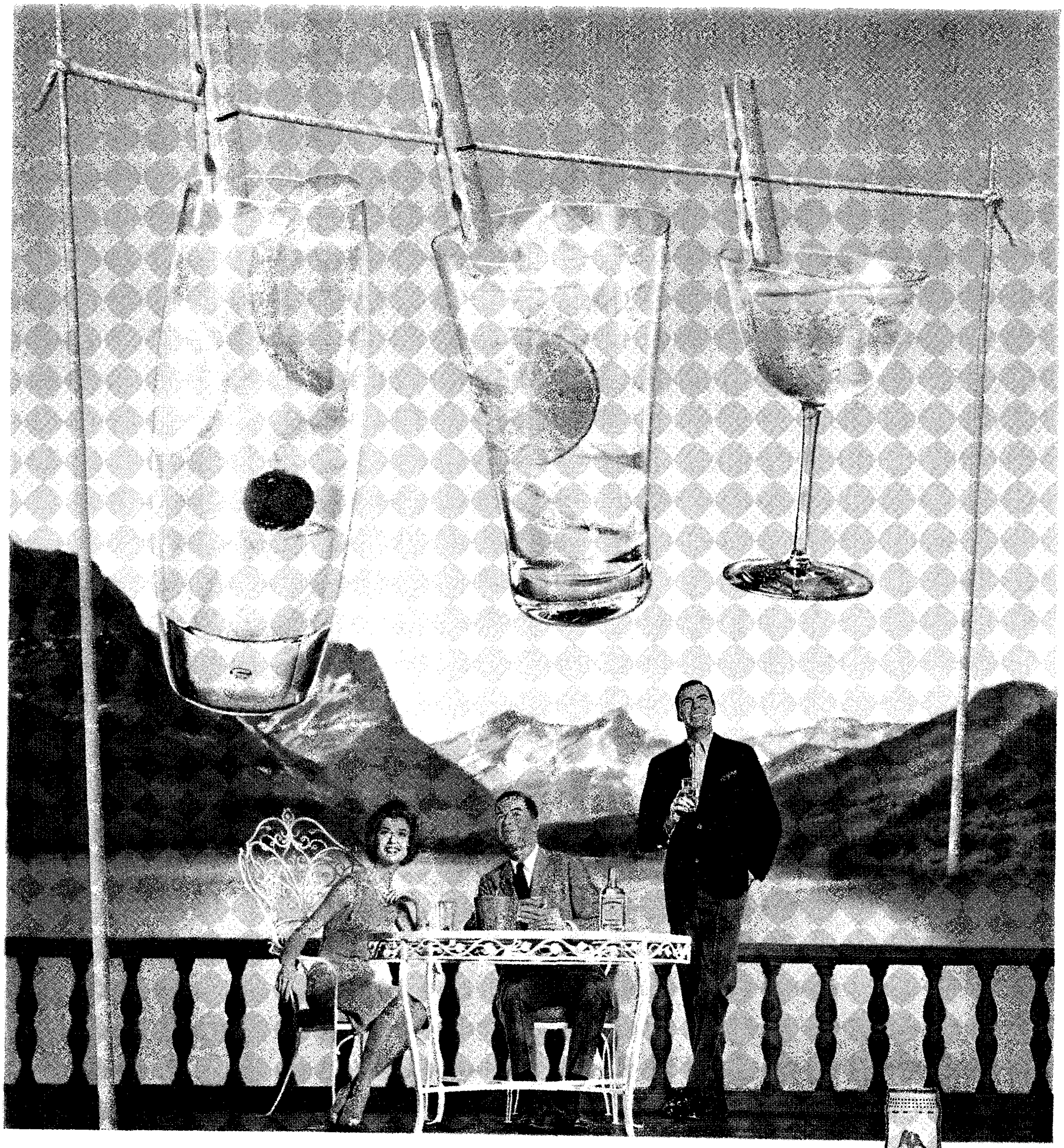
"We want to talk to you."

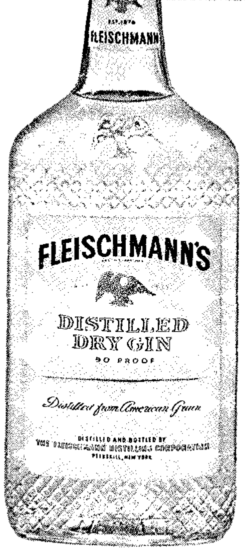
We! WE! P.S. picked up his jacket and started to put it on.

"You won't need your jacket," Mabrey said.

"It doesn't matter, I'll wear it anyway."

P.S. followed Mabrey out of the dor-




FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain

Q. What do they mean
CLEAN . . . CLEAN . . . CLEAN?

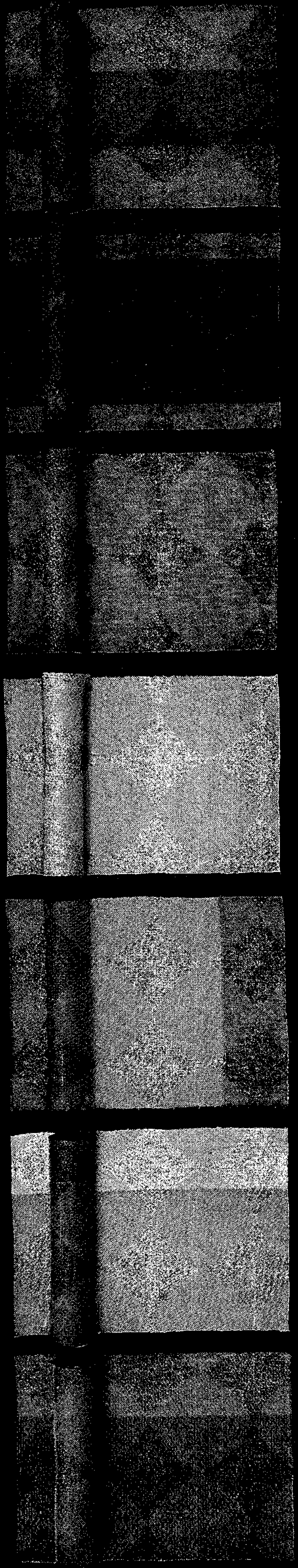
A. *They mean the crispest, brightest drinks are made with CLEAN-TASTING*

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN!

Established 1870

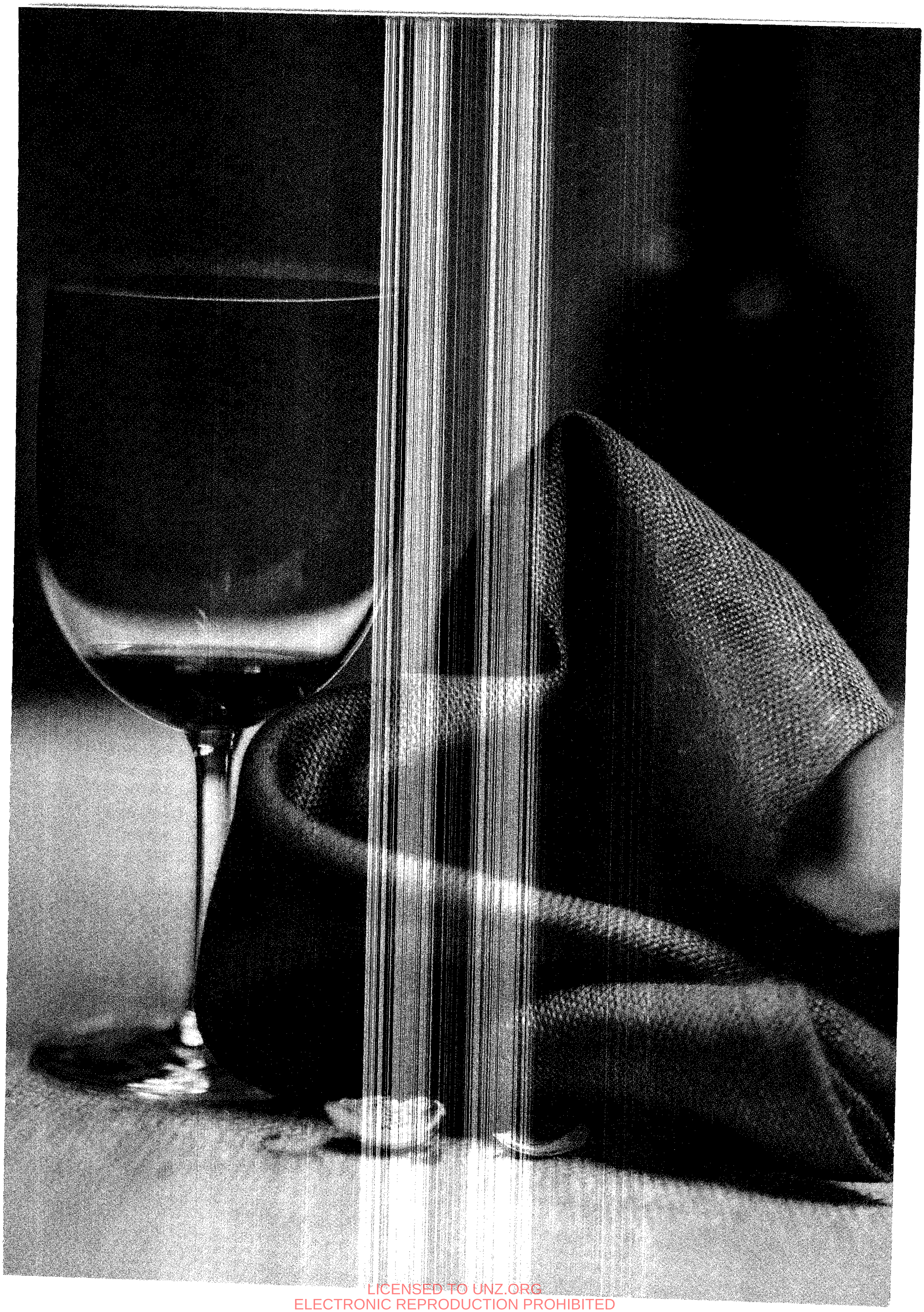
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

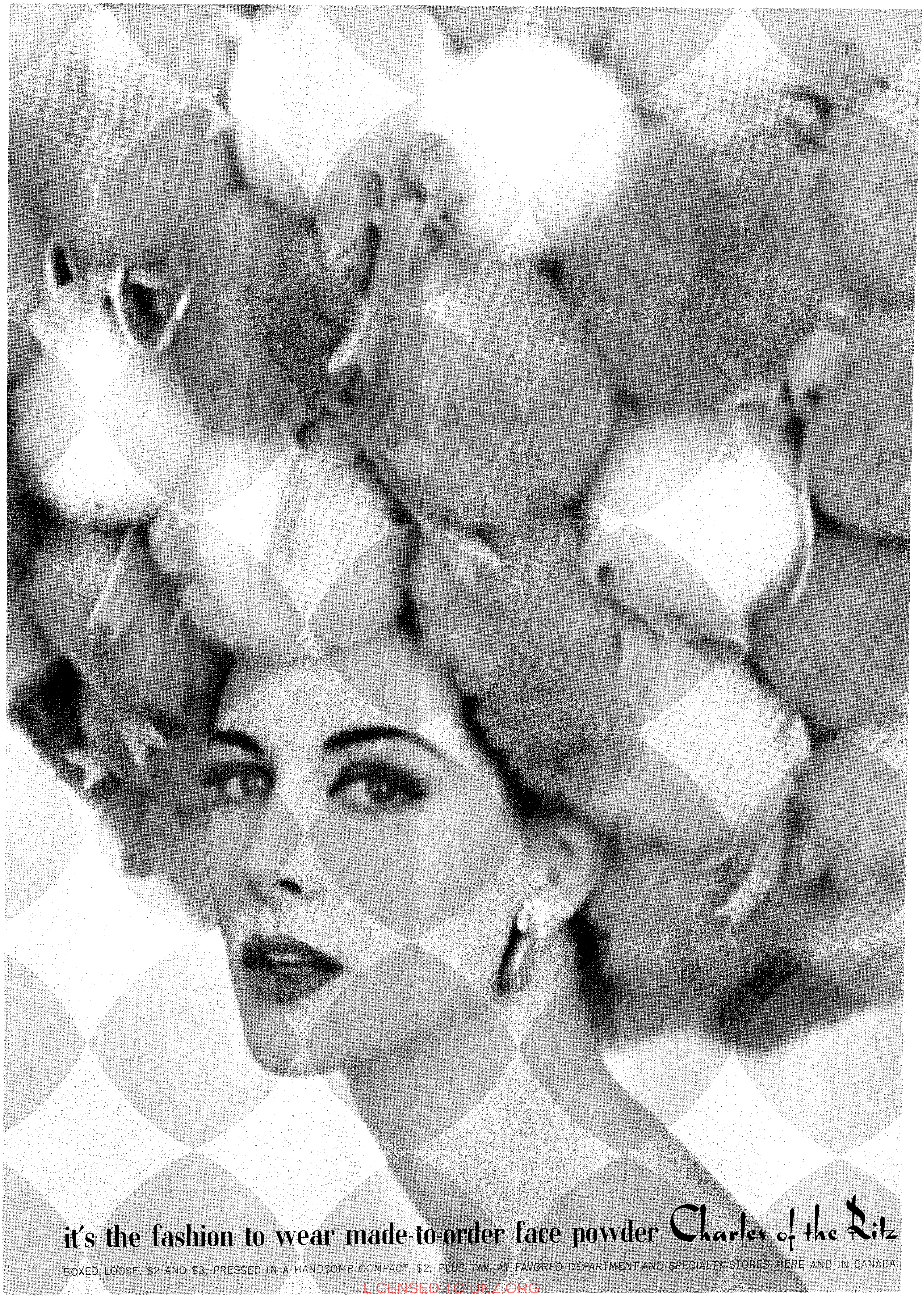
Write for catalogue of collections:
®Dansk Designs, Inc., Dept. T 26,
Great Neck, New York



FINNISH ACCENT BY RITVA PUOTILA
SHOWN HERE: 7 OF THE 240 POSSIBLE
COLOR COMBINATIONS

DANSK has brought back from Finland a linen collection of place mats and napkins linked to each other by echoing threads. Make the combination that pleases you most. Invite your friends plan a wonderful dinner, have some good talk, open a bottle of fine wine, and come to this happy ending





it's the fashion to wear made-to-order face powder Charles of the Ritz

BOXED LOOSE, $2 AND $3; PRESSED IN A HANDSOME COMPACT, $2; PLUS TAX, AT FAVORED DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES HERE AND IN CANADA.

mitory. *I didn't have a chance to turn myself in,* he thought. *I didn't have a chance to choose. . . . Oh, God damn it! . . . God damn it!*

"You think you'll make the varsity baseball team next year?" Mabrey asked.

"I don't know," P.S. said. *What is he talking about baseball for?*

The new boy who had wakened P.S. passed them on the walk. He said hello to both Mabrey and P.S. He received no answer, and shrugged.

Mabrey and P.S. took the path to the headmaster's office. P.S. could feel the enormous weight of the fear building up inside him again. Mabrey opened the door for P.S. and ushered him into the headmaster's waiting room. Nelson, a pale, fat-faced senior, was sitting there alone. He was the secretary of the Honor Committee. P.S. had always hated him. The other members of the Honor Committee were Mabrey, the vice-president; Linus Hendricks, the president; Mr. Seaton, the headmaster; and Dr. Fairfax, who served as faculty adviser. Mabrey motioned that P.S. was to sit down in the chair facing the others—the only straight-backed wooden chair in the room. Every now and then, Nelson would look up at P.S. and shake his head. The door to the headmaster's office opened and Mr. Seaton came out, followed by Linus Hendricks, Dr. Fairfax, and— *My God, what is Jumbo doing here! Don't tell me he cheated, too! He was sitting right next to me!* Jumbo walked out of the room without looking at P.S.

Linus Hendricks waited for the others to seat themselves, then he sat down himself and faced P.S. "Well, P.S., I imagine you know why you're here."

P.S. looked at Hendricks. Hendricks was the captain of the football team. He and Mabrey were the two most important undergraduates in the school.

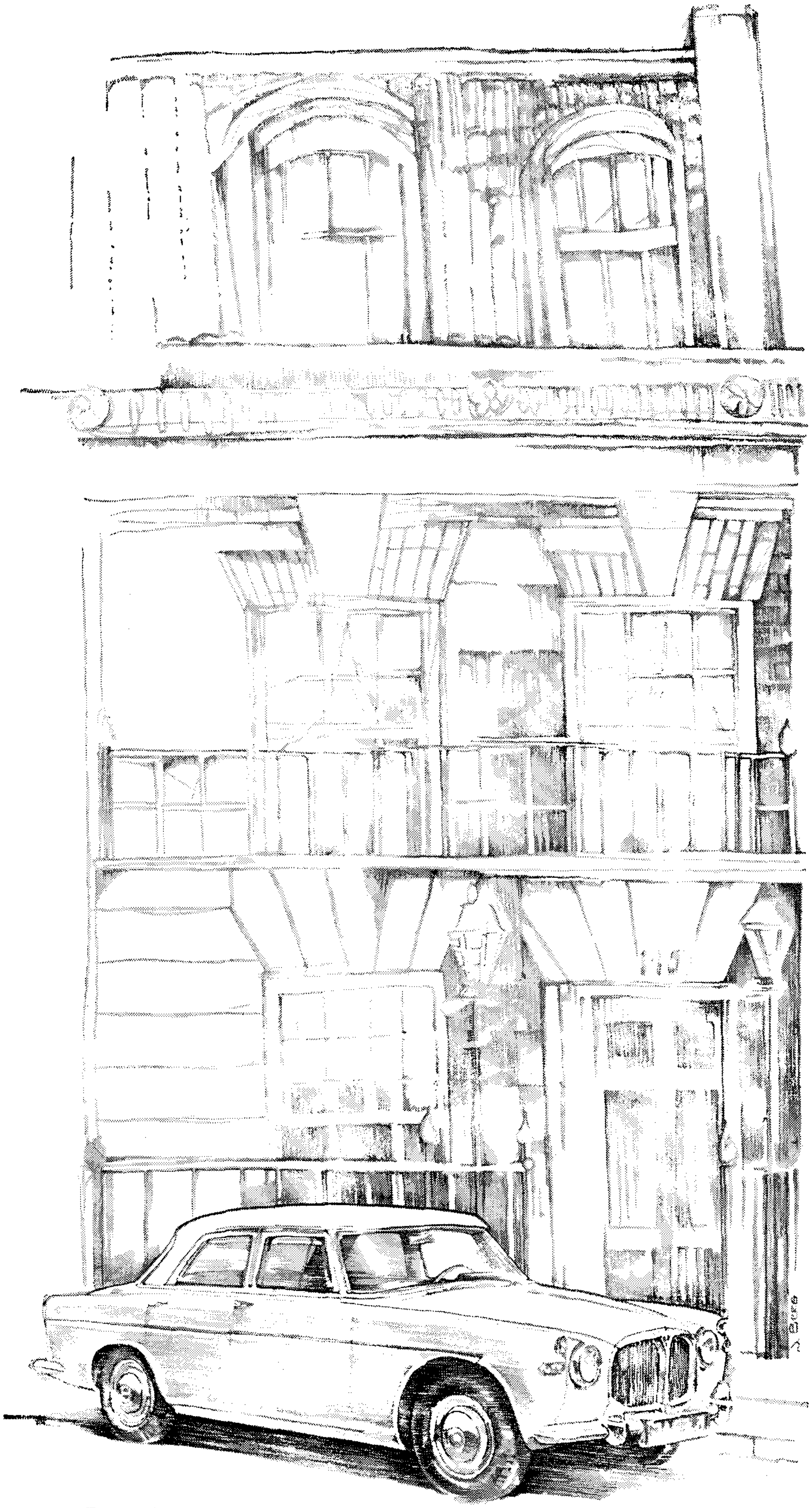
"Well, P.S.?" Hendricks repeated.

"Yes, sir," P.S. said.

He could feel them all staring at him. He looked down at his hands folded in his lap. He could see clearly every line in his thumb knuckle. He could see the dirt caught under the corner of his fingernail, and the small blue vein running across the knuckle.

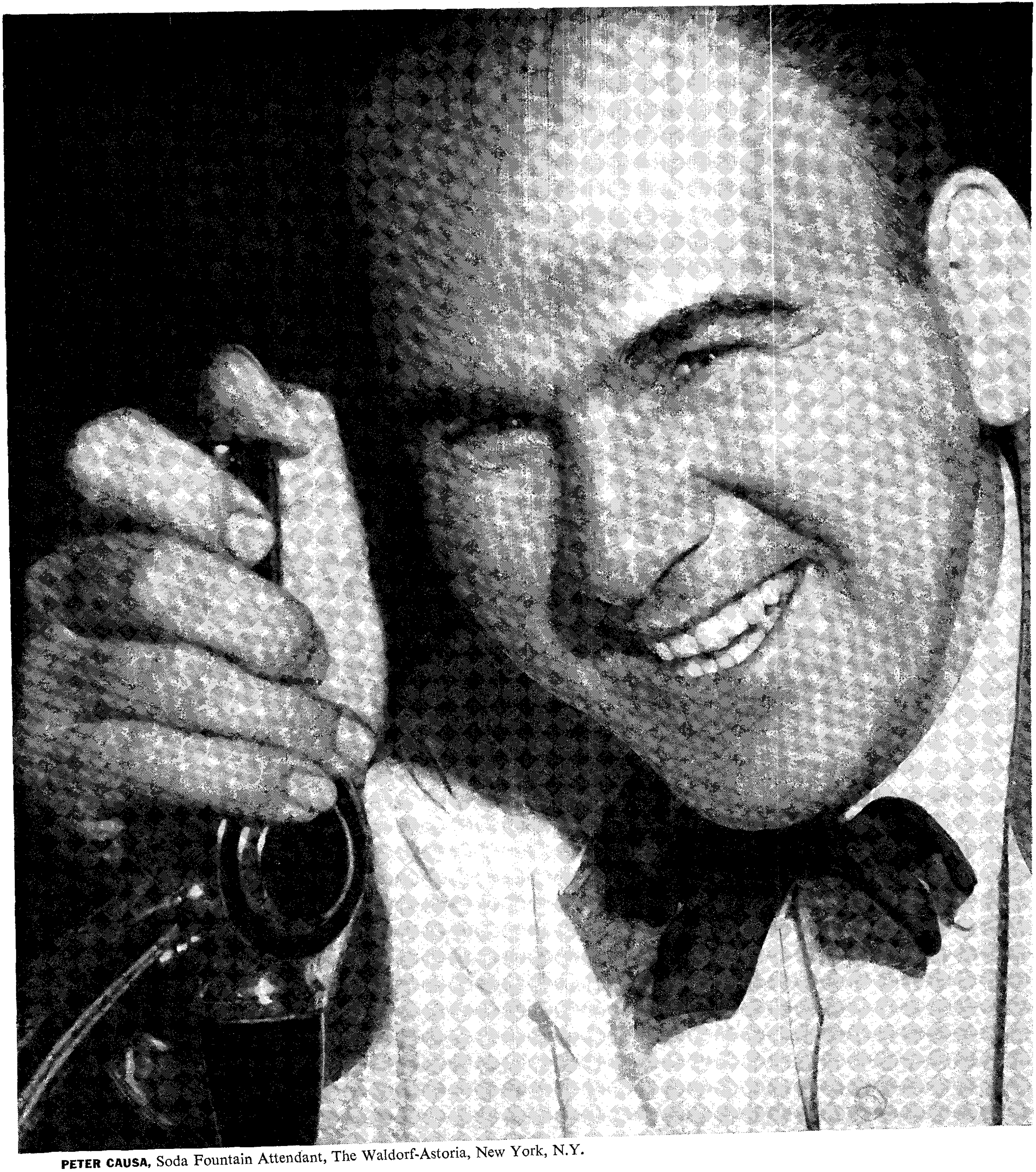
He looked up at Dr. Fairfax. He wanted to tell him not to worry. He wanted to tell him that he was sorry, so very sorry.

The headmaster, Mr. Seaton, was a young man. He had just become the headmaster of V.P.S. this year. He liked the students, and the students liked him. He was prematurely bald, and smiled a



Luxurious without ostentation. Silent and effortless in operation. Sensible in size, conservatively styled and superlatively engineered. Since the introduction of the first Rover in 1904, many prominent British families have owned no other make. A growing number of Americans are discovering that a Rover is an investment that pays dividends in quiet satisfaction year after year. For literature on Rover's line of luxury automobiles write: The Rover Motor Company of North America Limited, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York. Write or call for details about our special Overseas Delivery Plan.

ROVER



PETER CAUSA, Soda Fountain Attendant, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York, N.Y.

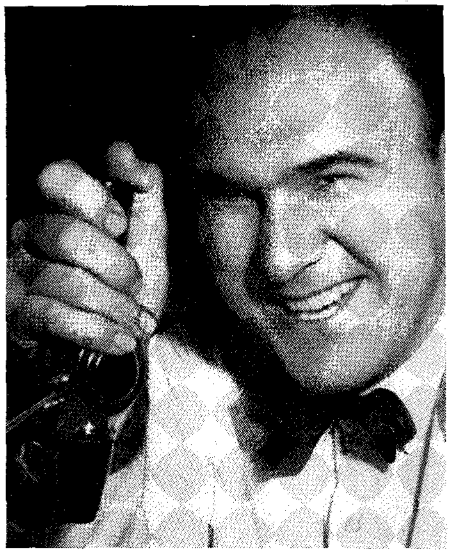
ALL OVER THE WORLD THE FACE CHANGES BUT THE WARM, FRIENDLY SMILE IS UNMISTAKABLY HILTON

Hilton Hotels

AROUND THE WORLD

CONRAD N. HILTON, President and Chairman of the Board

Executive Offices: The Conrad Hilton, Chicago 5, Illinois



THE WARM, FRIENDLY SMILE IS UNMISTAKABLY HILTON

EASTERN DIVISION

New York City: Waldorf-Astoria, Savoy Hilton, Statler Hilton, New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center (*under construction*) • Washington, D.C.: Statler Hilton and Washington Hilton (*under construction*) • Boston: Statler Hilton • Buffalo: Statler Hilton • Hartford: Statler Hilton • Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh Hilton.

CENTRAL DIVISION

Chicago: Conrad Hilton, Palmer House • Detroit: Statler Hilton • Cincinnati: Netherland Hilton, Terrace Hilton • Cleveland: Statler Hilton • Columbus: Deshler Hilton • Dayton: Dayton Biltmore • St. Louis: Statler Hilton.

WESTERN DIVISION

Honolulu: Hawaii: Hilton Hawaiian Village and Kahala Hilton (*under construction*) • Los Angeles: Beverly Hilton (Beverly Hills), Statler Hilton • Denver: Denver Hilton • Houston: Shamrock Hilton • Dallas: Statler Hilton • El Paso: Hilton Hotel • Albuquerque: Hilton Hotel. *Hotels under construction in:* San Francisco, California • Portland, Oregon.

INN DIVISION

Atlanta • Aurora, Illinois • El Paso • Kansas City, Missouri • New Orleans • San Francisco • Seattle • Tarrytown, N.Y.

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

Acapulco, Mexico, Acapulco Hilton and Las Brisas Hilton • *Amsterdam, The Netherlands*, Amsterdam Hilton • *Berlin, Germany*, Berlin Hilton • *Cairo, Egypt, U.A.R.*, Nile Hilton • *Istanbul, Turkey*, Istanbul Hilton • *Madrid, Spain*, Castellana Hilton • *Mexico City, Mexico*, Continental Hilton • *Montreal, Canada*, Queen Elizabeth (a CN hotel) • *Panama, R. P.*, El Panama Hilton • *Port-of-Spain, Trinidad*, Trinidad Hilton • *San Juan, Puerto Rico*, Caribe Hilton • *St. Thomas, U. S. Virgin Islands*, Virgin Isle Hilton • *Santiago, Chile*, Hotel Carrera • Associated Hotels in Australia: *Melbourne*, Chevron Hilton • *Sydney*, Chevron Hilton • *Under construction:* Athens, Greece • London, England • Rome, Italy • Rotterdam, The Netherlands • Tehran, Iran • Tel Aviv, Israel • Tokyo, Japan.

RESERVATIONS

Any Hilton Reservation Office (see telephone directory), any Hilton Hotel . . . or special reservation centers: New York, LOngacre 3-6900 • Chicago, FInancial 6-2772 • Los Angeles, MAdison 8-6231 • San Francisco, YUkon 6-0575 • Toronto, Canada, EMpire 2-3771.

lot. He had a very young and pretty wife, and some of the students were in love with her and fought to sit at her table in the dining room. Mr. Seaton liked to play tennis. He would play the students and bet his dessert that he would win. And most of the time he would lose, and the students were enormously pleased to see the headmaster of the school have to get up from the table and pay his bets. Mr. Seaton would walk very quickly across the dining hall, his bald head bent to hide his smile. He would swoop up to a table, drop the dessert, and depart, like a bombing airplane. P.S. could tell that the headmaster was distressed he had cheated.

Linus Hendricks crossed his legs and sank back into the deep leather armchair. Mabrey and Nelson leaned forward as though they were going to charge P.S.

"P.S.," Hendricks said. "You're here this afternoon because the Honor Committee has reason to suspect that you may have cheated on the Latin exam this morning. We must ask you whether or not this is true."

P.S. raised his head and looked at Hendricks. Hendricks was wearing a bright striped tie. P.S. concentrated on the stripes. Thick black, thin white, medium green, thin white, and thick black.

"P.S., did you, or did you not, cheat on the Latin examination?"

P.S. nodded.

"Yes or no, P.S.?" Hendricks asked.

P.S. no longer felt anything. He was numb with misery. "Yes," he said, in a small, tired voice. "Yes, I cheated on the examination. But I was going to turn myself in. I was going to turn myself in, I swear I was."

"If you were going to turn yourself in, why didn't you?" Nelson asked.

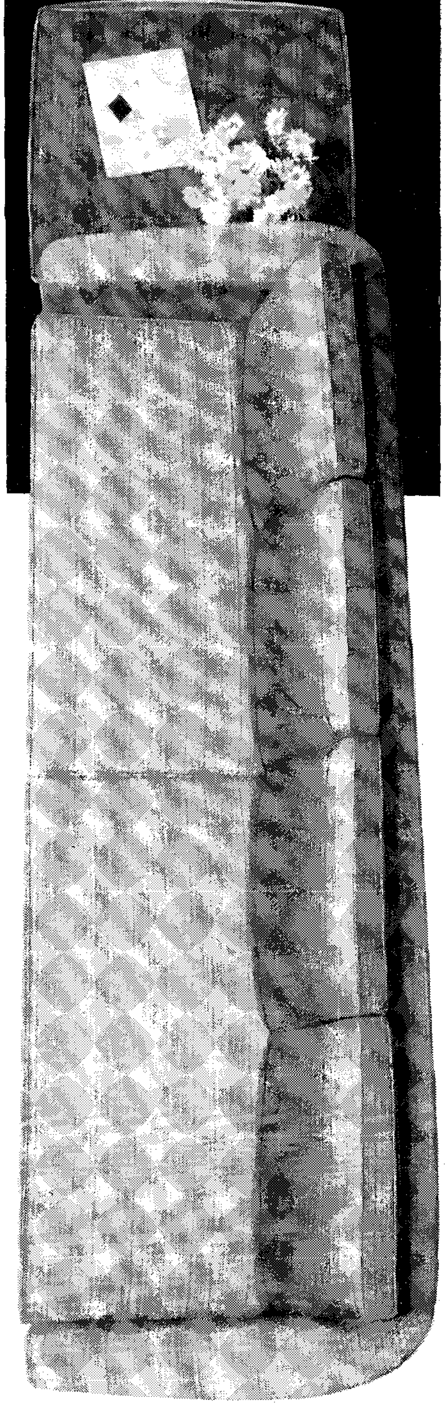
"I couldn't. . . . I couldn't yet. . . ." P.S. looked at Dr. Fairfax. "I'm sorry, sir. I'm terribly sorry. . . ." P.S. began to cry. "I'm so ashamed. . . . Oh, God. . . . " P.S. tried to stop crying. He couldn't. The tears stung his eyes. One tear slipped into the inside of his glasses and puddled across the bottom of the lens. He reached into his back pocket for a handkerchief, but he had forgotten to bring one. He started to pull out his shirttail, and decided he'd better not. He wiped his face with the side of his hand.

Mr. Seaton walked over to P.S. and gave him his handkerchief. The headmaster rested his hand on P.S.'s shoulder. "Why, P.S.? Why did you cheat?"

P.S. couldn't answer.

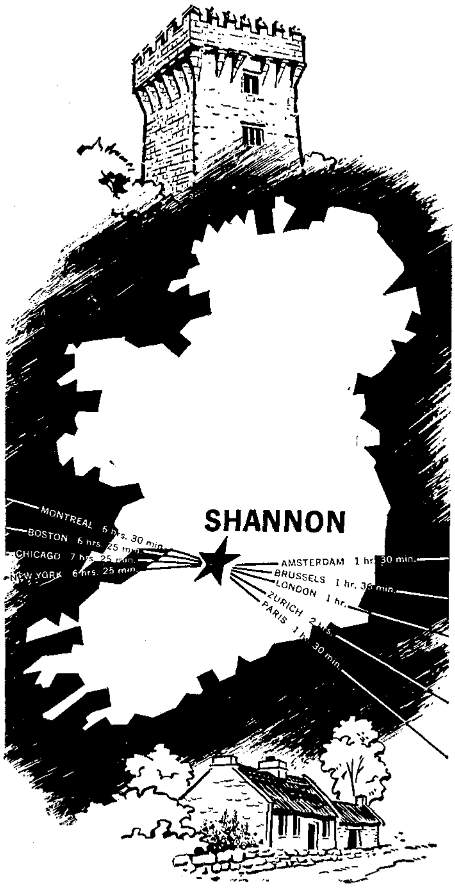
"P.S., you were the last boy I ex-

DUX



A gracefully curved back
generous, full depth seating
subtly sculptured wood details
DUX designs for the living room
by Folke Ohlsson.
Write for free brochure
and name of nearest DUX dealer.

DUX INCORPORATED
1633 Adrian Road • Burlingame, Calif.



Free Day In Ireland!

Free tours, meals and accommodations for westbound travelers during June, September and October

Be our guest for an unforgettable day in Ireland. We'll show you the lakes and the abbeys, the castles and cottages. You'll read history in ancient stones and dine like an Irish king. And it will cost you nothing! Oh yes, and we'll allow ample shopping time for you to pick your share of the bountiful bargains at Shannon Airport Duty Free Shops. Sound good? Since space is limited this offer is made on a first-come, first-served basis, so write now for full details, giving the name of your Travel Agent.

FLY VIA
Shannon
INTERNATIONAL FREE AIRPORT
IRELAND

Miss N. Shannon
Irish Railways, Inc.
630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me full details of the "Free Day in Ireland."

Name....................................
Address....................................
City....................State.............

pected this of. Why did you feel you had to cheat on this exam?"

"I don't know, sir."

"But P.S., you must have had some reason."

Nelson said, "Answer the headmaster when he's asking you a question, Wilkinson."

P.S. looked up at him with such loathing that Nelson looked away.

Mr. Seaton crouched down next to P.S. "You must have been aware of the penalty for cheating."

P.S. nodded.

"Then why, in God's name, did you risk expulsion just to pass the examination?"

"Sir—sir, I flunked Latin last year, sir. I knew I'd flunk it this year, too. I—I knew I couldn't pass a Latin exam ever."

"But why did you *cheat*?"

"Because . . . because, sir, I had to pass the exam."

The headmaster ran his hand across his forehead. "P.S., I'm not trying to trick you, I'm only trying to understand why you did this thing. Why did you bring the notes into the exam with you?"

"Sir, Mr. Seaton, I didn't bring the notes in, they were in my desk. If they hadn't been, I wouldn't be here. I didn't want to cheat. I didn't *mean* to cheat. I— It was just the only way I could pass the exam."

Nelson rested his pudgy arms on the sides of his leather armchair and looked at the headmaster and then back to P.S. Then he said, "Wilkinson, you have been in V.P.S. for two years. You must be familiar, I imagine, with the Honor Code. In fact, in your study hall there is a small wooden plaque above the proctor's desk. On it is carved the four points of the Honor Code: 'I will not lie. I will not steal. I will not cheat. I will report anyone I see doing so.' You are familiar with them, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm familiar with them," P.S. said impatiently.

"Why did you think you were so much better than everyone else that you could ignore it?"

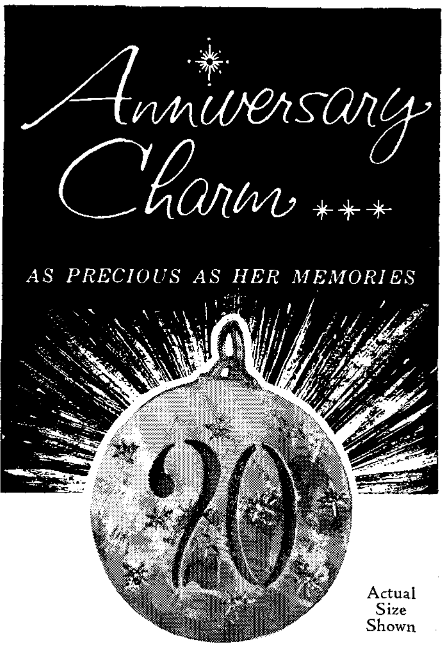
"I don't think I'm better than everyone else, Nelson," P.S. said.

"Well, you sure aren't! The others don't cheat." Nelson sat back again, very satisfied with himself.

Dr. Fairfax came from behind the chairs and stood next to P.S. "Unless you hold your tongue, Nelson—unless you hold your tongue, I shall personally escort you out of here."

"But, sir," Nelson whined. "I'm only trying to—"

"SHUT UP!" Dr. Fairfax roared.


Anniversary Charm
AS PRECIOUS AS HER MEMORIES
20

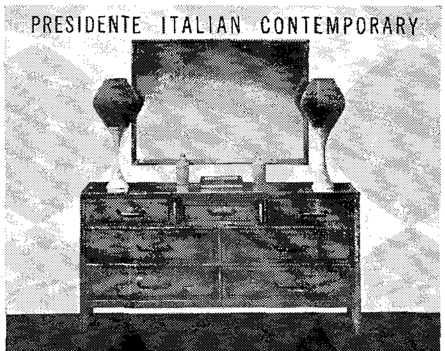
Actual Size Shown

Lustrous florentine finish in 14k yellow gold, set with 10 diamonds. Numeral of your choice will be sculptured from this unique charm. *$88.00*

Federal tax included.

Please allow two weeks for delivery.

HARDY & HAYES
Fine Jewelers Since 1887
Hardy & Hayes Bldg. Pittsburgh 22, Pa.



PRESIDENTE ITALIAN CONTEMPORARY

At leading stores everywhere. Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorators Mart. 425 E. 53rd Street, New York, N. Y.
Send 25c to Dept. N for booklet
UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

$475

He returned to the back of the room.

Mr. Seaton spoke again. "P.S., if you had flunked this exam, you would have been able to take another. Perhaps you would have passed the reëxamination. Most boys do."

"I wouldn't have, sir," P.S. said. "I just cannot do Latin. You could have given me fifty examinations, sir. And I don't mean any disrespect, but I would have flunked all fifty of them."

Mabrey asked the headmaster if he could speak. Then he turned to P.S. "P.S., we—all of us have been tempted at some time or another to cheat. All of us have either resisted that temptation or, perhaps, we were lucky enough to get away with it. I think that what we want to know is what *made* you cheat. Just having to pass the exam isn't enough. I know you, P.S. I may know you better than anyone else in the room, because I've shared the same floor in the dorm with you for this year. And we were on the same floor when you were a toad. You're not the kind who cheats unless he has a damn good—" Mabrey glanced over at the headmaster. "Excuse me, sir. I didn't mean to swear."

The headmaster nodded and indicated that Mabrey was to continue.

"What I mean is this, P.S. I know you don't care how high your grade is, just so long as you keep out of trouble. . . . You're one of the most popular boys in your class. Everybody likes you. Why would you throw all of this over, just to pass a Latin exam?"

"I don't know. I don't know. . . . I had to pass the exam. If I flunked it again, my father would kill me."

"What do you mean he would 'kill' you?" Mr. Seaton asked.

"Oh, nothing, sir. I mean—I don't mean he would hurt me. He would just— Oh, God, sir, I don't know how to explain it to you. If I flunked the exam again, he'd just make me feel so, I don't know . . . *ashamed* . . . so terrible. I just couldn't take it again."

There was a moment of silence in the room. P.S. began to cry again. He could tell the headmaster still didn't understand why he had cheated. He looked down at his hands again. With his index finger he traced the veins that crossed the back of his hand. He looked over at the wooden arm of his straight-backed chair. He could see the little drops of moisture where his hand had squeezed the arm of the chair. He could make out every grain of wood, every worn spot. He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. He tried taking deep breaths, but each time his breath would be choked off.

Hendricks cleared his throat and re-

summer decor:
Jack Winter
the pants that really fit

Striped cotton print, about $12.00; art nouveau print on linen-look rayon, about $10.00.
HENRI BENDEL, NEW YORK
JACK WINTER, 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NEW ORLEANS
(and all that jazz!)

"AL HIRT AT THE MARDI GRAS." Live performance from the Hirt home base at "Dan's Pier 600" on Bourbon Street. Contagious excitement with pure-bred New Orleans sound . . . driven all the way by the mightiest horn of them all! "Basin Street Blues," 11 other greats!

AL HIRT
AT THE MARDI GRAS
RECORDED LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS
RCA VICTOR

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONAURAL HI-FI
RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

crossed his legs. "P.S.," he said, "we have your examination here. You signed your name to the pledge at the end of the exam. You swore on your honor that you had not cheated." Hendricks paused. P.S. knew what he was driving at.

"If I hadn't signed my name to the pledge, you would have known I had cheated right away," P.S. explained. "I didn't want to break my honor again. I was going to turn myself in, honest I was."

"You didn't, though," Nelson said.

"I would have!" P.S. said. But he still wasn't sure whether he would have or not. He knew he never would be certain.

"So, we've got you on lying and cheating," Nelson said. "How do we know you haven't stolen, too?"

Dr. Fairfax grabbed the lapels of Nelson's jacket, pulled him out of the chair, and pushed him out of the room. The old man closed the door and leaned against it. He wiped his brow and said, "Mr. Seaton, sir, I trust you won't find fault with my actions. That young Nelson has a tendency to bother me. In point of fact, he irritates me intensely."

P.S. looked gratefully at Dr. Fairfax. The old man smiled sadly. Mabrey was talking quietly to Hendricks. Mr. Seaton sat down in Nelson's chair and turned to P.S. "I know this is a difficult question. Would you—would you have turned Jumbo in had you seen him cheating?"

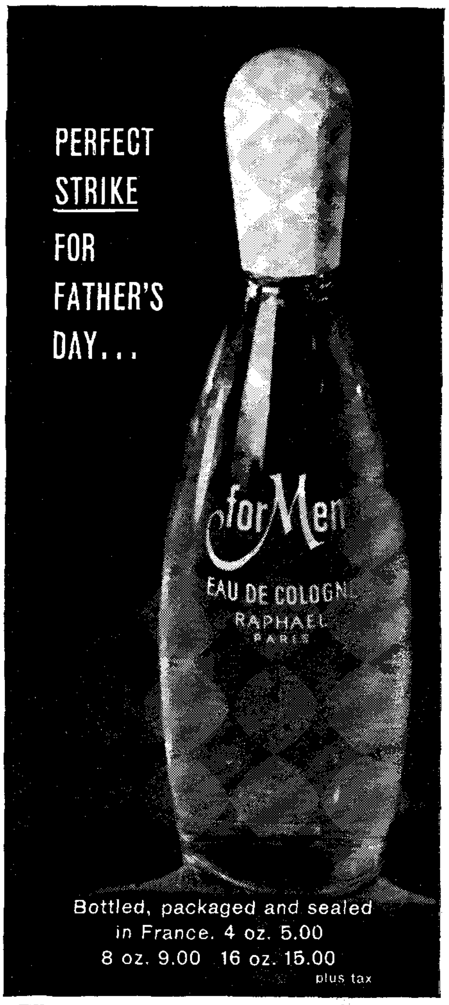
P.S. felt the blood drain from his face. *So Jumbo turned me in! . . . Jumbo saw me! . . . Sitting next to me all year! . . . Jumbo turned me in! Why, in God's name?*

He looked up at the others. They were all waiting for his answer. He had the most curious feeling of aloofness, of coldness. If he said yes, that he would have turned Jumbo in, it would be a lie, and he knew it. If he answered yes, it would please the headmaster, though. Because it would mean that P.S. still had faith in the school system. If he said no, he wouldn't have turned Jumbo in, it would be as good as admitting that he would not obey the fourth part of the Honor Code—"I will report anyone I see doing so." He waited a moment and then answered, "I don't know. I don't know whether I would have turned Jumbo in or not."

"Thank you very much, P.S.," the headmaster said.

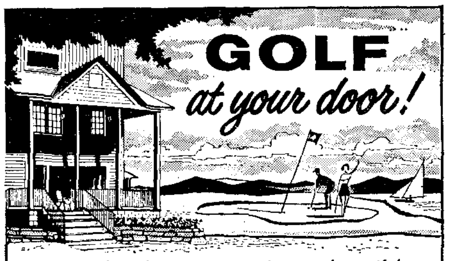
P.S. could tell that Mr. Seaton was disappointed in his answer.

"Gentlemen, do you have any fur-


PERFECT STRIKE FOR FATHER'S DAY...
for Men
EAU DE COLOGNE
RAPHAEL
PARIS
Bottled, packaged and sealed in France. 4 oz. 5.00
8 oz. 9.00 16 oz. 15.00
plus tax

The definitive portrait is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.

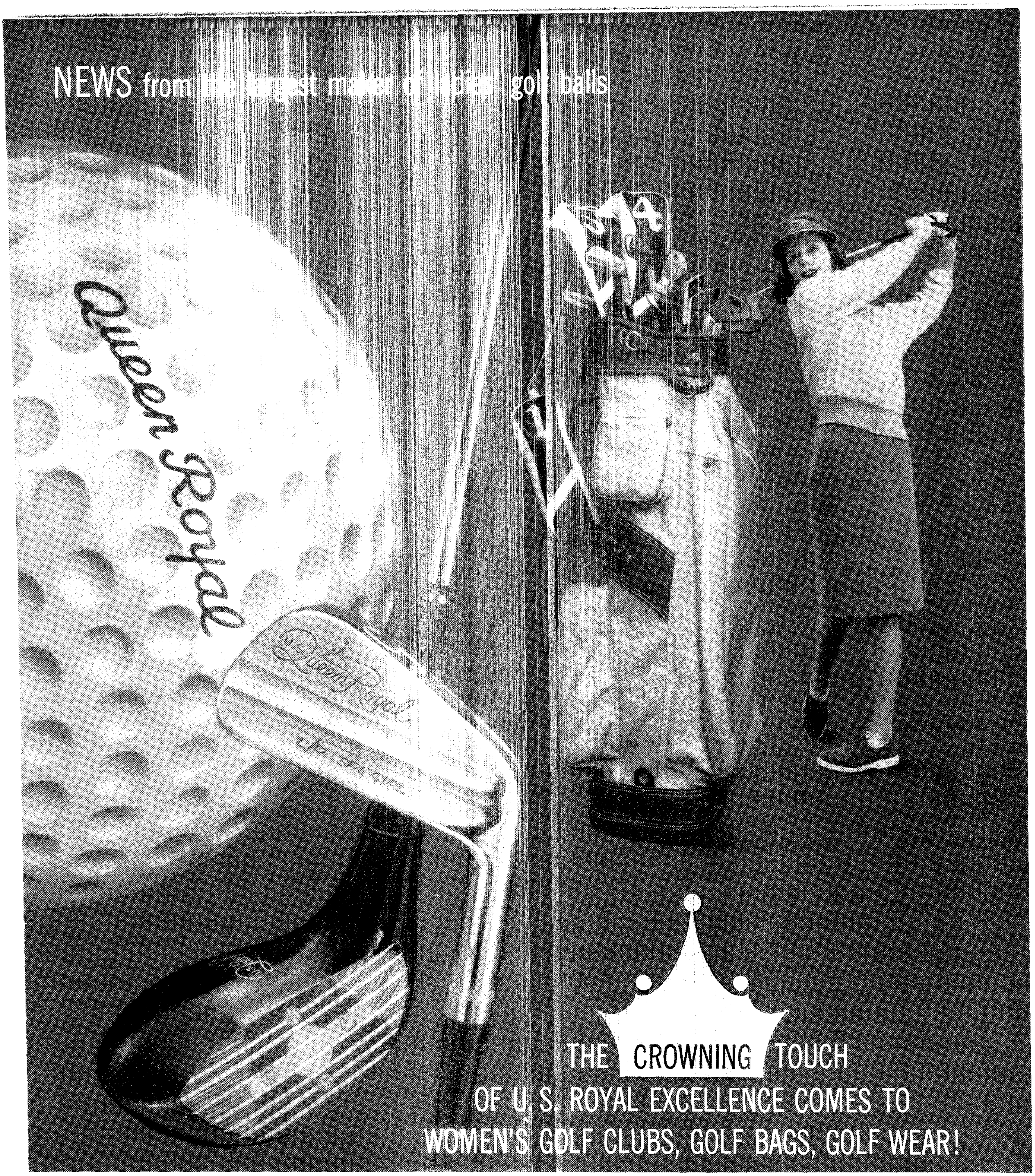


And all other sports right on beautiful Lake Champlain. Private landing field.

need we say more?

Basin Harbor Club

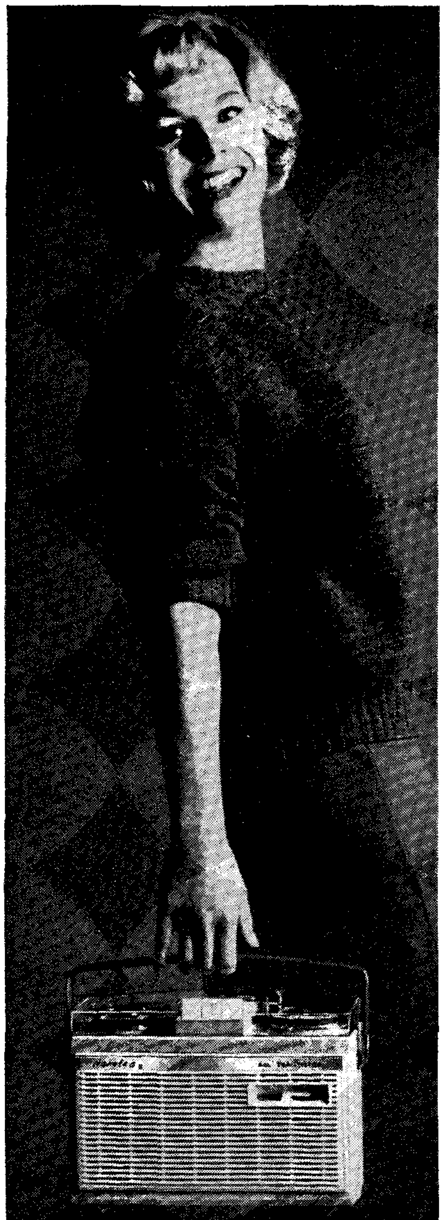
P. O. VERGENNES 1, VERMONT
Robert H. Beach, Mgr.
Phones: 802 Tr. 7-2961 • New York, Judson 6-0333
Nights and Sundays: 516 Fl. 4-1359


NEWS from the largest maker of ladies' golf balls
Queen Royal
U.S. Queen Royal
THE CROWNING TOUCH
OF U.S. ROYAL EXCELLENCE COMES TO
WOMEN'S GOLF CLUBS, GOLF BAGS, GOLF WEAR!

IT'S HERE: the world's newest, finest golf equipment—yours from the makers of the Queen Royal, the golf ball designed for a lady's swing! New Queen Royal woods and irons. New Queen Royal golf bags of U.S. Rubber's handsome Premier Naugahyde®. Queen Royal golf gloves, shoes, rain jackets. All with The Crowning Touch of extra excellence synonymous with the name "U.S. Royal." And sold *only* through golf pro shops!

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

GOLF EQUIPMENT



Graduation gift problem solved

New NORELCO TRANSISTOR TAPE RECORDER operates on ordinary flashlight batteries . . . records and plays back anything, anytime, anywhere—up to 2 hours on one 4" reel. Only 7 lbs. . . . yet, thanks to dynamic microphone, wide-range speaker and constant-speed motor, it offers 'big recorder' performance. Simple to operate. Surprisingly low priced. See the new Continental '100' at camera shops, hi-fi dealers, leading stores. Send for Brochure R-6. North American Philips Company, Inc., High Fidelity Products Division, 230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, Long Island, New York.

Norelco®

In Canada and throughout the free world, NORELCO is known as 'the Philips'.

ther questions you would like to ask Wilkinson?"

"Nothing, sir," Hendricks answered.

The headmaster looked over at Dr. Fairfax, who shook his head. "Well, then, P.S., if you don't mind, we'd like you to sit in my office until we call for you."

P.S. got up and started for the door.

"Have you had any lunch?" Dr. Fairfax asked.

"No, sir. But I'm not very hungry."

"I'll have Mrs. Burdick bring in some milk and cookies."

"Thank you, sir."

THE door opened and P.S. stood up as Mr. Seaton walked over to his desk and eased himself into the swivel chair. P.S. had been sitting alone in the headmaster's office for several hours.

"Sit down, please," the headmaster said. He picked up a wooden pencil and began to roll it back and forth between his palms. P.S. could hear the click of the pencil as it rolled across the headmaster's ring. Mr. Seaton laid the pencil aside and rubbed his cheek. His hand moved up the side of his face and began to massage his temple. Then he looked up at P.S. and said, "The Honor Committee has decided that you must leave the school. The penalty for cheating at V.P.S. is immediate expulsion. There cannot be any exceptions."

P.S. took a deep breath and pushed himself back into the soft leather seat. Then he dropped his hands into his lap and slumped. He was beyond crying; there was nothing left to cry about.

"Your father is waiting for you in the other room," Mr. Seaton said. "I've asked him to wait outside for a few minutes, because I want to speak to you alone. I want you to understand why the school had to make the decision to expel you. The school—this school—is only as good as its honor system. And the honor system is only as good as the students who live by it."

P.S. cleared his throat and looked down at his fingernails. He wished the headmaster wouldn't talk about it. He knew why the school had to expel him. It was done. It was over with. What good would it do to talk about it?

"The honor system, since it is based on mutual trust and confidence, no doubt makes it easier for some students to cheat," the headmaster said. "I am not so naïve as to believe that there aren't any boys who cheat here. Unfortunately, our honor system makes it easy for them to do so. These boys have not been caught. Perhaps they will never be caught. But I feel that it

cat

A perfect pet for feline fanciers,
our Royal Copenhagen Porcelain
underglaze figurine in soft shades of
blue-grey and white. 5" tall. $23.50
Add 75¢ for postage.

Mail orders invited. Please send
for our free Gift Catalog.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 Fifth Avenue, New York 22 / Wilmot Ridge, Scarsdale, N.Y.

RARE TEA
DIRECT FROM IMPORTER

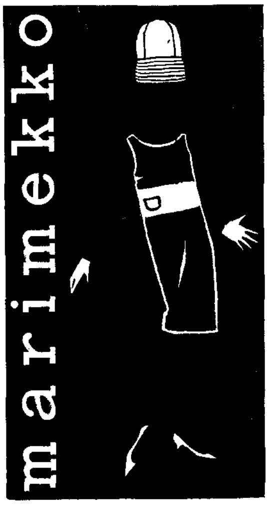
Unsurpassed flavors, delicate bouquets.
Limited supply from the Orient.

	1 lb.	*½ lb.*
Pure Assam	$5.25	$2.90
Fancy Flowery Ceylon	5.25	2.90
The Original Earl Grey Mixture	5.50	3.00
Gunpowder Pearl	3.35	1.80
Demi-Tasse Tea	5.50	3.00

SPECIAL OFFER Tasting Assortment of these five Rare Teas, makes 75 cups—in individual containers . . . a long-remembered gift. $3.95

Indicate second choice. Add 25¢ per lb. for postage.

GRACE TEA COMPANY
208 Fifth Ave. Dept. N7, New York
Send for full price list and free Connoisseur Blend Tea Bag.

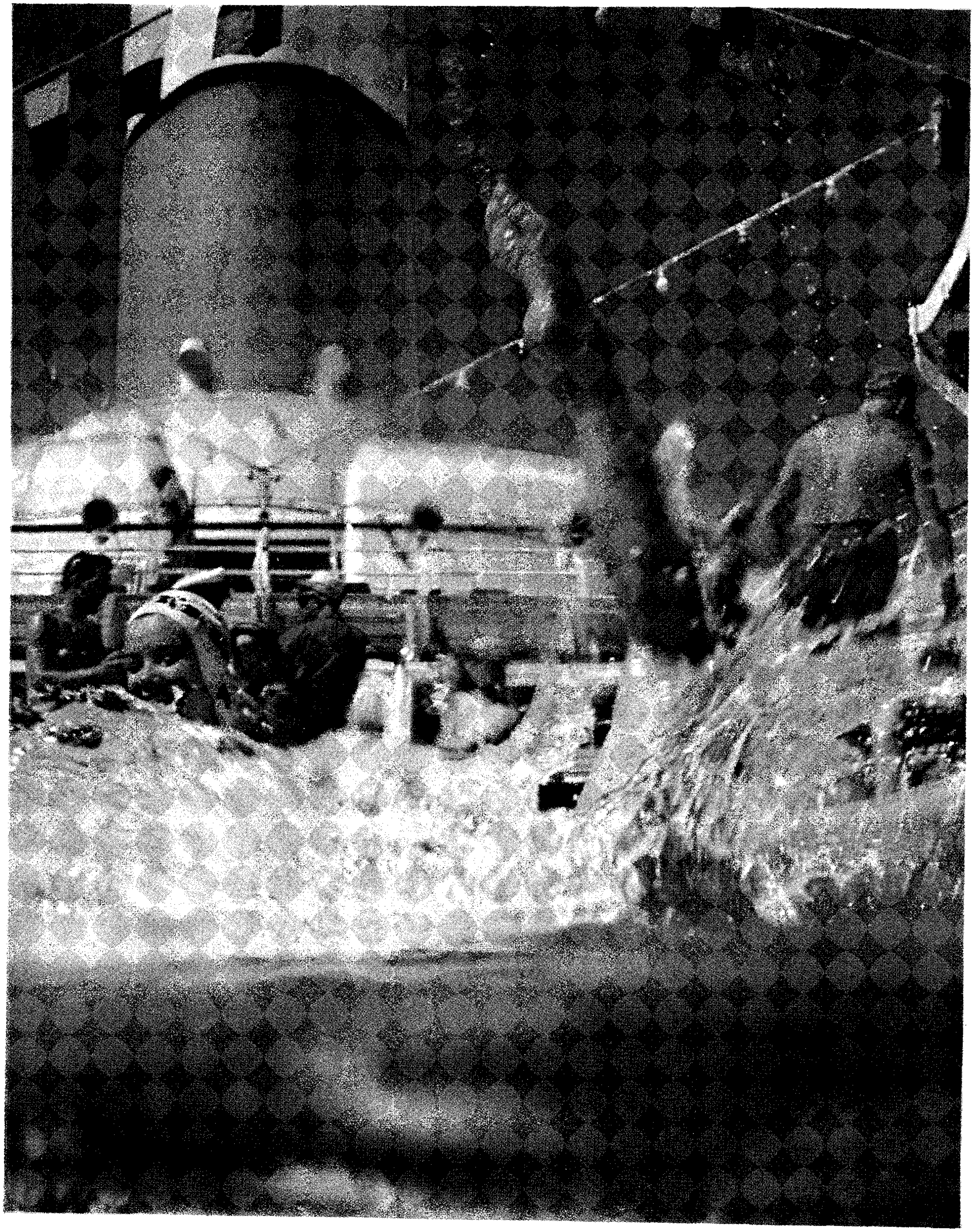


From Finland
PIHLAJA
(mountain ash)
handscreened
cotton in
black/white,
orange/pink.
6-14
$26.55 ppd.
Contrasting hats
$8.50
Write for brochure:

DESIGN RESEARCH INC.
57 Brattle St.
Cambridge, Mass.

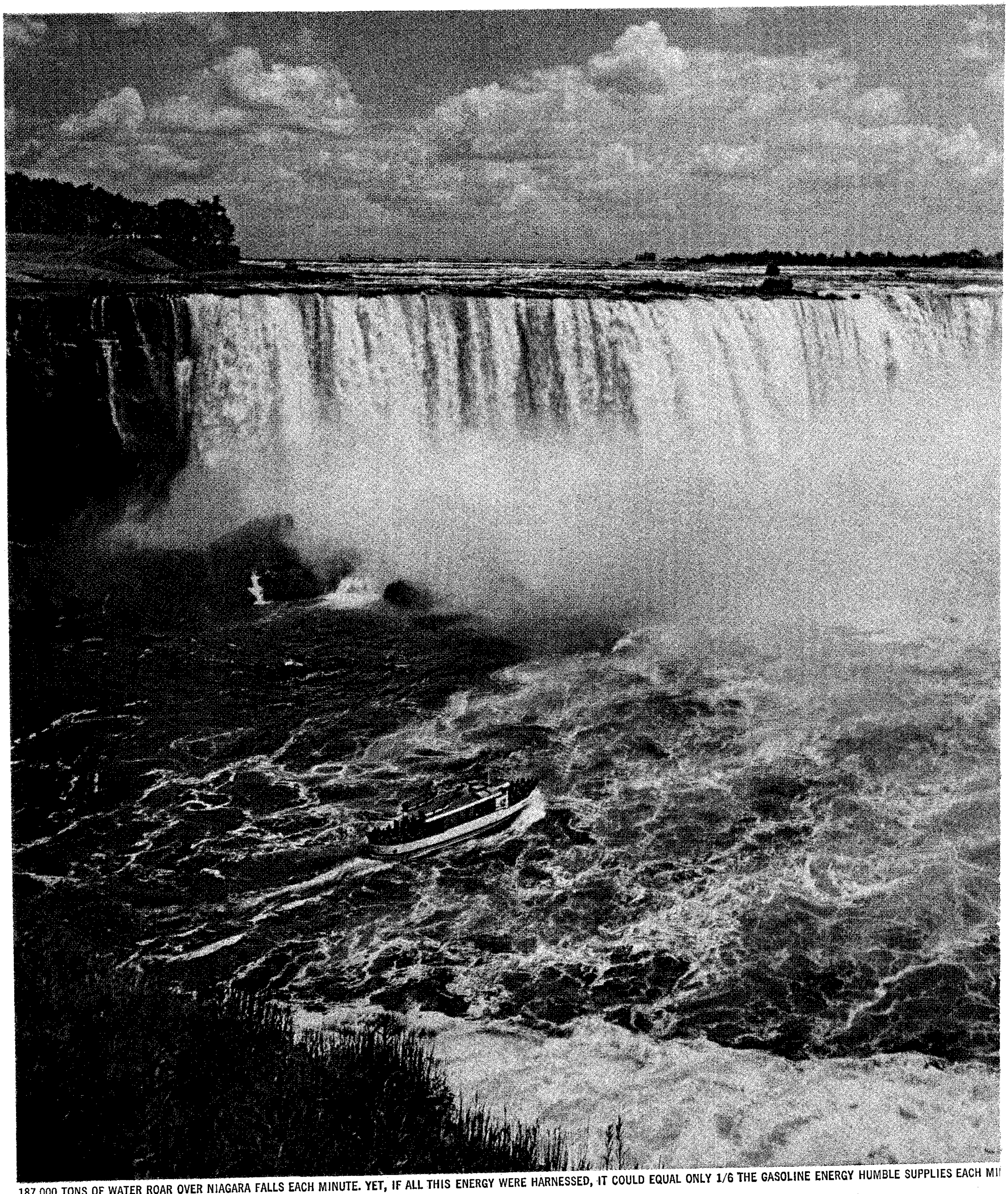
DR INTERNATIONAL INC.
866 Lexington at 65th St.
New York 21, N.Y.

DR



Photographed on the Sunlane Route by Tony Venti

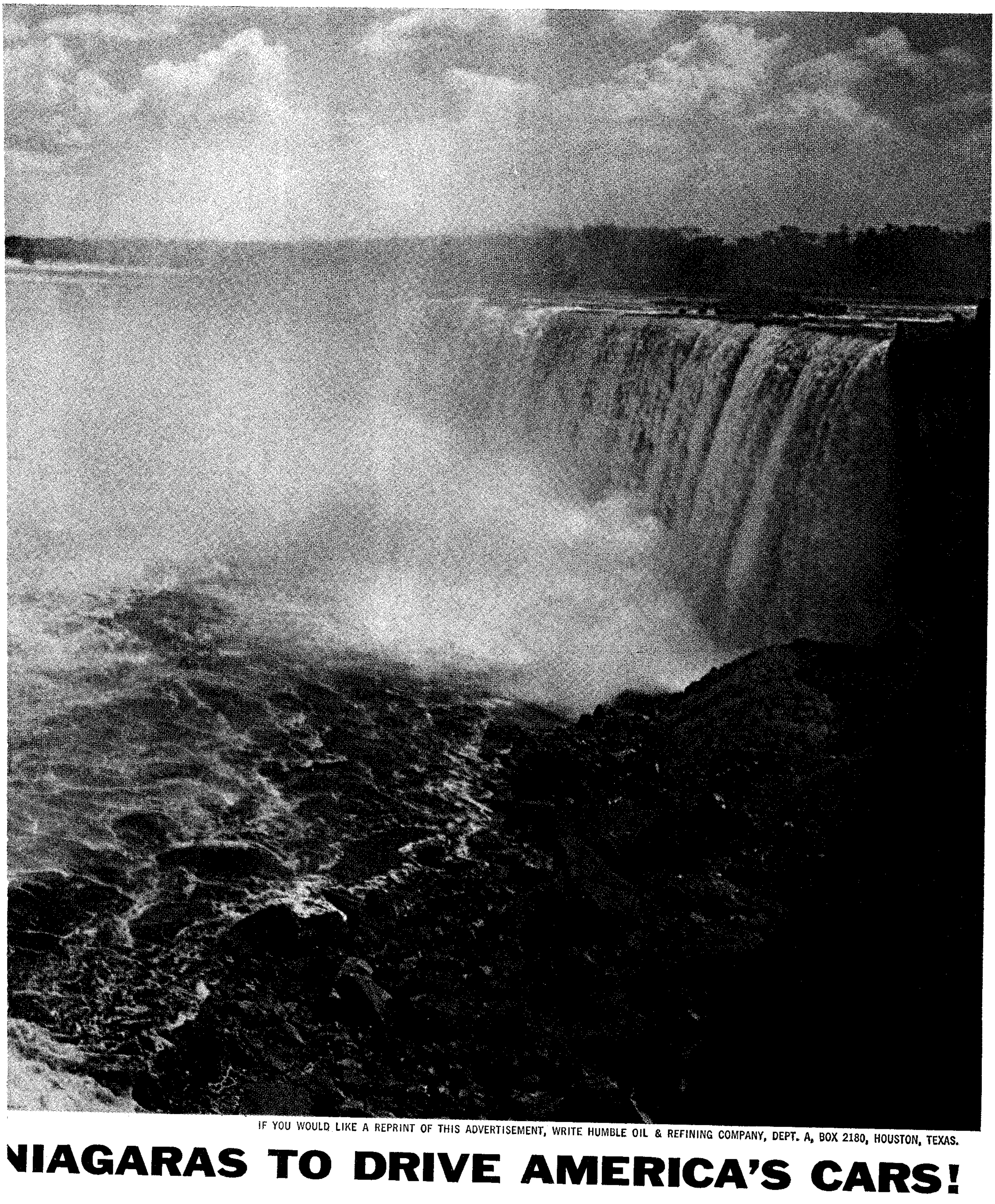
Why just get there...when you can *cruise* there? This is the kind of life you enjoy aboard the Independence, Constitution or Atlantic on the Sunlane Route to Europe and the Mediterranean. Delightful! Come sail with us. See your travel agent or AMERICAN EXPORT LINES, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.



187,000 TONS OF WATER ROAR OVER NIAGARA FALLS EACH MINUTE. YET, IF ALL THIS ENERGY WERE HARNESSED, IT COULD EQUAL ONLY 1/6 THE GASOLINE ENERGY HUMBLE SUPPLIES EACH MI

HUMBLE FURNISHES THE *ENERGY* OF

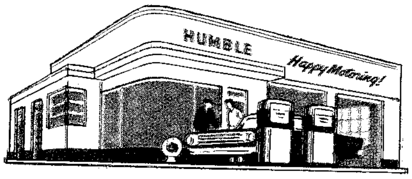
If all the roaring energy could be tapped, it would take about 6 Niagara Falls like this to produ the energy that Humble provides *each minute* in the form of gasoline alone. As America's Leadi Energy Company, Humble is the nation's greatest source of fuel for power and heat. For progr in all forms of petroleum energy, look to Humble. It is your assurance of unusual values in au motive, aviation and heating fuels, in chemicals and lubricants. *Happy Motoring!*°



IF YOU WOULD LIKE A REPRINT OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT, WRITE HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY, DEPT. A, BOX 2180, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

NIAGARAS TO DRIVE AMERICA'S CARS!

HUMBLE
OIL & REFINING COMPANY
America's Leading Energy Company



Beach and bay off Las Croabas, Puerto Rico, a dandy spot for a party pitcher of Daiquiris. John Stewart photograph.

How to build a batch of party Daiquiris with today's light, light Puerto Rican rum

GREAT THING about a whole pitcher full of Daiquiris, not only are they *easy* to make—everybody *loves* them.

Today's light, light Puerto Rican rum is the best friend the do-it-yourself party bartender can have.

What gives Puerto Rican rum its pleasing character? The unfailing sun. An amiable climate. And mountain torrents of crystal water.

Equally important, Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof—for *dryness.* Every drop is charcoal filtered. Then aged in oak—that's the law in Puerto Rico. So always select a brand with the words "Puerto Rican Rum" on the bottle label.

THE RECIPE: (Serves 16) Into large glass pitcher, empty one 6-oz. can frozen lemon juice, one 6-oz. can frozen limeade concentrate and a "fifth" of white Puerto Rican rum. Add ice cubes. Stir until chilled. Serve in cocktail glasses. (Do not add sugar.)

FREE BOOKLET! 31 Drink recipes. Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. DP-D, 666 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19.

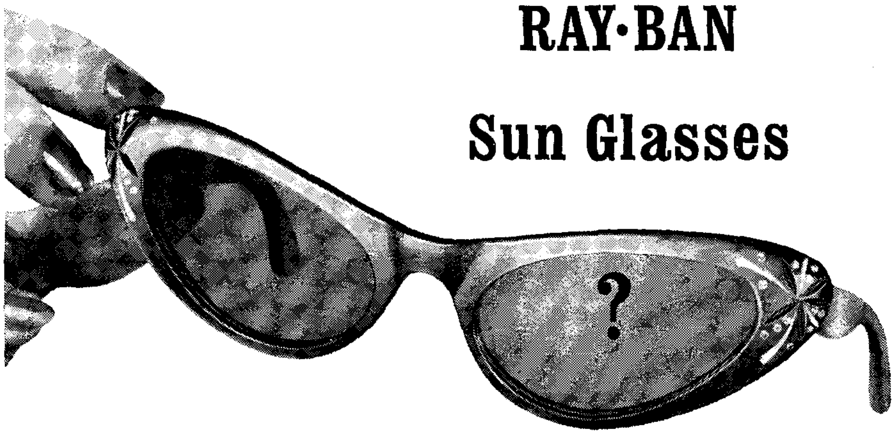
Wonderful Rum Drinks

was far better for you to have been caught right away, P.S., because you are not a cheater. Notice that I said you *are* not a cheater instead of you *were* not a cheater. . . . Yes, you cheated this one time. I do not need to ask whether you cheated before. I know you haven't. I know also that you will not cheat again. I was frankly stunned when I heard that you had cheated on Dr. Fairfax's examination. You were the last boy I would have expected to cheat. I am still not entirely satisfied by the reasons you gave for cheating. I suppose a person never is. Maybe it is impossible to give reasons for such an act." Mr. Seaton began massaging his temple again. "P.S., the most difficult thing that you must try to understand is that Jumbo did the right thing. Jumbo was correct in turning you in."

P.S. stiffened in the chair. "Yes, sir," he said.

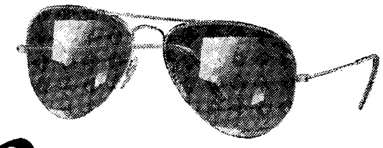
"If no one reported infractions, we would have no Honor Code. The Code would be obeyed only when it was convenient to obey it. It would be given lip service. The whole system would break down. The school would become just another private school, instead of the respected and loved institution it now is. Put yourself in Jumbo's shoes for a moment. You and Jumbo are friends—*believe me*, you are friends. If you had heard what Jumbo said about you in here, and how it hurt him to turn you in, you would know what a good friend Jumbo is. You have been expelled for cheating. You will not be here next fall. But Jumbo will be. Jumbo will stay on at V.P.S., and the other students will know that he was the one who turned you in. When I asked you whether you would have turned Jumbo in, you said that you didn't know. You and I both know from your answer that you wouldn't have turned Jumbo in. Perhaps the schoolboy code is still stronger in you than the Honor Code. Many students feel stronger about the schoolboy code than the Honor Code. No one likes to turn in a friend. A lot of boys who don't know any better, a lot of your friends, will never forgive Jumbo. It will be plenty tough for him. Just as it is tough on anybody who does his duty. I think—I honestly think that Jumbo has done you a favor. I'm not going to suggest that you be grateful to him. Not yet. That would be as ridiculous as my saying something as trite as 'Someday you will be able to look back on this and laugh.' . . . P.S., you will *never* be able to look back on this and laugh. But you may be able to understand." The headmaster looked

Why do so many professional eye men recommend RAY·BAN Sun Glasses



Professional eye men, of all people, know that sun glasses should be something more than ordinary glass, set in attractive frames. That's why so many fine optical offices recommend Ray-Ban Sun Glasses. They're made from genuine optical glass, ground-and-polished-to-curve. They filter out the harmful rays of the sun, cut down glare without distorting your vision. In short, Ray-Ban Sun Glasses keep your eyes cool, calm and *protected.* Plain (non-prescription) Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are available at optical offices and fine stores everywhere. Priced from $4.95 to $24.95. Try on a pair... you won't settle for less. For free style folder, write Bausch & Lomb Incorporated, Rochester 2, New York.

Over 90 stunning frame styles and colors for men and women

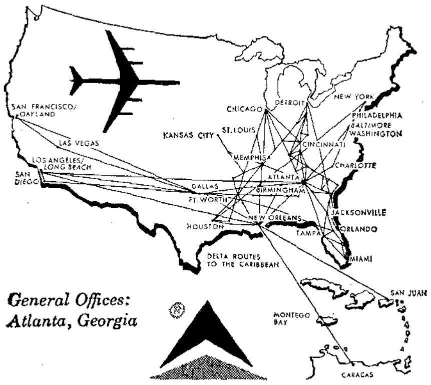


BAUSCH & LOMB Ray-Ban® SUN GLASSES

Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Ban Lenses ground to your prescription.

DELTA-
quickest way to a lady's heart...

Don't keep young maids waiting when it's time to return to your castle. Today's gallant knights are never more than a few hours away by Delta Jet . . . with a choice of Deluxe or thrifty Tourist service on every flight.


SAN FRANCISCO/OAKLAND
CHICAGO
DETROIT
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
LAS VEGAS
CINCINNATI
LOS ANGELES/LONG BEACH
MEMPHIS
CHARLOTTE
SAN DIEGO
DALLAS
ATLANTA
BIRMINGHAM
FT. WORTH
NEW ORLEANS
JACKSONVILLE
HOUSTON
TAMPA
ORLANDO
DELTA ROUTES TO THE CARIBBEAN
MIAMI
SAN JUAN
MONTEGO BAY
CARACAS

General Offices:
Atlanta, Georgia

DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

at his wristwatch and then said, "I'm going to leave you alone with your father for a few minutes; then I suggest you go back to your room and pack. The other students won't be back in the dormitories yet, so you can be alone." He got up from behind the desk. P.S. rose also. He looked down at the milk and cookies Mrs. Burdick had left him. There was half a glass of milk and three cookies left.

The headmaster looked at P.S. for a moment and then he said, "I'm sorry you have been expelled, P.S. You were a good student here. One of the most popular boys in your class. You will *leave behind a great many good* friends."

"Thank you, sir," P.S. said.

"I'll see you before you and your father leave."

"Yes, sir."

The headmaster walked into the waiting room. P.S. could hear Dr. Fairfax talking, and then his father. The door closed, and P.S. sat down to wait for his father. He could feel the fear building up inside of him again. He did not know what to say to his father. What could he say? He sipped the last of the milk as the door opened. P.S. put down the glass and stood up.

STEWART WILKINSON closed the door behind him and looked at his son. He wanted to hold the boy and comfort him, but Phil looked so solid, so strong, standing there. Why isn't he crying, he wondered, and then he told himself that he wouldn't have cried, either; that the boy had had plenty of time to cry; that he would never cry in front of his father again. He tried to think of something to say. He knew that he often was clumsy in his relations with Phil, and said the wrong thing, and he wondered whether he had been that sensitive at his son's age. He looked down at the plate of cookies and the empty milk glass.

"Where did you get the milk and cookies, son?"

"Mrs. Burdick brought them to me, sir."

He never calls me "Dad" now, Stewart Wilkinson said to himself. Always "sir." . . . My own son calls me "sir." . . .

"Did you thank her?"

"Yes, sir."

Stewart Wilkinson walked over to the couch next to his son and sat down. The boy remained standing.

"Phil, son, sit down, please."

"Yes, sir."

Looking at his son, Stewart Wilkin-

English Leather®

English Leather
MEM COMPANY INC

after shave . . .
after shower . . .
after hours . . . the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax
MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

The setting is perfect . . .
the activities complete . . .
Olympic Swimming pool . . .
tennis . . . riding . . . fishing . . .
mountain climbing . . . golf privileges
at the Stowe Country Club . . .
Nearby Summer Stock Theatre.

Our new Café de la Paix garden dining terrace features informal continental cuisine, bon vin carte . . . and magnificent view of Mt. Mansfield.

TOPNOTCH INN
STOWE, VERMONT
Opening June 22 • Brochure on request

"IVY LEAGUE"
...from the orient

A Ruggedly Handsome Robe . . . in muted vari-colored stripes. Imported Fabric.
$8.95 *ppd.*
One size fits all!
Tel. JUDSON 2-3622
send for catalogue
Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y170, N. Y.

TIRED OF BEING
TREATED
LIKE A
WOODEN
INDIAN?

Tune in the TODAY program, NBC—TV Network, 7-9 a. m.

You don't have to go on the warpath to get P.S.*

*PERSONAL SERVICE

Some people think they have to fight to get the help they want, when they have an insurance claim. If you feel that way, see an Ætna Casualty agent. You'll find an important difference. He's a local, independent businessman who puts your interests first. He knows every family has different protection needs so he gives thoughtful, individual attention to planning the correct insurance for you. And when you have an accident or loss, he knows he can count on Ætna Casualty to see that you get fast action on your claim. If you're at home, he's right there to help. If you're traveling, there are Ætna Casualty representatives from coast to coast, ready to give you the same fine service.

If that's what you expect from insurance, look in the Yellow Pages and call an Ætna Casualty agent. You'll like his P.S. — Personal Service.

ÆTNA CASUALTY INSURANCE

Ætna Casualty and Surety Co., Hartford, Conn.
One of the Ætna Life Affiliated Companies

for your family and business—your auto, home and everything you own

3 OUT OF EVERY 4 TOP AMATEURS PLAY TITLEIST

At the 1961 National Amateur Championship 152 of the field of 200 players used Titleist. Only 18 used the second most popular ball . . . In fact, for the past three years, more than 70% of the Amateurs have played Titleist in this tournament . . . Top competitors play Titleist when it means the most. You should, too.

Titleist
3
TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

son could not understand why they had grown apart during the last few years. He had always remained close to his father. Why wasn't it the same between him and the boy who sat so stiff beside him, so still in spite of the horror he must have gone through during the past few hours?

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Yes . . . yes, son, I know you are. . . . I'm terribly sorry myself. Sorry for you. . . . Mr. Seaton told me another boy turned you in, is that right?"

P.S. nodded.

"He also told me that he believes you would have turned yourself in had you been given enough time."

"I don't know whether I would have or not. I never had a chance to find out."

"I think you would have. I think you would have."

He waited for his son to say something; then, realizing there was nothing the boy could say, he spoke again. "I was talking to Dr. Fairfax outside—you knew he was my Latin teacher, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"We always used to be able to tell when the first day of spring came, because Dr. Fairfax put on his white linen suit."

"Yes, sir."

"At any rate, that man thinks very highly of you, Phil. He is very upset that you had to be expelled. I hope you will speak to him before we go. He's a good man to have on your side."

"I want to speak to him."

"Phil . . . Phil . . ." Stewart Wilkinson thought for a minute. He wanted so desperately what he said to be the right thing to say. "Phil, I know that I am partly responsible for what has happened. I must have in some way pressured you into it. I wanted your marks to be high. I wanted you to get the best education that you could. V.P.S. isn't the best school in the country, but it's a damn fine one. It's a school that has meant a lot to our family. But that doesn't matter so much. I mean, that part of it is all over with. I'm sorry that you cheated, because I know you're not the cheating kind. I'm also sorry because you are going to have to face the family and get it over with. This is going to be tough. But they'll all understand. I doubt that there is any of us who have never cheated in one way or another. But it will make them very proud of you if you can go see them and look them in the eye."

He picked up one of the cookies and began to bite little pieces out of the

Alan Paine

Fabulous for Father! Two distinctively handsome sweaters made in England of incredibly soft 100% 4-ply camelhair.
Cardigan, about $30.
Pullover, about $25.

In New York: **Lord & Taylor;** *Chicago:* **Capper and Capper;** *San Francisco:* **Robert Kirk, Ltd.** *For names of other fine stores, please write to: Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 Street, New York*

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 23, 1962

In the heart of the
White Mountains

Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, shuffleboard, skeet, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine Food. 185 Rooms

John B. and Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr.
Co-Managers.
New York Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza, CIrcle 7-4420

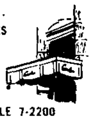
MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

in the best business circles . . .

it's
Sir GOTHAM

"for service, courtesy and attention to detail . . . so important to successful meetings and banquets

found especially at
the GOTHAM HOTEL



5TH AVENUE AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK CITY, CIRCLE 7-2200

Before You Buy... LOOK TWICE

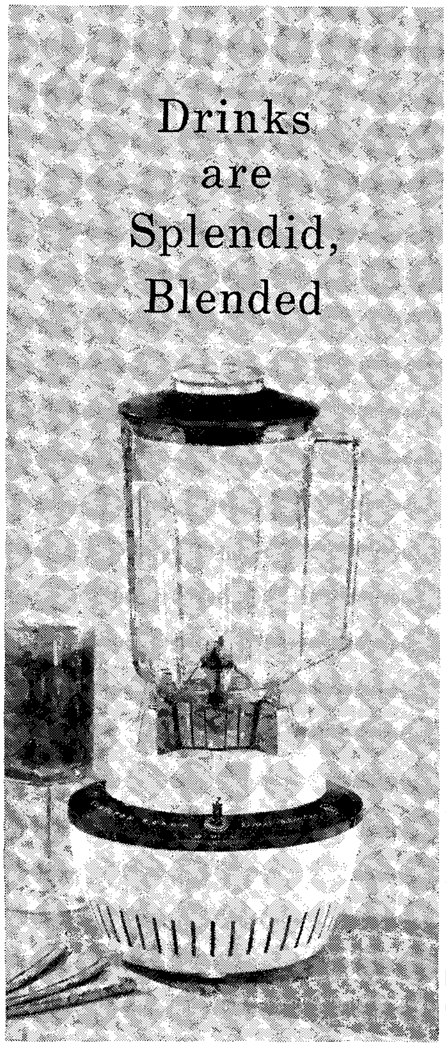
Look for Beauty—here in the Lark Daytona Hardtop is fine car styling unique in compacts. Plus the widest power choice in the field (112 to 225 hp), quality separate body and frame construction similar to Cadillac and Rolls. And in the 4-door sedan more interior room than compacts and intermediates alike. ***Look again for price:*** The lowest cost Lark is priced below 10 out of 11 compacts and intermediates—as much as $369.00 lower.

The Beautiful **LARK**
by Studebaker

Look for Beauty at its most distinctive—the Gran Turismo Hawk is the spirited counterpart of the costly and distinguished European personal touring car. Full 5-passenger room, a V-8 engine capable of 0 to 60 in 10 seconds, optional 4-speed floor mounted gearbox, exquisitely tailored interiors.
Price? As you see it, $3127.49 (plus transportation and local taxes additional).

The Gran Turismo **Hawk**
by Studebaker

Also ask your Studebaker Dealer for pre-display information on the AVANTI, America's Most Advanced Automobile



Our hats are off to drinks requiring only stirring. e.g. the mixture of tomato juice, condiments and vodka (some unTudored folks don't like the name) is extremely palatable when stirred. The Hamilton Beach Blender makes it superb—frothy, pink, entirely refreshing and deserving of a new name.

The container base, which includes the cutting blades, is removable for easier cleaning. You can use it with ordinary mason jars; store foods in the container in which they've been mixed, blended, pureed, chopped or liquefied. Two blending speeds. Available in white or chrome.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS
Guarantee provides free repair and parts excepting cord set, container and damage due to misuse when returned to one of our authorized service stations listed on the product guarantee certificate.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS

HAMILTON BEACH®

© 1962, "HAMILTON BEACH" is a registered trademark of the SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Racine, Wisconsin and St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada

edge. Then he shook his head sadly, in the gesture P.S. knew so well. "Ah, God, son, it's so terrible that you have to learn these lessons when you are young. I know that you don't want me to feel sorry for you, but I can't help it. I'm not angry with you. I'm a little disappointed, perhaps, but I can understand it, I think. I suppose I must appear as an ogre to you at times. But Phil, I— If I'm tough with you, it's just because I'm trying to help you. Maybe I'm too tough." Stewart Wilkinson looked over at his son. He saw that the boy was watching him. He felt a little embarrassed to have revealed so much of himself before his son. But he knew they were alike. He knew that Phil was really his son. They already spoke alike, already laughed at the same sort of things, appreciated the same things. Their tastes were pretty much the same. He knew that, if anything, he was too much like the boy to be able to help him. And also that the problem was the boy's own, and that he would resent his father's interfering.

"Phil, I'll go speak with Mr. Seaton for a little while, and then I'll come on over and help you pack. If you'd like, I'll pack for you and you can sit in the car."

"No, that's all right, sir, I'll pack. I mean, most of the stuff is packed up already. I'll meet you over there."

Stewart Wilkinson rose with his son. Again he wanted to hold the boy, to show him how much he loved him.

"I'll be through packing in a few minutes. I'll meet you in my room," P.S. said.

"Fine, son."

TOGETHER they carried the footlocker down the staircase of Memorial Hall. P.S. stopped at the door, balanced the footlocker with one hand, then pulled the heavy door open. The door swung back before they could get through. Stewart Wilkinson stumbled and P.S. said, "I'm sorry."

They carried the footlocker across the small patch of lawn between the front of Memorial Hall and the main drive and slid the footlocker into the back of the station wagon.

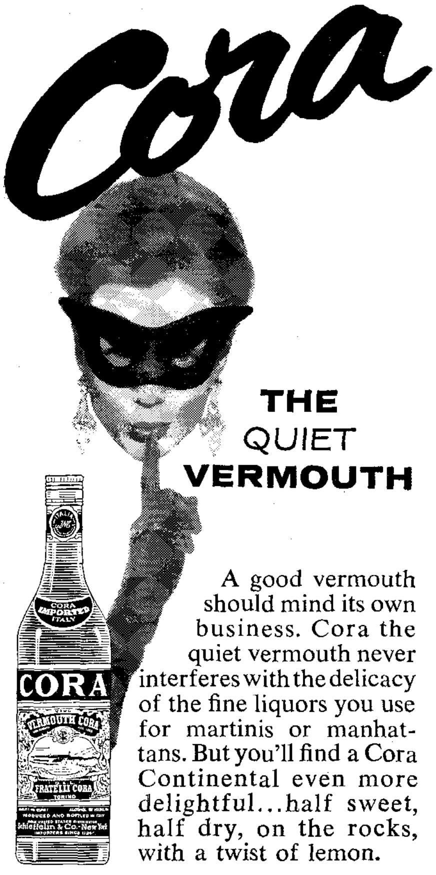
"How much more is there, son?"

"A couple of small boxes, some books, and a couple of pictures."

Stewart Wilkinson pulled a silk handkerchief out of his back pocket and wiped his brow. "You think we can get all of them in one more trip?"

"I think so, sir. At least, we can try."

They turned back toward the dormi-



THE
QUIET
VERMOUTH

A good vermouth should mind its own business. Cora the quiet vermouth never interferes with the delicacy of the fine liquors you use for martinis or manhattans. But you'll find a Cora Continental even more delightful...half sweet, half dry, on the rocks, with a twist of lemon.

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schieffelin & Co., New York

A COOL, COOL GIFT!

NEW Rival® Ice-O-Matic®
ELECTRIC ICE CRUSHER

Crushes ice to any size. Perfect for all drinks, entertaining. Portable. Write for free catalog. Rival Manufacturing Co., Kansas City 29, Mo. In Canada: Montreal.

METROPOLE
CAFE
48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088

DUKES OF DIXIELAND
GREATEST DIXIELAND BAND
IN THE LAND

tory. Stewart Wilkinson rested his hand on his son's shoulder as they walked back across the lawn. "Phil, Mr. Seaton told me that he thinks he might be able to get you into Hotchkiss. How does that sound to you?"

"It's a funny name for a school."

"Hotchkiss, funny? Why?"

"I don't know, it just sounds funny."

"Well, do you think you'd like to go there?"

"Sure. I mean I don't know. I haven't given it much thought."

Stewart Wilkinson laughed. "I guess you haven't."

The boy looked worriedly at his father for a moment. He wondered whether his father was making fun of him. And then he saw the humor in his remark and laughed, too.

THEY brought the last of the boxes down from the room and slid them into the car and closed the tailgate.

"Did you get a chance to talk to Dr. Fairfax?"

"Yes, sir. He came by the room while I was packing."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know. I mean he was sorry I was going and all that, but he said I'd get along fine anywhere and that it wasn't the end of the world."

"Did he say 'in point of fact'?"

"Yeah." P.S. laughed. "He said, 'Well, boy, you'll do all right. In point of fact, you have nothing to worry about.' I really like old Doc Fairfax."

They went around the side of the car and climbed in.

"Anything you've forgotten? Books out of the library, equipment in the gym? Anybody special you want to see before we go home?"

"No, Dad, thanks, that's all— Hey, wait a minute, could you, Dad?" P.S. got out of the car. "It's Charlie—Charlie Merritt. I'd like to say goodbye to him."

"Sure, son, take your time."

The two boys spoke together for a moment, standing in the road; then they shook hands. Stewart Wilkinson turned off the engine and watched as the boys walked back up the road toward him. As they drew near, he got out of the station wagon.

"Dad, this is Charlie Merritt. . . . Charlie, you remember my father."

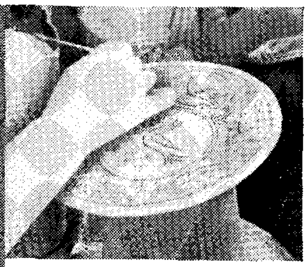
"Yes, sir. How are you, sir?"

"Fine, thank you, Charlie."

"Sir, Mr. Wilkinson, I'm sorry about P.S. getting kicked out and all."

Stewart Wilkinson nodded.

"He's just sorry because I won't be around to borrow his toothpaste any



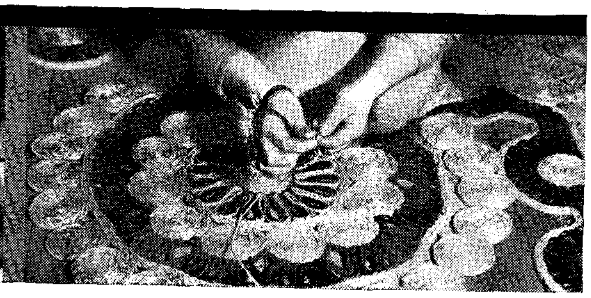
See first hand
the handcrafts of

Spain

The sensitive, creative hands of Spain express the art and craftsmanship of the country in exquisite detail—Damascene ornamentation on jewelry and other objects, an age-old craft inherited from the Moors . . . beautiful laces and needlework . . . etched copper urns and vases . . . decorated ceramics and painted tiles . . . woven baskets . . . rugs of esparto grass, hand woven by families in small villages—all so much a part of thrilling Spain!

See your Travel Agent

SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22
23 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4 • 453 Post Street, San Francisco 2
1418 Commerce Street, Dallas 1 • 13 Queen Street East, Toronto 1



Majestic salutes cotton in red, white and blue . . . makes this tri-color costume in chambray denim by Pepperell. Blue denim hip-hugger skirt and reversible bolero contrast with red and white provincial print blouse and scarf. Skirt in sizes 8-16. About $9.00. Bolero in sizes 8-18. About $6.00. Blouse with scarf in sizes 28-38. About $7.00. All pieces wash-wear 'Sanforized.'

Pepperell cottons

Pepperell Pepperell Pepperell
the ultimate in wash and wear

more. He likes to lend it to me because I always roll it from the top and lose the cap."

P.S. and Charlie laughed.

"Hey, P.S.?" Charlie said. "Does this mean you're not going to have to work off the five demerits Doc Fairfax gave us this morning?"

"What did you two get five demerits for?" Stewart Wilkinson asked.

"We were talking before the exam," P.S. said.

Father and son looked at each other, and then P.S. turned away. It was clear that he was thinking about the exam and his cheating again. And then the boy took a deep breath and smiled. "You know? It's funny," he said. "I mean, it seems that that exam took place so long ago. . . . Well, Charlie." P.S. stuck out his hand and Charlie took it. "Well, I guess we'd better get going. I'll see you around, O.K.?"

"Sure, P.S.," Charlie said.

The two boys shook hands again solemnly. Then Charlie shook hands with P.S.'s father. P.S. and Stewart Wilkinson got back into the station wagon.

Charlie walked around to P.S.'s window. "Hey, P.S.? Make sure you let me hear from you this summer, O.K.?"

"Sure, Charlie. Take care of yourself."

They drove around the school drive, by the Wilkinson Memorial Library and the Sadler Gymnasium, and then they turned down the slight hill toward the Breastworks, and as they passed through the ornate, wrought-iron gate P.S. began to cry. —C. D. B. BRYAN

•

THAT'S MYERS,
FOLKS, MYERS!

East is East and West is Myers. That's not Kipling—but it's true in Mount Holly.

It seems that Dick Myers, Mount Holly's maintenance man, was identified in a Courier-Post feature story Wednesday as Dick West. He hasn't changed his name. He's still Dick West and he does the same fine job for the township. Our apologies. —*Camden (N.J.) Courier-Post.*

Well, *that's* cleared up.

•

Sir Harrie Massey, chairman of the British Space Committee, told a news conference that the satellite launched into orbit from Cape Canaveral, Fla., Thursday "has gone marvelously well" and is sending back a stream of data on the nature of the ionosphere, a layer of charged participles starting about 40 miles above the earth.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

And dangling, most of them.

how to enjoy
YOURSELF
without trying

Simply come to Estate Good Hope—an intimate sort of resort in the cool, old, Danish atmosphere of St. Croix in the Virgin Islands. Slow down to an easy life of swimming, sunning, and exploring this fascinating island. Here enjoyment comes naturally. Rates from $17.50 per person, double, Full American Plan. For reservations see your travel agent or call New York Reservation Office, Suite 1704, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Telephone: CIrcle 6-6820.

ESTATE Good Hope
ST. CROIX • U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

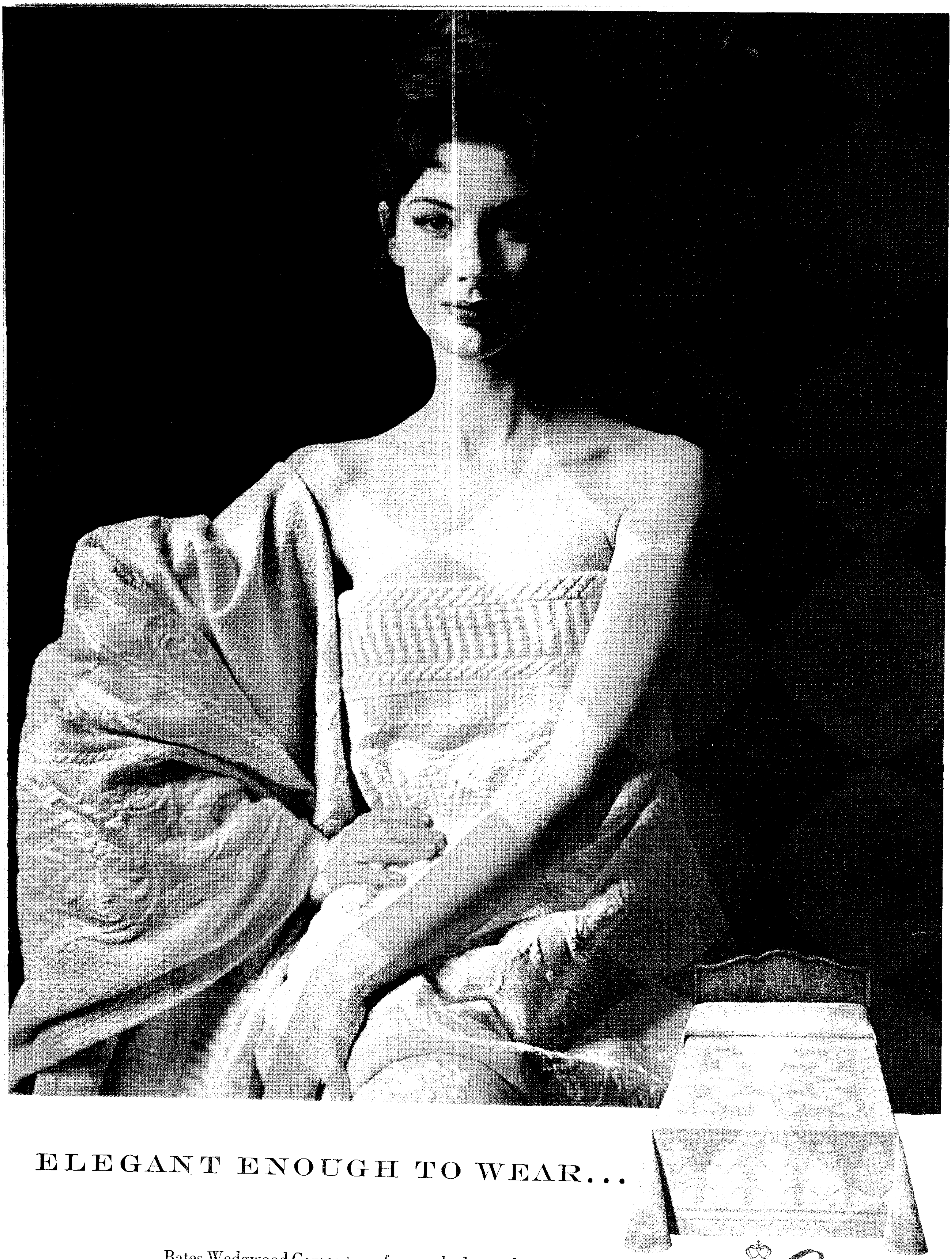
FABULOUS DINING OVERLOOKING A FABULOUS VIEW ★ 65TH FLOOR • RCA BUILDING • ROCKEFELLER CENTER ★
Rainbow Room

DINNER (ENTREES FROM $3.75)
COCKTAILS AND HOT HORS D'OEUVRES
FROM 4:30 P.M. • MUSIC
CLOSED SUNDAYS • CIRCLE 6-5800

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful outdoor garden or air-conditioned dining rooms.
Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY . . . 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.



ELEGANT ENOUGH TO WEAR...

Bates Wedgwood Cameo transforms a bedspread into enchantment for a queen.
It's as elegant as a coronation gown . . . too beautiful for any bed but *yours!*

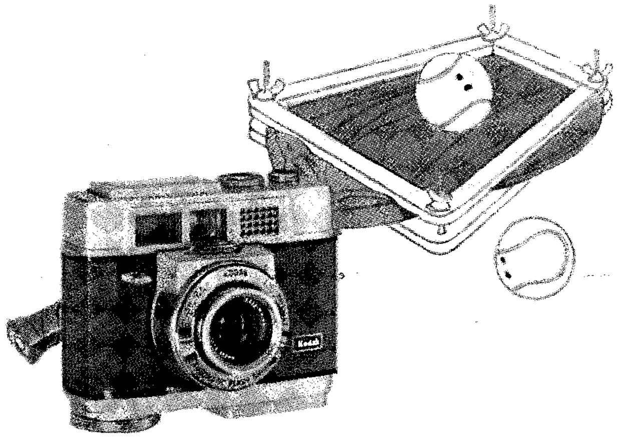
Bates®

BATES WEDGWOOD CAMEO COMES IN GOLD, WHITE, PINK, BLUE, LILAC. SINGLE BED $50. DOUBLE $55. BATES FABRICS, INC., 112 W. 34TH ST., NEW YORK 1 ©1961

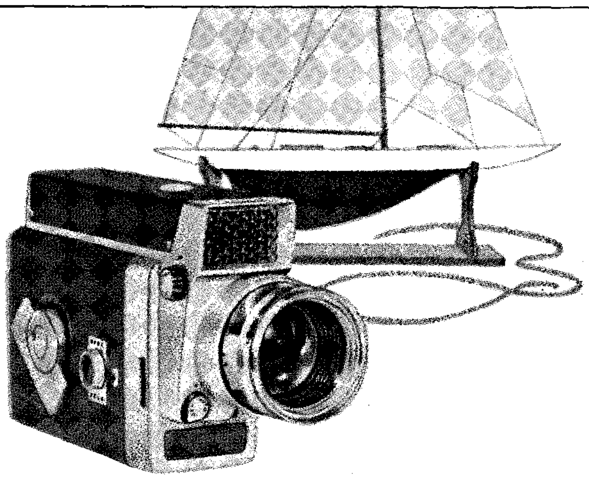
Fun-savers for '62

Save all your summer fun in pictures!

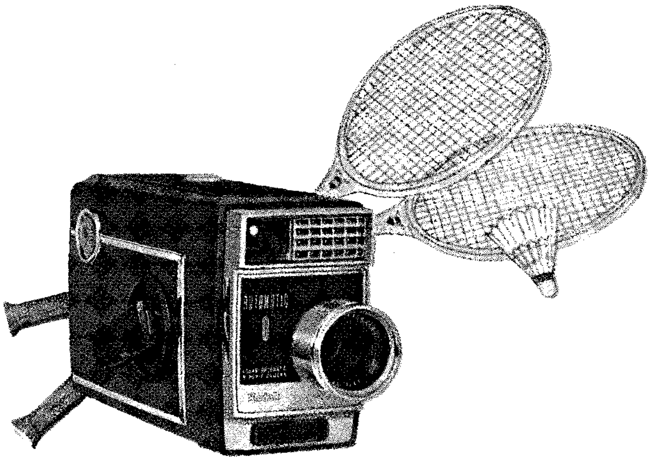
Beautiful 35mm slides without guesswork! Electric eye sets exposure automatically. Indicates when you need to use the built-in pop-up flash. One of the easiest-to-use 35mm cameras ever offered. New **Kodak Automatic 35F Camera** . . . less than $100.



Winds film for you—sets lens for you . . . even adjusts automatically for flash shots as you focus. Shoot up to 10 shots on one winding. Easy to load. Built-in pop-up flash. The exciting new **Kodak Motormatic 35F Camera** . . . less than $120.



Push-button zoom your 8mm movies! And see your zooms exactly as you film them, for you view *through* the lens. Electric eye sets lens opening automatically. Focusing $f/1.6$ zoom lens. New **Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera, Model 2** . . . less than $215.

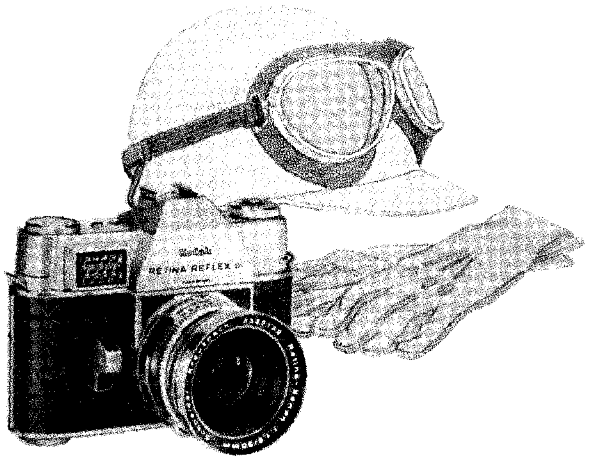


8mm movies at the touch of a button! Electric eye sets lens opening automatically, indoors or out. Signal tells you when light is too dim. Built-in filter. **Kodak Automatic 8 Movie Camera**. . . less than $55.

Complete gift kit less than $63.

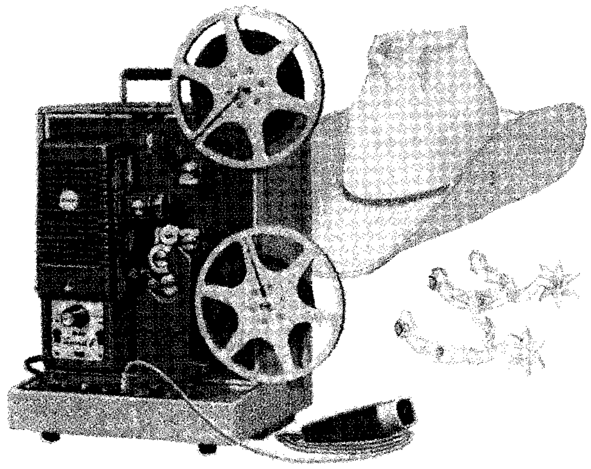
...from Kodak!

These fine Kodak cameras make it easier than ever!



An expert camera that's easy to use! New automatic convenience, new versatility. Dual electric-eye exposure control . . . brilliant through-the-lens viewing . . . precision sharpness control. **KODAK RETINA Reflex III Camera** . . . from less than $230.

New 80-slide revolving tray fits easily on top of projector, changes as easily as a record! Slides can't spill, won't jam. Trays store like books. Full-range remote control including smooth remote focus. Instant editing. **KODAK CAROUSEL Projector** . . . less than $150.



Now add quality sound to your home movies! Put commentaries, music and special sound effects right on the film! Have a magnetic stripe added to your 8mm films, old or new—and you're ready! **KODAK Sound 8 Projector** . . . less than $350.

Prices subject to change without notice

See all the new Kodak Fun-savers at your dealer's—this week! You can depend on the name Kodak.

Save your fun in glorious color! Use new KODACHROME II Film for your slides and movies!

Kodachrome II
Kodachrome II

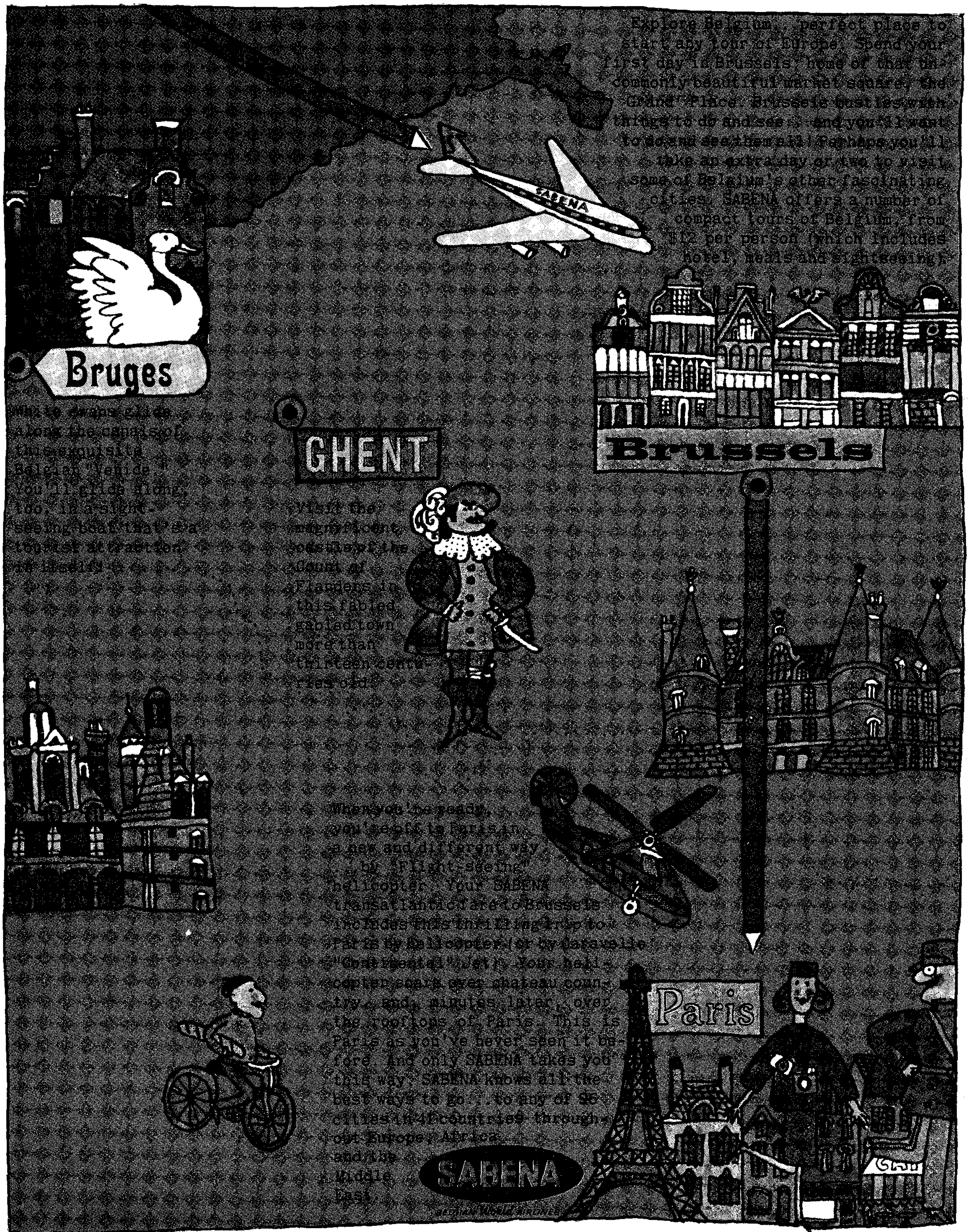
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester 4, N.Y.

Enjoy Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color"
Sunday Evenings, NBC-TV

Kodak
TRADEMARK

Priceless Way to Paris

Jet to BRUSSELS and let SABENA take you on an enchanting tour of Belgium. Then 'copter-hop to Paris!



Explore Belgium, perfect place to start any tour of Europe. Spend your first day in Brussels, home of that uncommonly beautiful market square, the Grand' Place. Brussels bustles with things to do and see . . . and you'll want to do and see them all! Perhaps you'll take an extra day or two to visit some of Belgium's other fascinating cities. SABENA offers a number of compact tours of Belgium, from $12 per person (which includes hotel, meals and sightseeing).

Watch swans glide along the canals of this exquisite Belgian "Venice." You'll glide along, too, in a sight-seeing boat that's a tourist attraction in itself.

Visit the magnificent castle of the Count of Flanders in this fabled, gabled town more than thirteen centuries old.

When you're ready, you're off to Paris in a new and different way . . . by "Flight-seeing" helicopter. Your SABENA transatlantic fare to Brussels includes this thrilling trip to Paris by helicopter (or by Caravelle "Continental" Jet). Your helicopter soars over chateau country, and, minutes later, over the rooftops of Paris. This is Paris as you've never seen it before. And only SABENA takes you this way. SABENA knows all the best ways to go . . . to any of 95 cities in 41 countries throughout Europe, Africa and the Middle East.

Buy your SABENA tickets and all your travel arrangements from your Travel Agent. He'll tell you "Le Service Belgique – c'est magnifique!"

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Out of the Dark

THE band of gifted people who gave us the Broadway original of "The Miracle Worker"—the playwright William Gibson, the director Arthur Penn, the producer Fred Coe, and the actresses Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke—have taken no chances on Hollywood's tampering with their conscientious handiwork; they have made the picture themselves, and a remarkably good one it turns out to be. As you doubtless know, the story concerns the early years of Helen Keller, when, with the help of her teacher, Annie Sullivan, she began to make her way out of the dark and silence of her blindness and deafness into a world that, through the acquisition of words, slowly filled itself with imaginable light and sound. As Mr. Gibson tells it, the story is so harrowing that if one didn't know in advance that it had a happy ending (and, better still, that that happy ending was the prelude to a lifelong triumph), the depiction of it would be unbearable; even with the reassurance of such knowledge, there are passages in the film that I resented being obliged to observe, and only accepted afterward, on the author's terms, as a price worth paying for the tremendous climax. My reservations about the picture as a work of art—Helen's father, for example, is a caricature, and Annie Sullivan's hallucinatory recollections of her workhouse youth prove a pretentious distraction—are swallowed up and consumed in the glory of the moment when a raging animal, lost in the jungle of her wordlessness, learns that a thing and its name are one, and makes her great leap into humanity.

Mr. Penn has drawn marvellously selfless performances from Miss Bancroft and Miss Duke as Miss Annie and Helen. The intensity with which these two fierce adversaries wage war and at last make peace is heightened by the fact that the battleground is Arcady—a white Victorian house set in a slumberous, summery lawn, with, in the distance, ample barns, woods, and fields. This contrast between the action and its setting is something that only a camera could have provided, and Mr. Penn makes exceedingly effective use of it in transforming, and not merely disguising, the play with which Mr. Gibson and he began. The three other principals in the cast are Victor Jory, who overacts the overwritten father; Inga Swenson, who plays a doting, inept mother; and Andrew Prine, who plays Helen's much older half brother and, through no fault of his own, makes us more grateful for what he isn't called on to do (like, say, fall in love with Miss Annie) than for what he is.

"SUMMERSKIN" is a curious picture by the Argentine director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. It's rather like a person with a beautiful voice who is saying something wholly inappropriate to a given occasion—at first one cannot help listening, but one's attention quickly wanders, and the beauty of the voice ends by becoming an irritation. Mr. Nilsson gives us many striking scenes, but all too soon we perceive that something is wrong with what they convey, for the plot of the picture is a nineteenth-century-style confection, in which a pretty, selfish girl is bribed by her worldly grandmother to sacrifice her virginity to a young man, a son of one of the grandmother's old lovers, and solace him for the months that he will live before dying of tuberculosis. The girl accepts the bribe, the young man arrives and falls in love with the girl, the girl momentarily responds to the young man, the young man is unexpectedly cured of his disease, the girl is dismayed to hear the news, and, when he proposes marriage, reveals that she has become his mistress only in order to achieve a trip to Paris and lots of expensive clothes, upon which the young man shoots himself and the girl prepares, with a certain ruefulness, to cross the sea to Dior. Puccini without music. —BRENDAN GILL

•

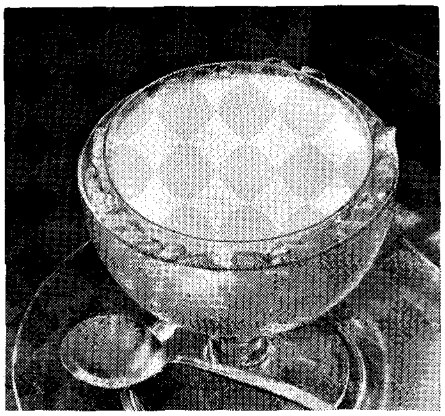
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Alabama Journal*]

Mrs. Robert Bachmann, president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, made the keynote address at the opening of the 66th annual convention last night at the Jefferson Davis Hotel.

Addressing some 100 members from the 70 chapters in Alabama, Mrs. Bachman spoke on the spirit of the South which "is best reflected in the knowledge that 600,000 Confederate soldiers fought and held at bay for four long years, an enemy five times as great."

"There would be no need for fallout shelters if all of our countrymen would realize and emulate the spirit of the men who wore the gray," she emphasized in closing.



Vichyssoise

in the classic manner —easily made

If you would like to become known for your Vichyssoise—which is an elegant soup to be known for—may we have a word with you?

You can now serve an impressive Vichyssoise at home —every bit as good as that served in the finest restaurants. Merely take in hand one can of Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup and you're well on your way.

Aside from opening the can, your only concern is adding cold milk to Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup and seeing to it that it's blended until smooth. That's it, except for chilling—and adding a garnish, if you like. Chives, mint or parsley do very nicely.

You'll find the exact directions on every can of Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup. And while you're picking up a few cans from your grocer's frozen food cabinet, you might keep in mind that it's rather fabulous served hot, too. Decisions, decisions. But don't brood about it. Serve it both ways.

Campbell's FROZEN cream of potato soup

FROZEN
Campbell's
CONDENSED
CREAM OF POTATO SOUP
FROZEN

Look neater
Look slimmer in
KUPPENHEIMER
SuP-PANTS*

These patented, no-belt trousers completely eliminate shirt-hiking and belt-hitching. Wide, completely hidden elastic waistband improves your posture—you feel better, look slimmer, neater. You'll stay neat, too, because SuP-Pants* are ever-Kreased.™ Continuous waistband, single pleats, slanted pockets. Wide choice of fabrics and colors. From $35 at the Kuppenheimer dealer in your area.

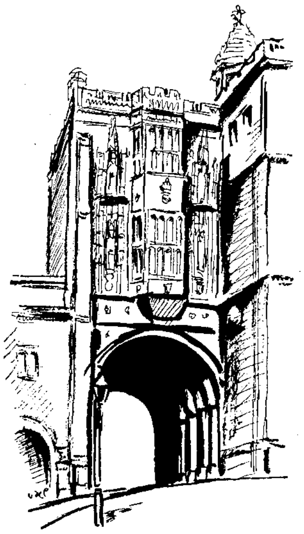
The hidden inner waistband keeps trousers up, shirt down, waist in

*LICENSED BY Y. LE COTTIER AND A. G. TRENTESEAUX OF FRANCE, OWNERS OF TRADE-MARK "N'EM BRACE." U.S. PATENT NO. 2,757,381. T.M.— B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO., INC.

LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 23

IT is just beginning to dawn on people here, with dismay or relief, according to the way they viewed the proposition in the first place, that the Government's recently much stepped-up campaign to sell the nation on the urgent necessity of overcoming its historical qualms about crossing the moat into the European Common Market seems to have run into something hard—two elderly European obstacles who could make the journey impossible. Ever since Mr. Macmillan announced last summer that Britain would apply for entry, doubts and fears have been rumbling uneasily, and largely unanswered, around the country about how the new arrangement would work out in people's daily lives—how it would affect their jobs and the pounds and shillings (or nobles and cents, according to one suggestion for the denominations of the possibly forthcoming decimal coinage) in their pockets, and about the necessary changes in British law, the sudden switching of traffic to the right (which many indignant Britons would regard as the wrong) side of the road, and so forth. The biggest question mark of all, naturally, concerns the effect of the enormous shakeup on the future of the Commonwealth. It is undoubtedly extremely British that the notion that Europe, under pressure from Paris and Bonn, might decide that its own future would be better without Britain had apparently not percolated into many ordinary citizens' heads. Now, for the first time, and with some shock, it begins to look to people digesting the recent remarks of the French President and the German Chancellor as if the toll for entry might well be pitched so steep that the British Government would not be ready to pay. In that case, the British Government would find itself in a worse spot domestically than it is at the moment, which is saying a lot.



The House of Commons is taking two days just before Whitsun—June 10th—to air some of its anxieties on the progress of the Common Market talks, by which time Mr. Macmillan will have returned from Paris to report (or, anyhow, be urged to report) on how close to his chest he held the trump card of Anglo-American nuclear know-how during his early-June meetings with General de Gaulle. Since a triumphant entry into the Common Market seems to be the big card that the Prime Minister hopes to play in the next general election, which will be an extremely critical one for the Conservative Party, the situation is causing depression in the rank and file. In spite of all this, Mr. Edward Heath, the Minister in charge of the negotiations with the European Economic Community, was reported to have returned from the last discouraging session in Brussels with optimism still high that something will be worked out before September, when the Commonwealth Prime Ministers gather here, though few of the journalists tagging behind him seemed to share it. Among the members of Mr. Macmillan's team, which the Prime Minister is being urged by some of his worried supporters to revise drastically while the going is still good, Mr. Heath is one Minister whose stock has been rising quietly and steadily. A fresh-faced bachelor of forty-six with a jolly laugh, who looks as though he spent his life in the open air instead of in the less salubrious breezes of conference rooms, he conceals beneath his placid, and even bucolic, appearance, according to his respectful colleagues, a mind like a whip, a superb memory for filing information, and an ability to be tough, all of which doubtless come in handy in his present job. An excellent musician, he plays the piano well and conducts an amateur orchestra in his spare time, which at the moment cannot add up to many beats of the baton. He is one Minister about whom none of his party has anything but good to say, apparently, which, at this nervous juncture, with disappointed Tories searching about for explanations of the present malaise in their ranks, seems remarkable enough.

Indeed, the new political situation, recently transformed by the revival of the Liberal Party as a serious electoral challenge, continues to be the topic that everyone is discussing here with an interest that is itself a novelty. The Liberal surprise seems to have taken the apathy out of politics in Britain for the

Give yourself a Shave Break

MEN
FOAM
SHAVING CREAM
AFTER SHAVE
TALC
Arden
for men
EAU DE COLOGNE
MEN'S
Arden
HAND SOAP

This is the kind of break your beard could use these days—an Arden for Men shave. Leaves your skin looking great, feeling great. What is the set-up? The light, rich lather of Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream to smooth and soften the way for your blade; the cool, tangy refreshment of Arden for Men After Shave Lotion to brace you for the hours ahead; the finishing whisk of Arden for Men Talc. What does it follow-up? An exhilarating shower with Arden for Men Soap, a brisk rubdown with Arden for Men Eau de Cologne. There you have it: Arden for Men who want to give their skin a real break.

ARDEN FOR MEN

Foam Shaving Cream 1.50; After Shave Lotion 3.50, 6.50*; Talc 2.00*; Soap 1.25, 1.75; Eau de Cologne 3.00*, 5.00*. *plus tax*

© 1961 ELIZABETH ARDEN

MANNEQUIN DESIGN PATENT PENDING

No-Collar Paisley

Timeless paisley now boldly
scrolled with stirring color . . .
tempered with trim and
competent tailoring. A VILLAGER
shirt that moves easily from
Summer to Fall. To be worn in
or over pants and skirts
. . . under suit jackets.
Unabashed combinations of
Blue, Red, or Brown on
lightweight cotton hopsacking.
Sizes 8 to 16.

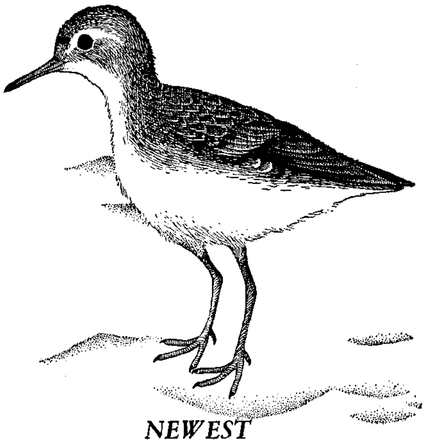
*About seven dollars at good
stores and college shops.*

The Villager ®

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

present, to judge by the exceptionally heavy turnout of voters tramping off to the polls to express their views sharply on a ballot paper whenever the opportunity has shown up lately. The Government set such store on winning the by-election run off last week in Montgomeryshire, among the hill farmers of rural Wales, that it dispatched Mr. Iain Macleod, the Chairman of the Conservative Party, and two other Cabinet Ministers, plus a raft of ordinary M.P.s, to the flattered constituency to warn it that the eyes of the nation were upon it. The seat had been Liberal for seventy-nine years and had been left vacant only by the death of the former Liberal Party leader, the much respected Clement Davies. Apparently, the Conservatives rested their somewhat strange hopes of dealing a badly needed public setback to the present leader, Mr. Jo Grimond, in such a formidable home base on the facts that even Mr. Davies had had his majority severely dented by the Conservatives at the last general election; that on this occasion a Welsh Nationalist Party candidate was standing, as well as a Labour man, to split the ballot into four; and that the hill farmers and their families were likely to sheer away doubtfully from the Liberals' enthusiasm for the Common Market, the agricultural community being particularly nervous about the effects on its pocketbook of taking the padlock off the gate between their fields and the great, rich, cheaply worked estate of Europe. As it turned out, more than eighty-five per cent of the population, compared to some eighty-three per cent in the general election, left the sheep to themselves for the day and poured in to the polls, to give the Liberal candidate (a thirty-seven-year-old Queen's Counsel named Emlyn Hooson) a far from doubtful thirteen thousand-odd votes, almost trebling Clement Davies' 1959 majority—the handsomest memorial that the old leader could have wished. This fresh blow came at a bad moment for the Government, following the expected enormous losses of Conservative seats in the borough-council elections in England and Wales, where the Liberal and the Labour candidates, in that order, gained seats all along the line.

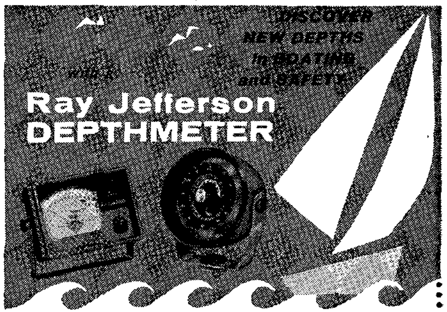
As still another blow for the Tory Party, the news from Wales practically coincided with far more serious events, affecting the Government's long-term policy. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's unpopular pay pause was finally knocked on the head and buried when the port employers gave an eight-per-cent rise to the dock workers. (Mr. Lloyd's wages policy had ended officially in March, but



*NEWEST
ARRIVAL
IN
SOUTHAMPTON*

Hattie Carnegie

Beach, evening and casual clothes.
Opening Thursday, May 31. Main Street at Jobs Lane



DISCOVER NEW DEPTHS in BOATING and SAFETY
with a
Ray Jefferson DEPTHMETER

Enjoy all the fun and safety in boating . . . chart new depth and fish locations . . . by adding a Ray Jefferson transistorized Depthmeter to your inboard, outboard or sailboat. Two popular models . . . Direct Meter Reading, Model "400" or Flashing Light Model "500" indicate depths to 120 ft. Ray Jefferson Depthmeters are complete, ready for installation, popularly priced at $109.50 each. See them now at your dealer's.

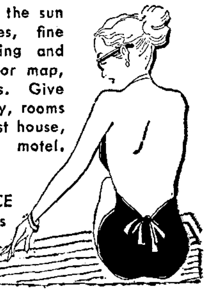
FREE A valuable reference . . "Exploring the Sea with a Depth Finder" write for free copy today to Dept. N-4

RAY JEFFERSON, INC.
MAIN AND COTTON STS., PHILA. 27, PA.
West Coast Sales & Service: San Francisco: Brooks Equip. Co., 4445 Third St.
San Diego: Custom Marine Electronics, 2525 Byron St.

Cape Cod

The smartest place 'neath the sun — for fabulous beaches, fine resorts, cosmopolitan wining and dining. Write for free color map, directory of 400 resorts. Give arrival date, length of stay, rooms needed. Specify hotel, guest house, housekeeping cottage or motel.

CAPE COD
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Hyannis 47, Massachusetts



IN GOLF...
EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

IN SCOTCH...
TEACHER'S
IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE

Paul Runyan, the 1962 holder of The Teacher Trophy for the PGA Seniors' Championship.

In Teacher's Highland Cream you have the end result of 130 years of experience in doing just one thing to perfection: creating a Scotch with unmistakable flavour and character. Making Teacher's has been a family craft since 1830 and its distinctive formula is strictly adhered to by William Teacher's three great-great grandsons.

See PGA Seniors in action in a free (loaned) 16mm sound film. Have your Entertainment Chairman name a date for showing by writing to Modern, Dept. PG, 3 East 54th St., New York 22, N. Y.

It's the flavour... unmistakable

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM SCOTCH WHISKY

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY/86 PROOF/SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Blended Scotch Whisky
WM TEACHER & SONS, LTD
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

All Cognac is brandy, but not all brandy is Cognac . . . and only *some* Cognac is V. S. O. P.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Rare, indeed, is the superb quality that distinguishes Remy Martin V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

No Cognac of lesser quality than V. S. O. P. is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

In 110 countries, all over the world, this is the Cognac of connoisseurs.

V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
Remy Martin
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

COGNAC THIS GREAT
HAS NO STARS
ON ITS LABEL

80 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

employers were still asked to honor it by sticking to a two- or two-and-a-half-per-cent scale for the time being.) The award, which is the first rise that the dockers have had for nearly two years, bought off a threatened national dock strike that would have disastrously pole-axed the economy and swiftly removed from the strikers the sizable slice of public sympathy that, up to date, their case had been getting.

The news of the resounding victory that Mr. Frank Cousins, the leader of the Transport and General Workers, had won for his dockers—without any loud public outcry from the Government, either—by shaking the big stick came the day before the House of Commons debated the subject of more money for a profession that traditionally can shake nothing more alarming than a thermometer in its own defense. The nurses have lately been pressing for a rise in their pay, which at the moment is hardly an inducement to young women to choose to work the long, gruelling hours of regimented discipline in the understaffed hospitals, for, as the principal Labour speaker in the Commons scathingly observed, it is rather less than the B.B.C. awards its office cleaners. Only two nurses were in the public gallery that afternoon, as far as one could see, sitting demurely in their bonnets and dark cloaks to hear Mr. Enoch Powell, the Minister of Health, give them the dusty answer of a promise to look again at their grievances—and meanwhile, girls, back to the wards to wait for it. In the view of large numbers of the indignant public, this all looks unpleasantly like one wage scale for the strong, who can strike, and another for dedicated public servants, who cannot or will not, and the contrast has been damaging for the Government. Deeply worried Conservatives cheer themselves with the thought that, apart from accidents, the general election is some distance away, and that many things, including the Common Market uncertainties, will have straightened out by then. Their nightmare, for which the pattern of the local-government elections certainly provided some substance, is that Hugh Gaitskell will be the next Prime Minister of a Labour Government let in at the back door by the Liberals' taking seats away from the Tories. The Labour Party, which is having its own troubles with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament supporters in its ranks, believes that even without the Liberals' oblique help it will get home next time. All that anyone can say with certainty is that any political calculation, however

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

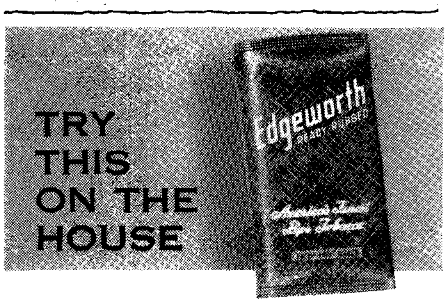
Washable SPORT SHIRTS

Crewman's shirt. interlock lisle mesh. blue ground trim on collarless crew neck, side opening and sleeves in white, same as above with white ground, navy trim, gold/black trim, olive/navy trim, light blue/white trim (as shown) 5.00
English lisle, full-fashion collar and seams. blue-white-black 12.00
The "Rugger" shirt, V-neck, three button—white with navy trim, light blue or navy with white trim (as shown) 5.50
English lisle (Allen Solly) full-fashioned striped polo shirt—black/gold stripe, white/navy stripe, navy/white stripe 14.50
Wide stripe Crewmen's type polo shirt olive. light blue or navy with white (as shown) 5.50

Sizes available: Medium, Large, Extra Large
Mail Orders Accepted No C.O.D.'s
Add 50¢ for postage and insurance

Chipp
14 East 44th Street • New York 17, N. Y.
MU 7-0850

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



Please accept a full-size sample pouch of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed from The House of Edgeworth. Only Edgeworth's fine white Burleys have the ready-rubbed secret that guarantees cool-smoking with no tongue-bite. For free pouch of this favorite of seasoned pipe smokers, send your name, address to: Edgeworth, Dept. B-11, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va. Offer Limited to U. S. A.

The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

m m m m m...
Mike MANUCHE
RESTAURANT
150 W. 52 ST.
JU. 2-5483
OPEN TWELVE TO TWELVE

careful, is apt to be knocked sidewise at the moment.

LIONEL BART's musical, "Oliver!," is still a sellout hit, though it has so far worked through five young Twists and three Artful Dodgers during its run, owing to little boys' habit of growing out of pants and roles. Bart, a thirty-year-old East End Londoner, born Begleiter, the son of an Austrian refugee tailor, is a soft-voiced young man with jet-black eyebrows and a cap of hair as dense as sealskin, who wanted to be a commercial artist, started writing songs for the comedian Tommy Steele (unable to read a note of music, he sings a tune on tape or jots it down in his own musical shorthand), and collaborated on the successful "Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' Be" before he hit the public taste so emphatically with the Dickens musical. His new, much publicized show, "Blitz!," with music, lyrics, direction, and half the book by Bart, which opened with a smart charity première (on May 8th, the anniversary of V-E Day, as a nice sentimental tieup), attended by royalty and tangling the traffic for miles around the Strand, was not so rapturously admired by most of the critics when they showed up for the regular first night. Indeed, it seemed disappointing in melody and invention—a huge, lumbering, old-fashioned patriotic affair of gallant East Enders being cocky about Hitler while the bombs fall, with a love interest of a Jewish Juliet and a Gentile Romeo, who come together in the end in spite of a private war that her mother (as Mrs. Blitzstein—of all things—a comfortably built actress called Amelia Bayntun belts out her numbers with a fine Merman rasp) and his father have long fought across their barrows in Petticoat Lane market. The sets, by the greatly talented designer Sean Kenny, are stupendous bits of stage mechanism, which end by dominating the show like restless Frankenstein monsters. Ingenious steel bridges sidle up and down bearing people singing; trains rattle through the Underground station shelter; the docks blaze and masonry crashes. Since many Londoners still stir uneasily at the sound of a siren, whose familiar wailing is the motif on which the curtain rises, one might expect the effect to be emotional. Perhaps it is now too remote from us, or not quite remote enough. Smoke billows over the stalls in the fire-raid scene but does not induce tears, either, being harmlessly compounded, as a program note soothingly states, of vaporized glycerine.

Another theatrical virtuoso, Peter

Yes, but...
MEXICO has more!

FUN and gaiety at low cost!

MORE things to see!

recreation facilities!

thrills and excitement!

Yes, MEXICO has MORE to offer for your vacation!

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT-PASEO DE LA REFORMA 35, MEXICO CITY-

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR OFFICES AT:
CHICAGO, ILL. 210 North Michigan Ave. HOUSTON, TEX.: 809 Walker Ave. LOS ANGELES, CAL.: 3106 Wilshire Blvd. MIAMI, FLA.: First Nat'l Bank Bldg. 315 S.E. 2nd St. MONTREAL, CANADA: Int'l Aviation Bldg. Annex, 1st. floor 700 Dorchester Blvd. W. NEW ORLEANS, LA.: 203 St. Charles Street. NEW YORK, N.Y.: 13 West 50th Street. SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: 209 E. Travis Street. SAN DIEGO, CAL.: 1301 Fifth Avenue. TORONTO, CANADA: 13 Bloor Street West. TUCSON, ARIZ.: 80 North Stone Avenue. WASHINGTON, D. C.: 1302 Connecticut Ave. N.W.

11-35-693

ECO

AVRON RAYON
the fresh look in fashion!

"Sinhue"...a Crown Fabric

CRAIG CASUALS has a design instinct for fashions you hate to be without. A spirited blend of Dacron® polyester fibers and Avron® rayon sets the casual mood. You'll enjoy the attributes of Avron because it brings magnificent color values to the subtle striping, adds a cool, comfortable feeling to the fabric. It's a dress you'll wear and wear, for it requires so little care. Grape/wine, blue/green. Sizes: 5-15. About $23. PECK & PECK, All Stores.

AVRON . . . a new high strength

AVISCO®
RAYON AVISCO

American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1

Ustinov, has just opened at the Saville with a highly entertaining new play, "Photo Finish," in which he has written himself a plummy part as a famous octogenarian writer, a sly, cynical old slippered pantaloon called Sam. Dozing fitfully in his study-bedroom, the old boy is mysteriously visited by his eager young poetry-writing self, aged twenty; by his harassed, unsuccessful forty-year-old self; and by his plump, prosperous, and philandering sixty-year-old self, just off to an evening with a blonde. The visitors are aghast at the sight of what they are to become, and he is equally taken aback by the sight of what he used to be before atrophy of the heart set in. Scenes are enacted that he dimly, ruefully remembers. He warns and cajoles from the sidelines, but he and his old selves are powerless to change the dialogue or the events. The play is like an extension of Max Beerbohm's "Young Self and Old Self" cartoons. Ustinov's portrait of old age, sadly waggling its bearded jaws, suddenly cackling at the pangs of wretched youth, relishing a strictly forbidden cigar, and regretting the petrifaction of the feet that used to win races for him in his young days, is full-length, however, and highly enjoyable.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

DUNEDIN—Patrolman Clinton Leslie, 26, of the Dunedin Police Department resigned yesterday.

Leslie has been in the news lately as the result of an accident, involving a city police cruiser and a car driven by Fritz A. Schulz of Crystal Beach, on Bayshore Boulevard. Also, while attempting to make an arrest three weeks ago, he was hit on the head with his own blackjack.

No charges have been filed in the accident pending review by the city police department of the findings of the Florida State Highway Patrol.

State Trooper John Russi, who investigated the accident as a courtesy to the Dunedin Police Department, said he found Leslie was at fault and reported his *findings to Police Chief Eugene Sheets.* City hall officials said no formal charges have been made as the matter is still under investigation and a review of the State Trooper's findings is being made.

Leslie was knocked unconscious when his cruiser crashed into the rear of Schulz's car. Russi reported that Leslie apparently didn't notice until the cruiser was within 50 feet of Schulz's car that Schulz had stopped behind a third car making a left turn.

City officials reported the cruiser is insured only for damage done to other cars in accidents. Damage to the cruiser was estimated at about $300. The Schulz's car damage was estimated at $75.

Patrolman Leslie gave as his reason for resigning from the police force that he intends to return to school.—*Clearwater (Fla.) Sun.*

Back to the old blackboard!

Les Enfants
...gratis!

Looking for an intriguing vacation? You'll find it here. Children under the age of fourteen who occupy a room with a parent or parents are our guests—not a sou do we charge them. This is just another of the many thoughtful courtesies you'll enjoy.

Hotel
Queen Elizabeth
In Gay Montreal

Family Plan • Free Garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y. Res. Off. • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

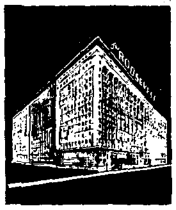
SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

TOKAJI ASZÚ
Csányka

PLAY IT COOL

at Crystal Lake Lodge high in the cool Adirondacks. 1500 breezy woodland acres, 60 acre private lake, swimming, boating, canoeing, water skiing, 9 pro clay tennis courts. All sports. New Crystal playhouse featuring summer repertory. Dancing under stars at Lakefront pavilion. Chef cuisine. Owned and operated by the Slutsky family.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
Chestertown 4, N.Y.
Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. EN 2-5633



EVERYTHING IN NEW ORLEANS IS NEAR THE ROOSEVELT . . . steps from the French Quarter . . . theatres and smart shops. Superb cuisine. Luxurious service. Home of the Blue Room. 900 rooms. 100% air-conditioned.
SEYMOUR WEISS, President and Mgn. Dir.
A. C. BELLANDE, Mgr.

The Drum Major, 2nd Battalion, Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada, at the Highland Games Parade, Antigonish, Nova Scotia

CANADA *the wonderful world at your doorstep!*

By actual count, Canadians of Scottish descent are far from a majority group in Canada. But you'll find that hard to believe. From one ocean to the other, the Canadian hills, plains and valleys echo with the skirl of the pipes.

Scottish regiments, massed pipe bands, Highland dancers, Highland games and Gaelic gatherings abound. Men, women and children (many with nary a trace of Scots blood) find their eyes misting, their pace quickening, their heads held higher when the strains of "A hundred pipers and a' and a' " greet them.

The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada this year celebrates its one hundredth anniversary. To honour this occasion, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who is Colonel-in-Chief, will present new colours to the three battalions of her regiment on June 9, in Montreal.

Nova Scotia, understandably, has a full calendar of Scottish events that attracts visitors from all over. Highlights: the Gathering of the Clans, July 1, Pugwash; the Highland Games, July 11-14, Antigonish; the Gaelic Mod, August 6-11, St. Ann's.

The booklet, "Calendar of Events in Canada," (which we'll be happy to send you), lists all the holiday celebrations and entertainments for every province, including all Scottish manifestations.

Wherever you go in Canada, you'll be within a caber's toss of reminders of "the auld country" and, even if it's not your "auld country," you'll enjoy it.

To help you plan your visit to Canada, send for the Canadian Vacation Package

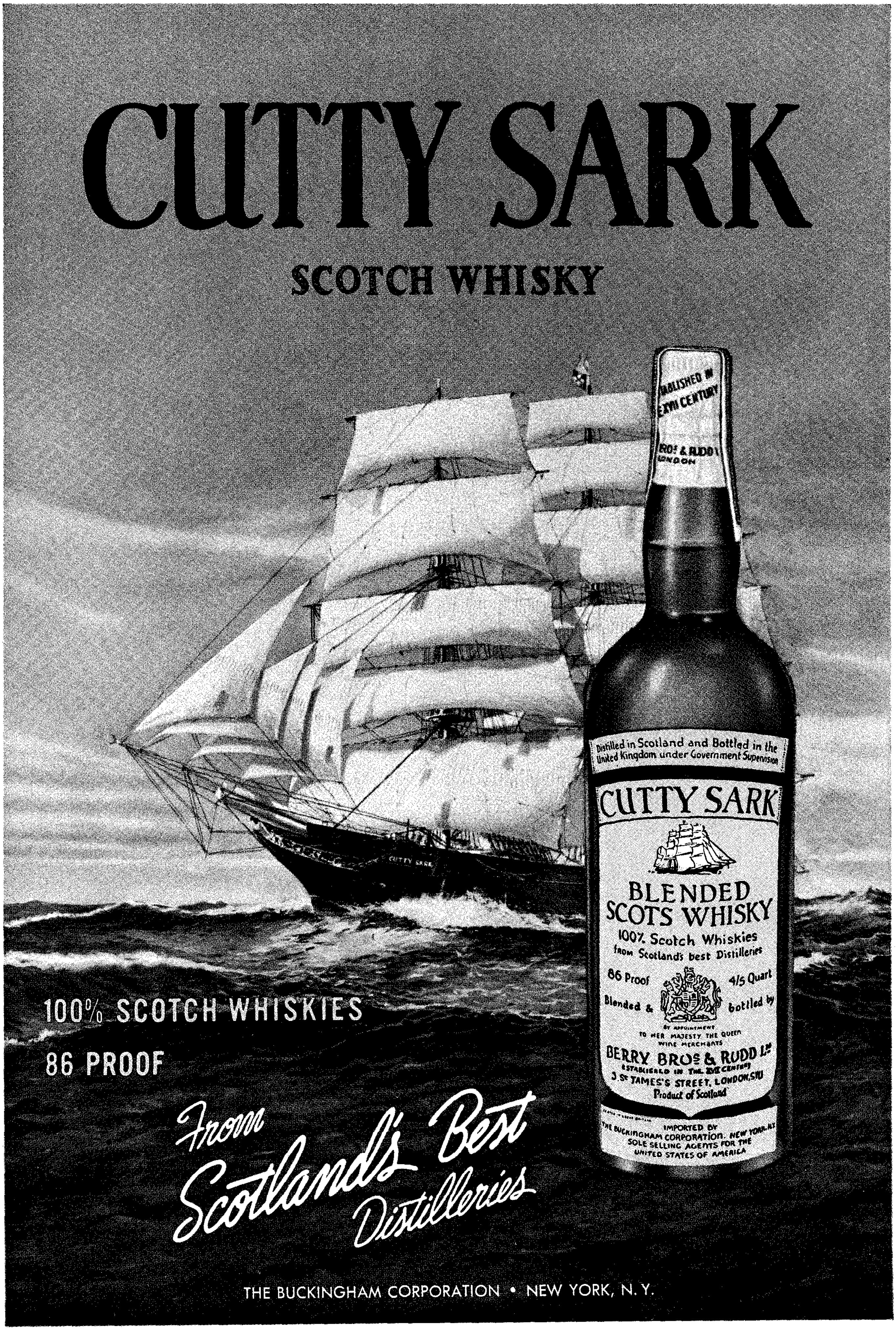
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

X-1-08-07

NAME______________________________

19

ADDRESS______________________________

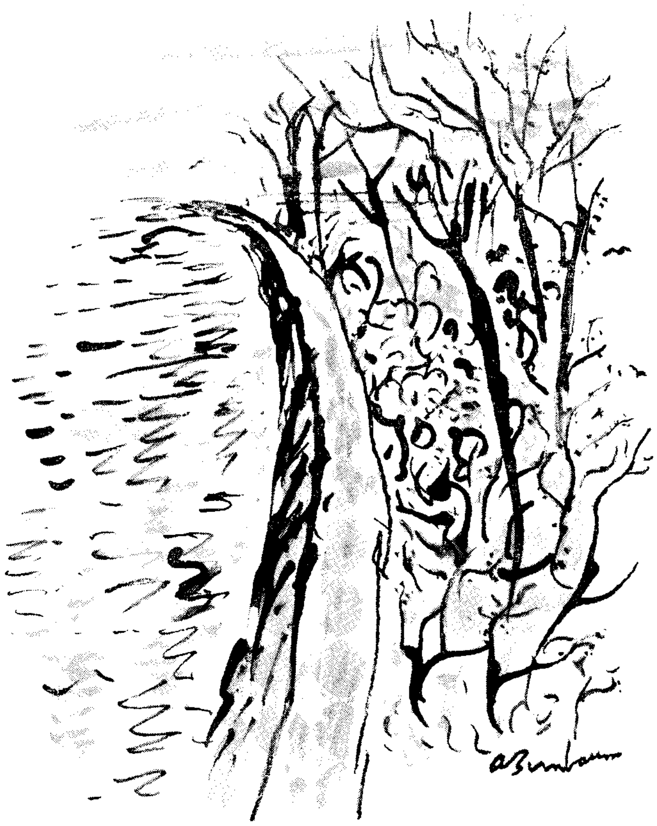

CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF
From Scotland's Best Distilleries
ABLISHED IN
XVIII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD
LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A WALK ON THE TOWPATH

> In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing.—*John Milton, in his "Tractate on Education," 1644.*



I WAS down in Washington about a month ago, and, smelling spring in the air, I gave myself the pleasure of a walk in the country to meet it. The walk I chose was along the towpath of the derelict Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. Situated on the Maryland bank of the Potomac River, the C.& O. Canal extends from the Georgetown section of Washington to a natural passage in the Appalachians at Cumberland, a distance of a hundred and eighty-four miles. The C. & O. is an old canal—one of the oldest lock and mule-drawn-boat canals in the United States. It is also almost the only one of which more than a trace survives. It was begun in 1828, it was completed in 1850, and it remained in operation until shortly after the First World War. The last boats moved through its locks in 1924. It was then stripped of its salvage and abandoned. The depression saved it from piecemeal sale and certain obliteration, and in 1938, through a freak of chance and charity, it was acquired by the federal government. The oldest section of the canal—some twenty wandering miles between the terminus at Georgetown and a point known as Violet's Lock—is now a part of the Washington park system. Its decline has been arrested, and its several locks and lock tenders' houses have all been fully restored. The rest, though reserved as a national monument, has been left to the wild and the weather, and it was there I chose to walk.

I began my walk by car. There is no other ready way to reach the canal once it emerges from the city. A friend with whom I was staying drove me out on his way to work. We passed for a time through an open countryside of rolling pastures and white paddock fences. Then the fences wheeled away and the fields roughened into brush and woods. We came to the head of a rutted lane that wound down the side of a ridge. My friend pulled over and stopped.

"Here you are," he said. "You'll hit the canal just down and around that bend."

I got out. He passed me a lunch that his wife had packed, and a leather-covered flask. I stowed them away in my jacket. "Where am I?" I said.

"Lock 22," he said. "Pennifield's Lock, they call it. Violet's Lock is the next lock up—about three miles from here. Then comes Seneca Creek and Seneca Lock and Aqueduct. That's another mile. After that, it's wilderness all the way to what used to be Edward's Ferry. You won't want to go any farther than that. Edward's Ferry is a good eight miles above Seneca. Maybe more. I'll pick you up there around five." He raised his hand. "Get going," he said, and drove off.

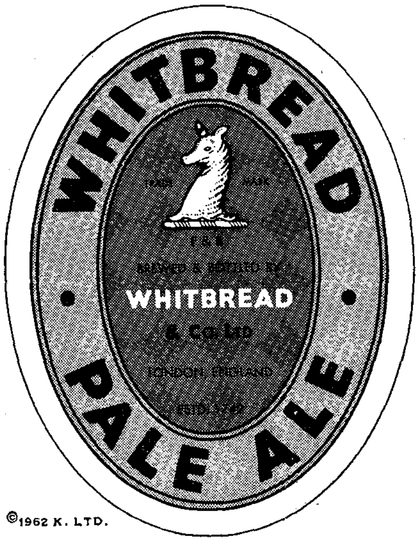
I watched him out of sight, and then headed down the lane. It had rained in the night, and the lane was awash with thin red mud, and puddles stood in the ruts and potholes. It was steep, wet, slippery walking. And cold. Under the trees the morning air had a bite. It felt more like fall than spring. But from what I could see of the sky overhead, the clouds were beginning to break and lift, and there was a hint of a watery sun. I slid down the lane to the foot of the ridge. A coterie of chickadees burst up from a thicket and scattered like a handful of gravel. The lane cut sharply to the left and emerged in a little meadow. At the edge of the meadow stretched the canal. Some fifty feet wide, the color of mud, and flanked by head-high banks, it looked like a sunken road. The towpath followed the farther bank, and beyond it, through a heavy screen of trees, I caught a distant glimpse and murmur of the river. The Canal lay as still as a pond. I found a pebble and tossed it in. It sank with a throaty plunk. I guessed the water to be five or six feet deep. About a hundred yards downstream, the canal funnelled into a kind of open culvert, which was bridged by a railed catwalk. Facing it, on the towpath side, sat a small whitewashed stone house with two stone chimneys and a pitched roof of corrugated iron. That would have been the lock tender's house. The culvert was the lock.

I walked out on the bridge and looked down at the lock. The canal flowed into the lock through a sprung wooden gate just under the bridge. It ran between two narrowly confining walls for about a hundred feet. Then, with a sudden boil and bubble, it broke against another gate, spilled through, and resumed its sluggish course. The walls of the lock were faced with big blocks of rust-red sandstone. Some of the stones were so huge they could have been hoisted into place only with a block and tackle. It was beautiful stone, and it had been beautifully finished and fitted. Time had merely softened it. Here and there along the courses I could even make out the remains of a mason's mark. One device was quite distinct—a double-headed arrow. Another appeared to be two overlapping equilateral triangles. I went on across the bridge to the house. The windows were shuttered and boarded up, and the door was locked. No matter. It was enough just to stand and look at it. It was a lovely house, as beautifully made as the lock, and as firmly designed

Pleasant week-end!

To our American friends
who discovered in London
the inimitable character
of our pleasant pale ale—
WHITBREAD
is now available in America
—at many fine hotels,
restaurants, and grocers. This
week-end treat yourself
and your friends to this
very special ale

from London



©1962 K. LTD.

Whitbread
PALE ALE
A favorite in England since 1742
IMPORTED BY KOBEER LTD., NEW YORK

for function. It gave me a pang to think that there had once been a time when even a lock tender could have so handsome a house. A phoebe called from a sweet-gum tree in the dooryard. Far away, somewhere down by the river, a mourning dove gave an answering sigh. I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes after ten. I started up the towpath.

THE sun was still no more than a promise, but the air had lost its chill. It was going to be a spring day after all. The signs of it abounded. Most of the trees that lined the path—sycamore, dogwood, sweet gum, hickory, elm—were coming into bud. Only the oaks still had the wrought-iron look of winter. Some creeping vine—Virginia creeper or honeysuckle—was even in leaf. And everywhere there were birds in sight or sound. Robins hopped and stood and listened at intervals along the way. A woodpecker drummed. A blue jay raced from tree to tree, screaming a wild alarm. There was a flash of cardinal red across the canal. I turned—but too late. It was gone. And so were the lock and the house. They had vanished around a bend. There was nothing behind me but water and woods. It gave me a curious sensation. I felt for the first time completely alone, but I didn't feel lonely. It was an exhilarating loneliness. It was solitude. I took a deep breath and lighted a cigarette. I felt at peace with the world.

But peace was mine alone. Every step I took spread panic. The sentinel jay was joined by a dozen agitated crows. A terrified rabbit sprang out from behind a fallen tree and ran for its life up the path. I had no choice but to follow it. It erupted again almost under my feet. This time, more sensibly, it took to the woods. I watched it bounding through the brush, changing its course with every bound, and finished my cigarette. I pitched the butt into the canal. There was a tiny splash near the water's edge. I stepped to the bank and looked down and around. Nothing moved but the drifting cigarette. A long minute passed. Then, a foot or two off the opposite shore, the water just perceptibly stirred. The top of a little black head appeared, and then two bright eyes—a muskrat. We exchanged an inscrutable glance. I moved up a step for a better look. The muskrat disappeared without a ripple.

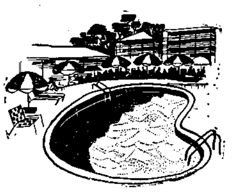
I resumed my walk. Across the canal, the ridge stiffened into a rocky cliff. Pines and cedars grew among the rocks, and the rocks were green with lichen. The canal edged away from the cliff and the river woods thinned out, and the river swept majestically into view. It was

Sundowner

NOTE THE NEW BACK COLLAR TREATMENT OF THIS UNIQUE, LIGHTWEIGHT COTTON DENIM "OFF DUTY" SHIRT. IN WEATHERED OLIVE OR STRAW. EXCLUSIVELY AT PAUL STUART. SM 14-14½; MED 15-15½; M-LG 16-16½ SHORT SLEEVES, $6.95
PLEASE ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE

at
Paul Stuart
16 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

on the Storybook Island of Martha's Vineyard
Harborside Inn
EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

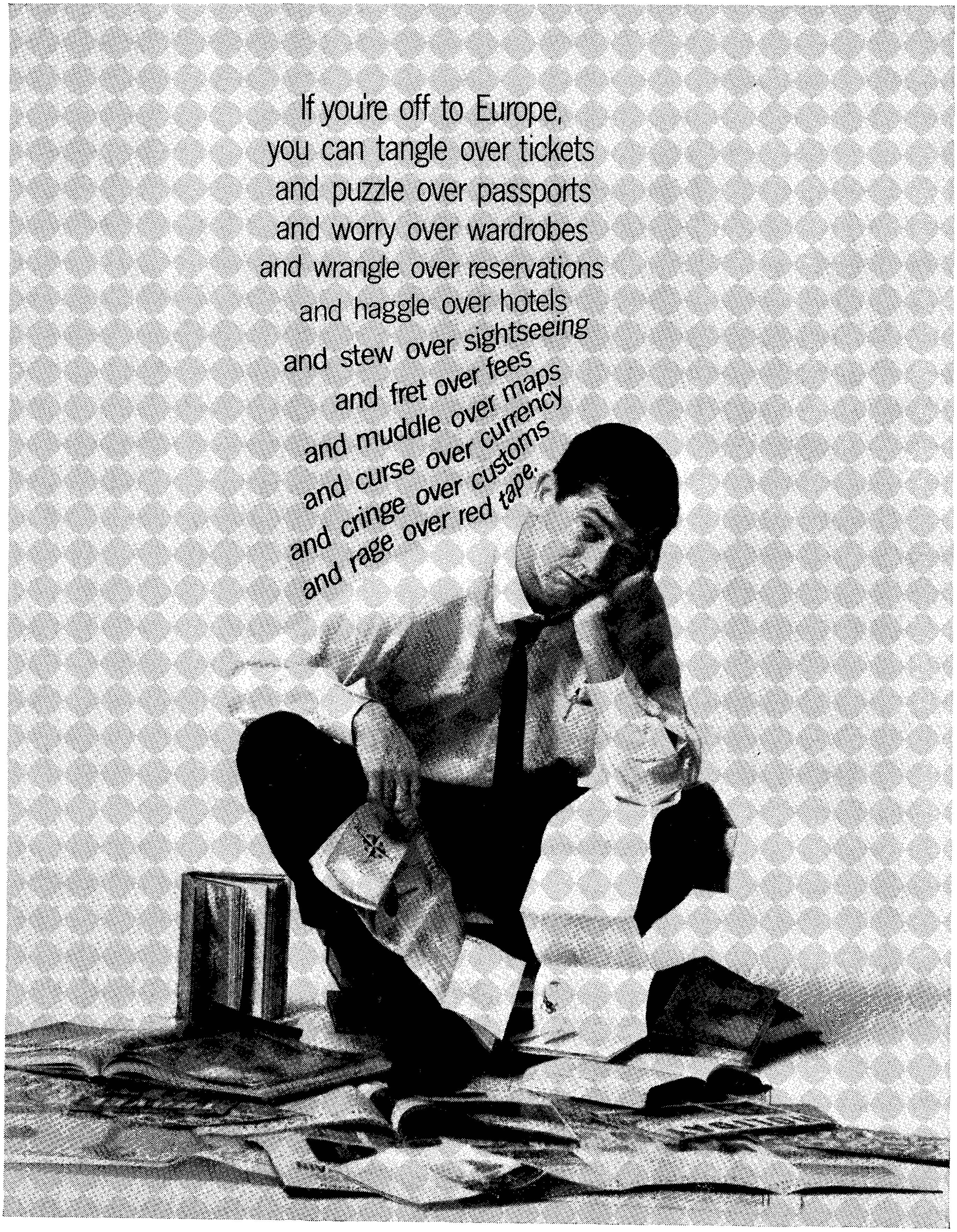


This famous inn, overlooking the harbor, combines quaint charm with modern comfort. Sailboat fleet, swimming pool, tennis, fishing, all sports nearby. Navigator Room features unusal food specialties. Dancing nightly in the Boathouse Bar. Moderate European Plan rates.

FOR COLOR BROCHURE, WRITE: BOX P
HARBORSIDE INN, EDGARTOWN, MASS.
New York Tele.: CHickering 4-0536

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?
STRAPARAMA®
Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.
All colors and sizes for men and women attached in one minute. Prices $2.50 to $10.00.
Who says a watchstrap has to be ordinary?
TIME MART
PL 3-9284
425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL


If you're off to Europe,
you can tangle over tickets
and puzzle over passports
and worry over wardrobes
and wrangle over reservations
and haggle over hotels
and stew over sightseeing
and fret over fees
and muddle over maps
and curse over currency
and cringe over customs
and rage over red tape.

Or you can simply call your travel agent—and let him take the whole job off your back!

Qantas V-Jets to London, Frankfurt, Rome. Offices in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Vancouver, Honolulu.
QANTAS V-JETS fastest jets in international service

of
connoisseurs*

If you're going after top results in stereo tape you'll want to meet the Concord 880. There isn't a unit 4-track stereo recorder that can match the 880's important professional features. 3 heads, 3 speeds, 2 separate speakers, sound-on-sound, computerized tracking, dual VU *meters and many other big advantages* in achieving professional standards in stereo recording and playback. Enjoy the luxury of listening to the Concord 880 soon. Certainly before you invest in *any* tape recorder. And write for your copy of the specification brochure "All The Facts." Priced under $400.

** naturally it's Bill Holden*

CONCORD 880

CONCORD ELECTRONICS CORPORATION

809A N. Cahuenga Boulevard, Los Angeles 38

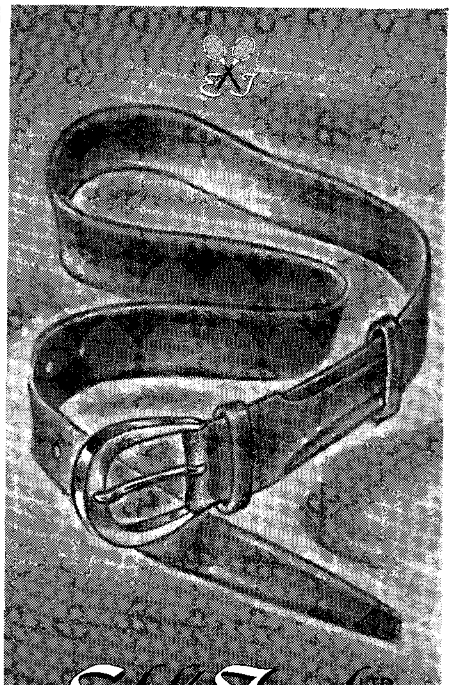
high and wide and moving fast. Across the river, beyond a scrubby island, a cloud of gulls hung over the Virginia bluffs. In the slack water at the foot of the island sat a pair of swans. A tremulous whistle recalled me to Maryland. It came from somewhere across the canal, from somewhere up on the cliff, and it sounded something like a redwing. It wasn't a redwing, though. It was a call I had never heard before. I listened, and it came again. It had almost the sound of a blue note. I waited. But the second call was the last. I gave up, and went on. Another phoebe called, and another blue jay screamed another warning. Another woodpecker drummed. The sun began to brighten. And then I heard the river. It was no longer merely a murmur. It was rising into a rumble. The rumble became a roar. That could only mean rapids ahead. A moment later, I saw them—a tumult of dirty white water thrashing down through a rubbly race between the bank and a cluster of islands. But I hardly got more than a glimpse. The path and the river were now a scant twenty feet apart, and the view was abruptly blocked by a levee of earth and rock and hedgerow scrub that rose as high as my head. I walked along the lee of the levee in the enveloping roar of the rapids for almost half a mile. Then, slowly, the roar subsided. It rumbled and grumbled and faded away to a murmur as still as silence. The levee petered out in a tumble of brush, and the river serenely returned. Trees reappeared on its broadening bank and mounted to the edge of the path. I heard a dribble of running water. The towpath took a turn. Just around the turn were a clearing, a footbridge, and a lock—Violet's Lock.

Violet's Lock was a ruin. The sound I had heard was river water flowing into the canal through a silted inlet some yards below the lock. The bridge I had seen was a towpath bridge across the inlet. There was nothing left of Violet's Lock but two walls spanned by a plank. The lock gates were gone, and the lock tender's house had vanished without a trace. I turned away, and saw two fishermen squatting on the riverbank. Both were Negroes and both were wearing shiny windbreaker jackets with Chinese dragons embroidered on the back. One jacket was purple, the other green. The man in the purple jacket gave me a friendly salute.

"What's biting?" I said.

"Man," he said, "don't ask *me* that. I'm just standing here with this line in my hand."

"Cat," the other man said. "I got



Eddie Jacobs LTD.

The BORGIA BELT . . . our imported Italian classic of pebble-grained boxcalf, hand-worked to a supple lesson in Relaxmanship.® Even sizes 28 to 44 in brown, black or olive with heavy buffed brass buckle, 6.50. Please address mail orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Redwood St. East, at Charles, Balto. 2, Md.

A DINING PLACE OF

Distinction

Serving Palate Tempting Dishes

CLAMS ASPIC
VICHYSSOISE
LUNCHEON -- DINNER

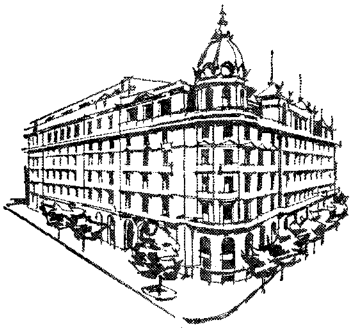
Banquet Facilities

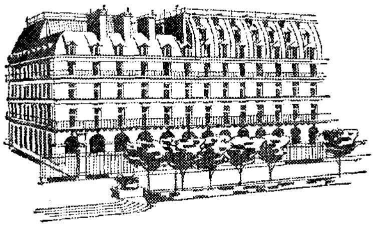
GIOVANNI
RESTAURANT
66 EAST 55th ST. — PLaza 3-1230
Closed Sunday

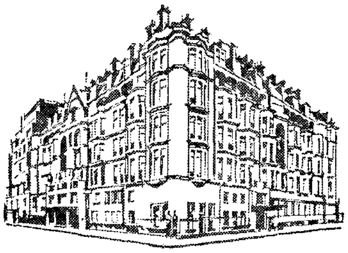
RESTORATION BY
DILDARIAN
WILL RENEW THE BEAUTY AND PROLONG THE LIFE OF YOUR TREASURED RUGS
orientals BU 8-4948 **europeans**
762 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

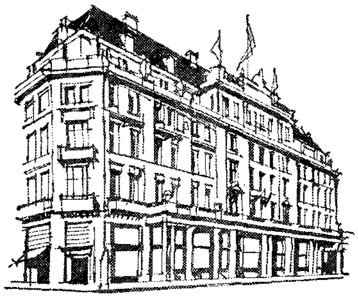
ANOTHER HAPPY SEASHORE SUMMER
NANTUCKET'S HARBOR HOUSE
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.
WRITE MR. TRAVIS HARRIS III, FOR RESERVATIONS
TELEPHONE 228-1500

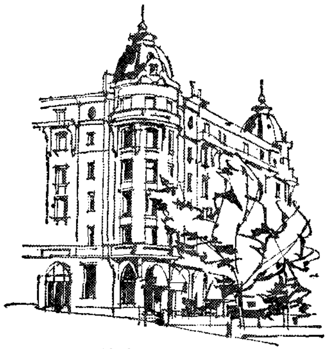
can you identify
THESE EIGHT WORLD FAMOUS HOTELS?

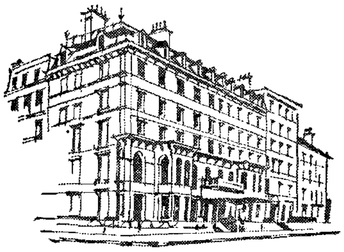

1. ROME

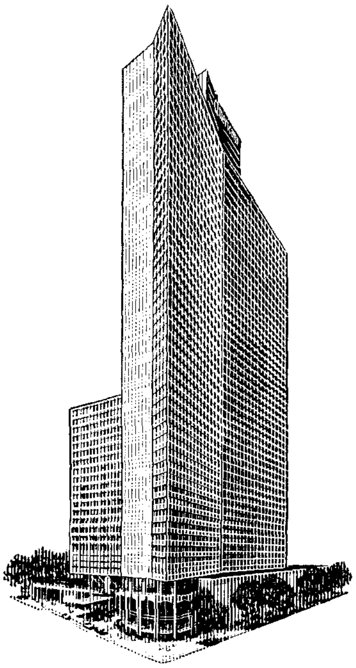

2. PARIS

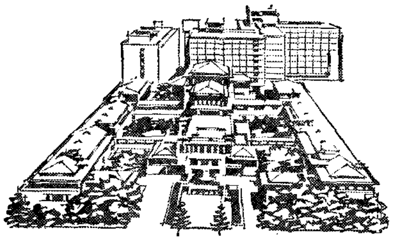

3. LONDON

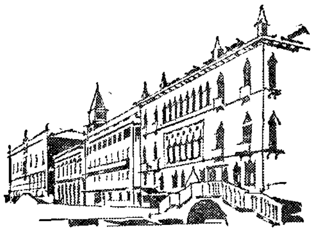

4. COPENHAGEN


5. MADRID


6. DUBLIN




7. TOKYO


8. VENICE

...and opening Thursday, September 27, 1962, in the grand tradition of these internationally renowned hotels...the AMERICANA of New York, destined to take its place as one of the most gracious and luxurious hotels in the world.

americana
OF NEW YORK

52ND TO 53RD STREETS, EAST OF SEVENTH AVENUE
Telephone: (212) LT- 1-1000

LOEW'S HOTELS, INC.
PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT
C. C. PHILIPPE, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT & MANAGING DIRECTOR

1. EXCELSIOR
2. MEURICE
3. CLARIDGE'S
4. d'ANGLETERRE
5. RITZ
6. SHELBOURNE
7. IMPERIAL
8. DANIELI ROYAL EXCELSIOR

The pure corn oil in Mazola® Margarine

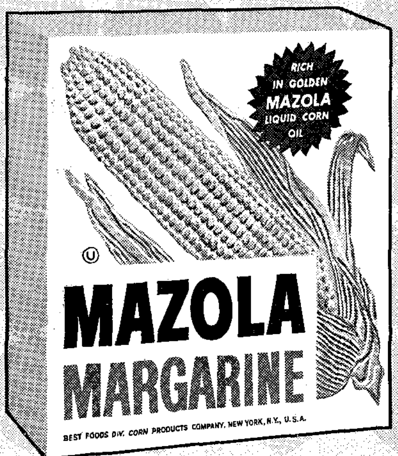
CONTAINS LESS SATURATED FAT

than the hydrogenated corn oil used in other leading margarines

Most of the corn oil in *other* margarines is hydrogenated. That's a process that increases *their* saturated fat . . . and destroys important corn oil benefits.

But pure liquid corn oil, the major ingredient in Mazola, is *never* hydrogenated. That's why it contains *less* saturated fat—gives you more *pure* corn oil nutrition.

This is another way of saying you get the *full benefit* of the polyunsaturates in the corn oil in Mazola Margarine. They're the wonderful nutritional elements you want in a corn oil margarine.


RICH IN GOLDEN MAZOLA LIQUID CORN OIL
MAZOLA MARGARINE
BEST FOODS DIV. CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.

Try light, golden delicious Mazola Margarine . . . you'll get the *full* benefit of pure liquid corn oil in Mazola Margarine.

me one just a little while back." He reached under a bush and held up an eight-inch catfish strung on a willow twig. "It don't amount to much."

"I'm just standing here," the first man said. "I'm just holding this line in my hand."

"Cat's about all you can count on now," the other man said. "Or suckers. But there's carp out there. Big carp. And bass—" He let out a sudden grunt. His line tautened and twitched. He rose to a crouch and gave his rod a jerk. He reeled in a catfish twice the size of the other. "Well, looky there," he said.

"I'm looking, man," the first man said. "That's all I've got to do is just stand here and look."

The other man unhooked the fish, thrust a twig through its gills, and tossed it under the bush. "Cat are funny," he said. "I got that first one on chicken liver. That's what they really like. Some people say that's *all* they like. But this one took a worm. Now I wonder should I try a worm again."

"I'll tell you what I wonder," the first man said. "I wonder how long I'm going to stand here with this line in my hand. I wonder when my turn is going to come."

"No," the other man said. "It's liver they really like. I reckon I'll go back to liver."

I wished them both luck, and moved on.

ABOVE Violet's Lock, the canal was a different canal. It had shrunk to a chain of ponds and puddles, and brush and even sapling trees were growing in its bed. Everything was different. The river broadened until the farther shore was only a haze of horizon. Across the canal, the rocky heights turned into hills and drew half a mile or more away. A stretch of boggy woods appeared, and then patches of marsh alive with carolling peepers. Dandelions bloomed along the path. I passed a clump of what looked like chives. A little farther on was another. Then, suddenly, the clumps were everywhere, swarming up and over the path like day lilies escaped from an abandoned garden. I tore up a clump and sniffed the satin leaves and felt the bulbous root. The leaves had an oniony smell, but the bulb was a cluster of segments. I broke it open, and realized what I had found. The path between Violet's Lock and Seneca Creek was a herbalist's paradise of wild garlic. I pulled up a dozen clumps and put the bulbs in my pocket as a present for my friend and his wife.

It was nearly noon when I reached Seneca Creek. I had thought of Seneca

WELCOME TO

the Drake

"on Manhattan's exclusive East Side"

PARK AVENUE AT 56TH ST., N. Y.
PLAZA 5-0600
CABLE COLLECT: THE DRAKE, NEW YORK

HERE, AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS HOTEL, YOU WILL FIND LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT OCCUPANCY.. UNIQUE LOCATION.. TWO FINE RESTAURANTS, THE FAMOUS DRAKE ROOM AND THE FASCINATING MON PLAISIR.. UNEXCELLED CUISINE AND FLAWLESS SERVICE PERFORMED BY A WELL TRAINED AND FRIENDLY STAFF.. UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF

MAX BLOUET

formerly Directeur of the George V, Paris

Best Vacation Buy of the Year!

6 days, 5 nights, just $75 per person, double, with all breakfasts, dinners.

See your travel agent. Or write Dept. A7, P. O. Box 59-2375, Int'l Airport, Miami, Fla. In N.Y.C. call PL 5-2087.

GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB RESORT WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

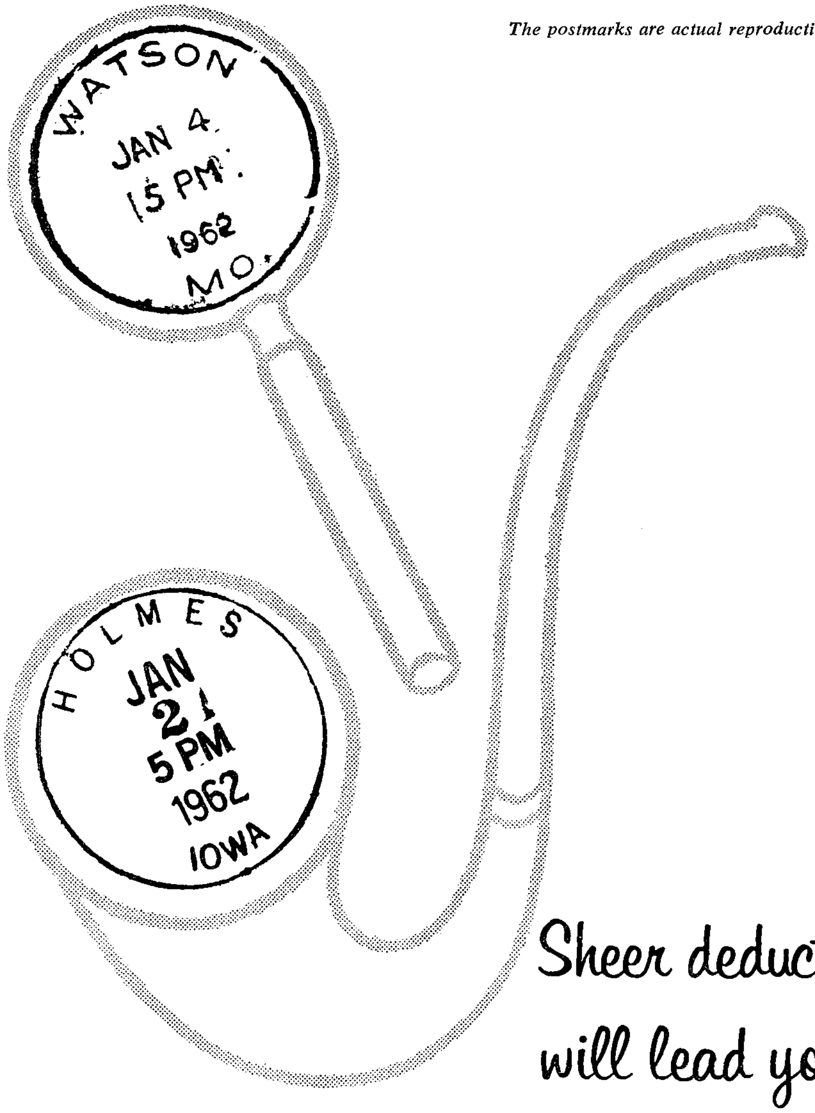
in houston
morin montagu scott's
Tidelands
MASTER HOSTS
george jessel jack teagarden davis & reese
diana trask helen traubel dick haymes
earl grant joannie sommers fran jeffries

CRAFTS
Classes: ceramics, fabrics, glass, metal
INSTRUCTORS' EXHIBITION
May 20—June 16, weekdays 2-5
Write: BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER, Inc.
Brookfield, Conn. for Brochure

as a possible place to sit down and eat my lunch. One look was enough to change my mind. There was another handsome lock tender's house there. There was a lock and an aqueduct that carried the canal across the creek on three handsome stone arches. There was also a splendid view of the river. That, however, was only part of Seneca. The creek was lined with summer cottages and upended rowboats and real-estate signs and old beer cans and bottles. Off to one side were a big parking lot and a gimcrack summer hotel. The resort was deserted now, but it was easy to imagine it in another month or two. I walked past the lock and paused at the aqueduct. Except for the underpinning of arches, it looked much like a lock—a dry and gateless lock. An arrow mason's mark of the sort I had seen at Pennifield's was visible on one of its inner walls, and there were several deep grooves on the sandstone lip of the wall adjoining the path. They had, I supposed, been worn there over the years by the rub of countless towropes.

The peeper marshes and the river woods closed in again. I was back in the cloistered peace of the morning. Beyond the marshes and a screen of trees I caught a glimpse of a low red sandstone bluff. That was probably the source of the stone that built the locks. A downy woodpecker dipped across the canal and into the woods. The woodpecker drumming I had been hearing was probably a downy woodpecker. I all but stepped on a little wood turtle. It crouched under its heraldic carapace with antediluvian patience. I bent down to examine its markings, and there, an inch from its vanished nose, lay a tarnished dime. I pocketed the dime. I picked up the turtle and carried it, with thanks, to its destination on the other side of the path, and continued on my way. The sun burned through the last of the clouds. A glaze of dusty blue spread over the sky, and the muddy canal faded from brown to a mustard

The postmarks are actual reproductions



Sheer deduction will lead you to Grit

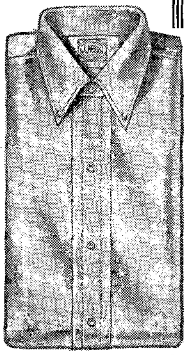
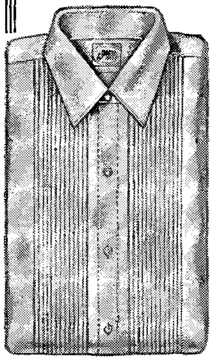
Were Sherlock Holmes alive today (as some, indeed, believe he is), and were Dr. Watson to ask him how to achieve balanced national advertising coverage, the Master Detective would surely reply, "Elementary, my dear Watson: the mass media, plus Grit."

Because, as Watson was to Holmes, so Grit is to 16,000 small towns. Chronicler. Companion. Trusted friend. Its enlightening and uplifting contents have won the heart of Small-Town America; it concentrates the bulk of its circulation in towns of 2500 or less. Ergo, Grit *fills in* where the coverage of other publications thins out.

Good advertising and intelligent media selection go together like Holmes and Watson. Like Perry Mason and Paul Drake. Like you and Grit!

GRIT
AMERICA'S GREATEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport, Pa.
Represented by Newspaper Marketing Associates



J. PRESS INC.
TUSSAH SILK SHIRTS

TUSSAH DUAL
Imported White Lightweight Tussah Silk. With wide box center, button down collar and cuffs. An elegant dual purpose shirt for both dinner and day wear.
$15

TUSSAH PLEAT
Imported White Lightweight Tussah Silk. With wide box center, double cuffs and 24 close set knife pleats running full length of shirt front, on sheer cotton body. The last word in Dinner Shirt perfection. $16.50

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York Street, New Haven, Conn. State collar and sleeve size. Add 75c for mailing.
New Brochure of other models on request.

Since 1902
NEW HAVEN ✻ CAMBRIDGE ✻ NEW YORK ✻
J. PRESS INC.
262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

BUOYANT 7®
LIKE FLOATING ON A CLOUD
75% ORLON ACRYLIC 25% NYLON EXTRA-LONG ANKLETS by Camp
$1.50
Luxuriously soft, lofty and resilient. Extra long — a full inch longer than regular anklets. Fabulized-finish for maximum absorbency. Machine-washable, dries quickly. Won't shrink out of fit. One size fits sizes 10 to 13. In 16 fashion colors.
Featured at SAKOWITZ
HOUSTON, TEXAS

yellow. It was almost hot. I began to look for a place to take my nooning.

IT required nearly a mile of looking. The edge of the canal was too prickly with brush, and from what I could see of the woods their floor was a jungle of vine-choked seedlings. I finally found what I wanted in a clearing hacked out by a toppled sycamore. It led to the riverbank and an enormous mossy boulder. Near the boulder was a greening willow tree with a cascade of branches trailing out into the water. I sat down in the dappled shade of the willow and leaned back against the boulder. I was tired. For a moment, I simply sat there. I hadn't known how tired I was. But I was also limp with hunger. I got out the lunch that my friend's wife had prepared, and opened the pocket flask. I sniffed and felt better and took a swallow. It was wine—*rosé*. I unpacked my lunch. She had given me a roast-beef sandwich, a Swiss-cheese sandwich, a fried chicken leg, and a hard-boiled egg. The egg was still in its shell, and on the shell she had drawn a grinning pumpkin face. It seemed a shame to immediately shatter so nice a surprise. I put the egg aside and ate the sandwiches and the chicken leg, and washed them down with the wine. But I was still hungry. I cracked the egg and ate it with a pinch of salt and pepper that I found in a twist of foil. I lighted a cigarette and finished off the wine, and watched the river roll by.

My eye was caught by a duck in the water. It sat drifting along in the current just offshore, and I recognized it as a diving duck—a tiny bufflehead. The bufflehead is one of the smallest and loveliest of ducks, but it wasn't its beauty that caught and held my eye. It was its posture. Its body was headed upstream; it was coming down tailfirst. I watched it with astonishment, and then with a kind of alarm. It was floating straight for the trap of trailing willow branches. Another few feet, a few more seconds, and it would be in among them. I waited for it to dive or change its course. But it seemed entirely oblivious. It sailed brainlessly into the trap. A branch touched its back. It swung around, gave a petulant squeak, and dived. A moment passed. I scanned the water above, beyond, and below the willow. There was a squeak from under the tree. The duck was back exactly where it had been before. It submerged again. This time, it came up in open water, but its situation was not much improved. It was upstream of the tree once more, and only just clear of the branches. The touch of a branch sent

ECUELLING
Centuries-old Technique Creates
ROYALL LYME
TOILET LOTION SUPREME
$3.50 plus tax
Sweet oils hand-pressed from plump fresh West Indian limes are blended with rare essences to a secret formula. The fragrance is delicate, the tang is invigorating! Be tempted by this highly-prized toilet lotion . . . freshener for women, after shave for men. *Bottled* and hand-wrapped in the Islands, sold by Brooks Brothers and exclusive shops in the U.S.A., London and Stockholm.
ROYALL LYME LTD.
232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16
• Send 50¢ for ROYALL LYME Toilet Lotion Travel Miniature.

MEIER'S
Catawba Grape Juice
NON-ALCOHOLIC
. . . SPARKLES LIKE
Champagne!
Ideal for guests who prefer non-alcoholic beverages . . . perfect for teen-age parties. The original Catawba Grape Juice made from America's rarest champagne grapes! A bubbling, tingling, festive drink the whole family can enjoy.
THE JOHN C. MEIER Grape Juice COMPANY
Silverton, Ohio

"The second most charming restaurant in the whole world"
Nat Simon's PENGUIN
21 West 9 St. • GR 7-6753

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

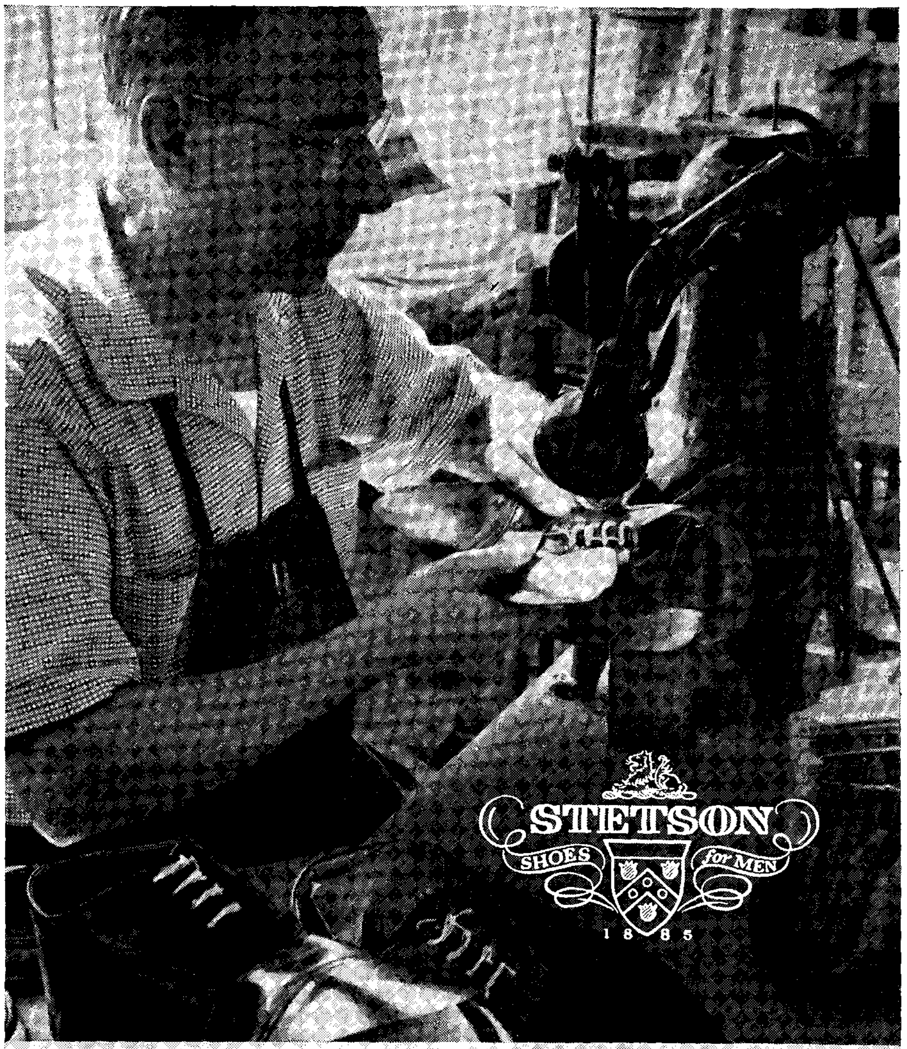
it into another dive. It was down for what seemed like a minute. And this time it surfaced in safety—well beyond the willow and several feet below it. It turned slowly around a time or two. Then, fixing its gaze on some distant point upriver, it let the current take it. It sailed away, and out of sight, tailfirst.

I STOOD up and stretched. It was time to go. My watch said twenty minutes to two, and I still had a walk of six or seven miles ahead of me. I dug a hole and buried my litter and walked back through the clearing to the towpath. The peepers were still peeping in the marsh. A big fox sparrow ducked out of sight in a thicket. The character of the woods began to change. They had an older, darker, more primitive look, and most of the trees were festooned with monstrous grapevines. They looped and drooped and hung over the path like inextricably tangled ropes. Many of the vines were as thick as my wrist. Some were the size of my ankle. I caught hold of one that dangled from a branch near the edge of the canal and was tempted beyond my age. I gave it a tug. It would easily bear my weight. I got a good grip and moved back a few steps. There was nobody looking. I took a run and a jump, and swung into the air—over the path, over the bank, out over a patch of canal. And back. I let go, stumbled, and landed hard on my rump. I climbed to my feet. I seemed to be all right. No broken bones. No bruises. No harm done. I brushed myself off and moved briskly on up the path. I wasn't even out of breath. I was only out of countenance.

A tremulous whistle sounded overhead. It was the blue-note bird again. I stopped dead in my tracks and peered cautiously up through the trees. Another whistle. Something moved, or seemed to move, high up in a twisted hickory, but I was looking into the sun, and it could have been anything—a branch, a vine, a shifting shadow. I waited in a vacuum of silence. Another movement, another call, and I might be able to place it. The silence broke in a thump of approaching hoofs. Well, that took care of that. I shrugged, and moved on. Two girls on horseback came trotting into view down the path. They were riding abreast, but at the sight of me they reined up, and one dropped back. The lead rider was an easy, smiling, golden girl in jodhpurs and a lavender turtleneck sweater. She smiled and waved. I backed off the path.

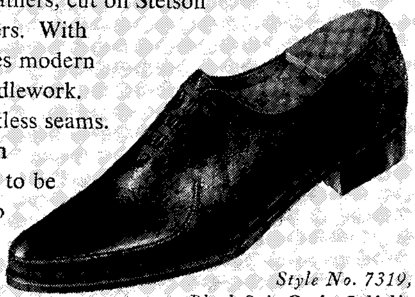
"Hi there," she said, and stepped her horse neatly past me.

Her companion wore blue jeans and sneakers. She was dark and grim and



HE'S A STICKLER FOR STITCHES

This precise craftsman joins fine leathers, cut on Stetson patterns, into smoothly fashioned uppers. With understanding skill and artistry he uses modern machinery and select materials for his needlework. Fine nylon for strong, even stitches, faultless seams. Luxurious kid-leather binding to groom edges smartly. And time. Important time to be patient with complex stitchery . . . to create the individual touches that distinguish all Stetson Shoes. $26.95 to $65.00 at better stores.



Style No. 7319, Black Soft Grain Calfskin
No. 3319, Brown Soft Grain Calfskin

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASSACHUSETTS

Exhilarating living . . . hospitality at this informal, luxurious resort, where the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers meet.

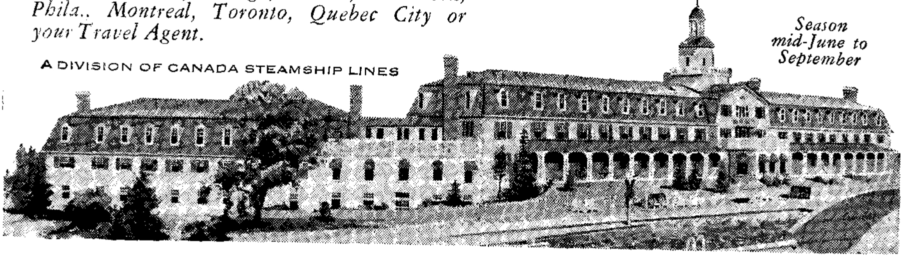
Heated swimming pool, golf, tennis, dancing. 20 well-stocked fishing lakes. Pollen-free air. From $14.50 a day per person, American Plan. Reached by steamer or highway from Montreal.

Apply F. L. Abel, Mgr., Dept. A, Box 100, Montreal, Que., or Canada Steamship Lines, offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Phila., Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City or your Travel Agent.

HOTEL TADOUSSAC
and FISHING LAKES
TADOUSSAC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

Season mid-June to September

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES



hanging on for dear life. She gave me a hurried glance.

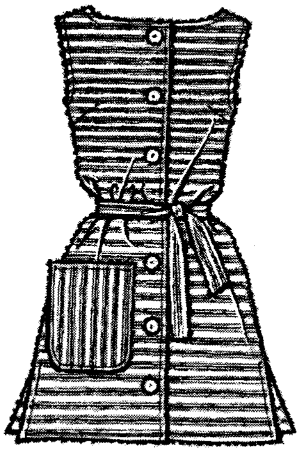
"Don't kick now," she said to her horse. "Please don't kick."

I shrank farther into the brush that lined the bank. The golden girl waited for her companion to lurch abreast, then touched her horse back to a trot. They jogged out of sight toward Seneca, and I continued on my way. The marks of their passage were all over the path. At one point, the track was scarred in a wild and ragged circle, and there were several hoofprints precariously close to the brink of the canal. It could have been an awkward drop. The canal was no longer a trickle of ponds and puddles. It was wider and deeper and looked almost like a canal again. Before long, I thought I saw why. The marsh rose into a scrubby field, and at the foot of the field it drained into a little brook. But I was mistaken. I should have known that the canal had been better engineered than that. The brook didn't flow into the canal. It flowed under it and on to the river through a culvert. There must be another inlet at Edward's Ferry or beyond. I heard a crash of wings and a bedlam of squeaks and squawks, and a dozen wood duck exploded from the water. They beat up the canal, just skimming the surface, and wheeled sharply into the woods. Across the canal, the scrub thickened and then was choked abruptly off at a barbed-wire fence. Beyond the fence was a pasture that stretched ahead as far as I could see. A green-and-white striped horse van stood tilted under a big elm near the canal, and in the distance, on the slope of the ridge, stood a broad white house with a façade of six white columns. It looked as if I had emerged from the wild.

I had. After about a mile, the pasture rolled away behind a sycamore grove, and the canal swung back toward the river. Through the trees up ahead I could see the rusty roof and double chimneys of a lock tender's house. Then the river woods opened into a clearing, and a shantytown of shacks and sheds and broken-down trailers mounted on cement blocks appeared. One of the trailers had a wooden sign nailed over the door: "Camp Fun." A man in a blue yachting cap and a sweatshirt was sitting on the doorstep. He stood up when he saw me, and stared. He shambled across the yard, still staring. At the same moment, a little brown dog with a terrier face and the tail of a collie came yapping around the trailer. The man turned.

"Shut up," he said, and gave the dog a kick in the ribs.

The dog sat down. It opened its



tic-nik
Very beachy, but certainly not limited to dune doings, our cover upper stirs interest sashed or left gently flared. In pure cotton mattress ticking. With pocket for all the little necessaries. Black and White ticking. Also in White duck or Blue denim chambray. Small, Medium, Large. $9.95
ORDER BY MAIL
Add 50c for postage
Catalog on request
Ladybug®
Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St. Philadelphia 3, Pa.

NEW AND UNUSUAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS
A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cézanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Durer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September 1st.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N1
Name
Address

FOLONARI PREMIUM ITALIAN WINES
SOAVE • White
FOLONARI PREMIUM ITALIAN WINES
VALPOLICELLA • Red
FOLONARI PREMIUM ITALIAN WINES
BARDOLINO • Light Red
FOLONARI PREMIUM ITALIAN WINES
CHIARETTO • Rose
Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

Regency Room
. . . for gracious dining
An atmosphere of quiet charm and elegance, impeccable service, French, Continental, American gourmet cuisine. Vintage wines. A la carte. Luncheon entrees from $2.50. Dinner entrees from $3.00.
HOTEL CARLYLE
RHinelander 4-1600
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

86th ST. Brauhaus
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd -3rd) LE 4-9840

mouth and yawned. The man came up to the edge of the path.

"Nice day," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Very nice."

"You live around here?" he said.

"No," I said. "I'm just taking a walk along the canal."

"Is that right?" He leaned against a tree. "I live up at Poolesville. But I got me this camp down here at the Ferry."

I looked at my watch. It was almost five o'clock. "Well," I said, and turned to go.

A blue-note whistle came from across the canal. I turned back.

"Did you hear that?" I said. "That whistle?"

"Sure," he said. "What about it?"

"What is it?" I said.

"That?" he said. He looked at me, and shrugged. "Some bird, I reckon."

—Berton Roueché

•

JUST A JAPANESE SANDMAN

[Letter received from Japan by Norman Dine, "America's Public Sandman for 25 Years"]

Gentlemen:

How have you been since then? It is a matter for hearty congratulation that your company are developing. We read that your country Sleeping Shop, Norman Dine Sleeping Center, was favorably noticed by press, on Asahi Newspaper—famous press in Japan—dated 5th, November. The present in Tokyo, Osaka and other cities in Japan, it call forth echo.

Well, we are, Jiyukokumin Publising Company, going to introduce that to all over our country as a magazine article in our monthly.

But we can't get materials and report of Sleeping Shop, because we have not Sleeping Shop in our country.

So, will you please send us the catalogue and the photo picture that is able to sleep of your company.

We promise you that the magazine article of Sleeping Shop in our monthly will create more sensation in Japan, and we think that its article is useful for company of household furnishings and general use.

So, that, we leave that entirely to you.

Yours respectfully,

Daiichiseimei-Bunkan Bldg. 3rd Floor,
2-8, Kyobashi, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Jiyukokumin Publishing Co., Ltd.

•

In transforming the play to film, Mr. Brisson changed the nationality of the characters from British to American. And the locale from Suffolk in England to Carmel in California.

This was done, he explained, to give the production universality.—*The Journal-American.*

Oh.

THE INDIGENOUSLY AMERICAN LOOK®

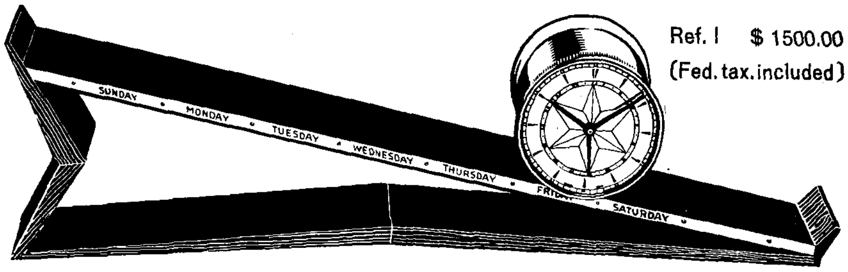
The Country Shirt

Does it appear boastful to extol the superior cut and craftsmanship of The Country Shirt? The ladies who do so must be forgiven their pride in these flawless classic beauties. Each seam is a fastidious accomplishment; sleeves always tailored in single needle manner.

Exclusive batik cotton, button-down collar, about $8.

THE COUNTRY SHIRT, an incorporated American firm at 1407 Broadway, New York

THE ROLLING CLOCK — AN EXCLUSIVE GUBELIN CREATION



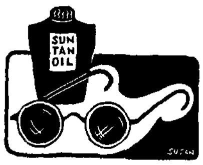
Ref. I $ 1500.00
(Fed. tax. included)

For people with imagination and a taste for art and beauty. The clock rolls to each day, gives date and week. Beautiful case in gilded brass, base of Zebranowood. The perfect clock to adorn beautiful offices and fine homes.

GÜBELIN of Switzerland
New York, 3 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue

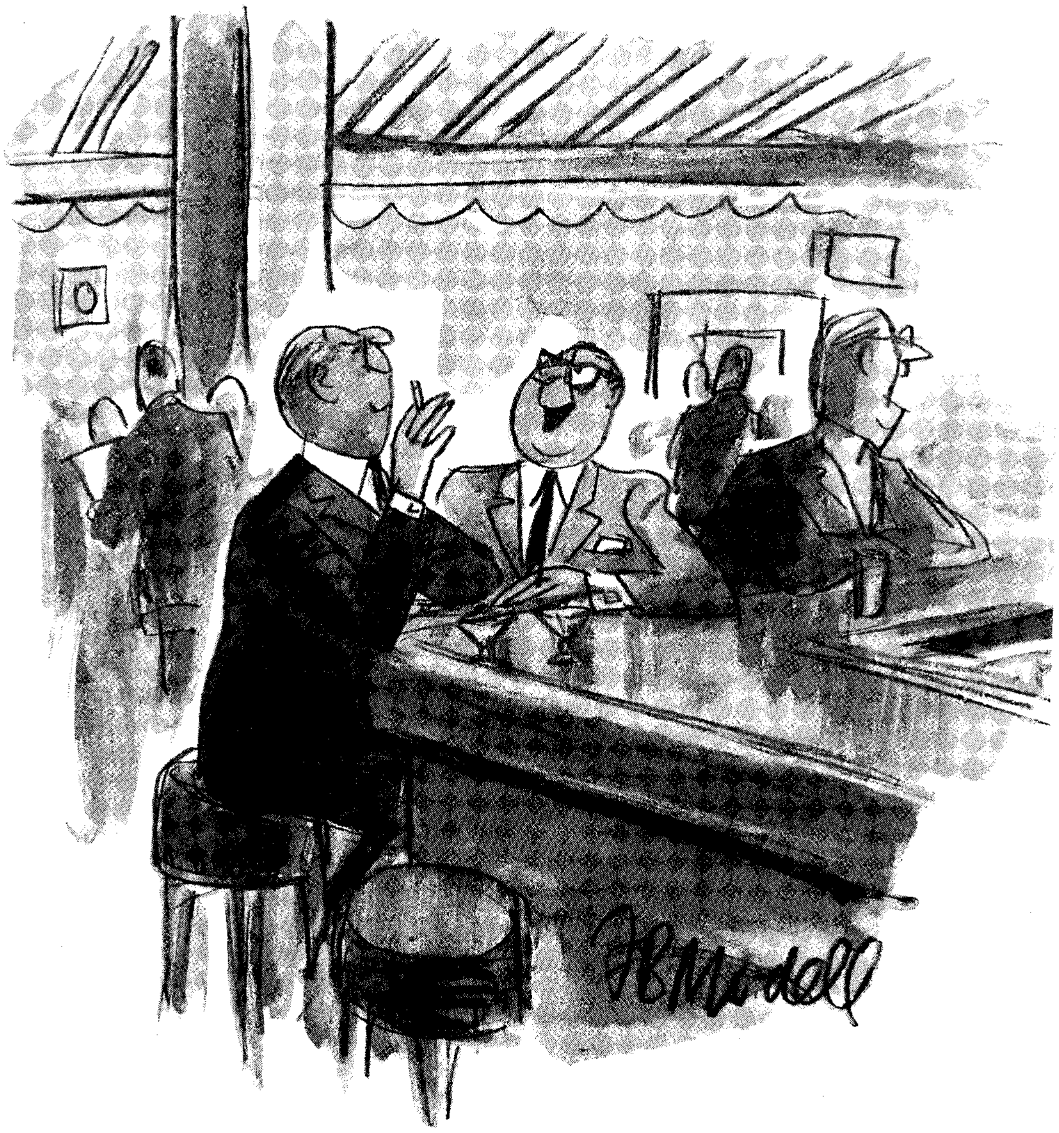
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



THE calendar, which hasn't always had the coöperation it deserved from the Weather Bureau, tells us that vacation time is on the docket, and already the town is full of arrivals from foreign parts—from France, from Italy, from Monaco, from Bermuda, from England, even from Poland. Nearly all of the newcomers are plainly summertime stuff. A bunch of the French immigrants are up in Lord & Taylor's sports department, on the fifth floor. Let us observe first the painted cotton shifts. Vertical rows of abstract flowers and leaves trail down the center front and back; swirls and blossoms fill in the rest. The color scheme is a mixture of dusty pink, gold, brown, green, and turquoise blue. Hand-printed Provençal cotton makes other French clothes—dresses with basque bodices and gathered skirts in alternating stripes of gold and madder red, with tiny matching flowers outlined in black on the skirts; half aprons in black, dotted with madder-red and gold medallions, to cover these dresses up; dresses with camisole tops and bouffant skirts, in bright blue speckled with black and green devices, and fichu stoles (bright-blue, green, and black Paisley on white; none on rye) with slender ends to wrap around the waist; straight, quilted sleeveless coats in a Paisley pattern of black, gold, madder red, turquoise blue, and white. Lydia di Roma (and what country do you think *she* represents?) contributes afternoon-on-to-dinner country dresses of hand-woven Siamese silk. Their slender bodices (gold) are attached to the skirts (beige). Wreaths of yellow and pale-green cabbage roses, orange blossoms, and green leaves embroidered in Italy prance across the front and up to one hip. Vast embroidery triangles and diamonds (grass green, Shocking pink, orange, and gold) go around the middle of Lydia's collarless shifts, which are built of rough greige linen. Women who have small waists can prove they have them by nipping in the linen sashes that are provided. Bias tent dresses put forth by the Signora are of cotton with gray, white, and shadowy black checks. Whimsey raises its little Italian head by imposing on the skirt of each tent a large and appliquéd gentleman holding a polka-dotted balloon and wearing a yellow cap, high black boots, white trousers, and an orange-and-white checked jacket whose pocket can also be used by the owner of the dress, if she carries around nothing bigger than a postage stamp. The price of the whole operation is $50. Emilio Pucci's classic long-sleeved silk-jersey shifts currently appear in a Jacquard weave. Bright blue sprinkled with red-and-white necktie designs is one of the color arrays. Bettina of Monaco has sent us sinuous V-necked shifts of the very thinnest silk knit ribbing, for anywhere, any time; they're in pale chamois or blue, and the cost is $135.

ALICE SCHWEITZER, at 739 Madison Avenue (64th), is relying entirely on France and Italy for her supply of ready-to-wear clothes, sizes 10 to 14. For slim young things, the kind we turn out in such quantity over here, there are two-piece play suits of a cotton print devoted to Italian seascapery and sunset colors. The overblouses have small, neat pleats at the décolletage, the double straps tie in bows on the shoulders, and the bloomers end in ruffles at the elasticized knees; $40. Denim shirts in broad charcoal and white stripes and denim culottes in charcoal serve as golfing twosomes; a foursome of pockets takes care of cigarettes, tees, sunglasses, score cards, and lie detector. The deal is



"Even if I lost your account, Phil, I'd still regard you as a damn fine human being."

you'd know her anywhere... her name's AMES- STACY AMES

She's the lady with the look...the avant American look. With a figure that's much too good to hide! She marches about town in a double file of buttons on a decidedly feminine shape of lustrous silk and cotton (92% cotton, 8% silk). Sizes 10 to 18 in jet, chocolate, honey, apple green and cherry. About $18*. At stores listed or write to Stacy Ames, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 18, New York

Bloomingdale's, New York; *Bonwit Teller & Co.*, Philadelphia; *Marshall Field & Co.*, Chicago; *B. Forman Co.*, Rochester; *Hutzler Bros.*, Baltimore; *Joseph Magnin Co.*, San Francisco; *Jordan Marsh Co.*, Boston and Miami; *Woodward & Lothrop*, Washington, D.C.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

IN THE EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

MIDINETTE
Calf $20.95

Superb hand-sewn, soft soled casuals—of barefoot comfort. Full color brochure on request. Available only in our salons.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

IN THE WEST: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco • Beverly Hills, Calif.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

We warn you . . . you'll find Longchamps habit-forming. So many of our guests say "Longchamps" automatically when they want to dine well and enjoy a King Size drink. Seems nice people and nice atmosphere just naturally go together!

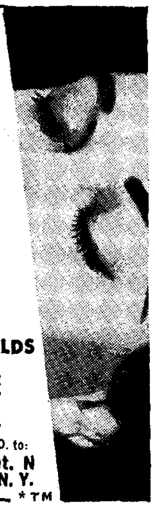
AT ANY
LONGCHAMPS
RESTAURANTS

Now Enjoy Restful SLEEP

SHUT OUT DISTURBING NOISES!
FLENTS* *Anti-Noise*
EAR STOPPLES
Easy to use, comfortable. Recommended by doctors. Used by thousands for 35 years!
Trial box of 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.

SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!
FLENTS* LIGHT SHIELDS
Sleep soundly. Nap anytime, anywhere. Soft satin padding for snug fit and comfort.
Black sateen, $1.50 ppd.

At Drug or Dept. stores—or send check or M.O. to:
FLENTS PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Dept. N
103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
*TM



$55. White batiste with a border of embroidered navy scallops and infinitesimal eyelet flowers goes into the making of tailored—yes, tailored—overblouses with buttoned-down collars and long tab closings; the skirts that belong to them are slim. Sturdier, three-piece ensembles, of white piqué, pair straight skirts with waist-length overblouses that are buttoned by gold-metal discs and with bellboy jackets edged by braid in Shocking pink, orange, and sage green; $125. Pink and red geranium petals and leaves are the bric-a-brac on some patio dresses of white ribbed cotton that are slashed to the waist at one side to provide a glimpse of the green cotton underdress. For after five there are décolleté princesse coat dresses of red hopsacking with bunches of black cherries low at one side. And for even later there are Empire cocktail-dinner sheaths in sea-green and sea-blue silk. Mauve water lilies are the flora in this instance.

SIG BUCHMAYR, at 18 East 53rd Street, has cast away his skis and Scandinavian sweaters for the summer and has taken on separates from Calypso of Bermuda. Black-and-white zebras are printed on the sky-blue cotton of some pullovers; white and curly-tailed lions are printed on the yellow cotton of other pullovers. A garden-club show of purple vases filled with red tulips and brown-and-gold dahlias is exhibited on a pair of cotton shorts. Shifts with notched bateau necks and the contour of a man's shirt at the hem are of steel-blue cotton garnished with purple, teal-blue, and chartreuse leaves. Evenings are taken care of by two-piece dresses with camisole tops and long, slinky skirts that come as high as above the diaphragm. Cotton print in a deep-brown African mood is the material. Some of the many-patterned splendor of the print is encrusted with red and gold sequins. The problem of logistics is solved by carryalls and satchels of woven straw. This equipment, for the beach or an overnight haul, comes from Italy. The bags, eighteen inches high and over a foot wide, are lined with plastic sheeting and topped by two bamboo handles. The straw is blue, red, brown, or light or dark green.

REVERSIBLE sleeveless coat dresses and scoop-neck sheaths with semifitted jackets are what Peck & Peck would like to see women spend the summer in. They're orange denim on one side and orange-and-white checked gingham on the other, or else they're aquamarine denim and aquamarine-and-white

Lady Milton
Scintillating
Sophisticates

Choir Boy Collar, 3/4 roll sleeves, full skirted, mostly with stretch hemp belts, Sizes 8-16, some 5-15

1. Authentic imported Far Eastern Batik, rich dark grounds, paisleys and abstracts, $16.95
2. Imported India Madras plaids, all grounds, $14.95
3. Classic seersucker stripes with blue, gray, olive, or red on white, $16.95
4. Combed broadcloth shirting candy stripe, white with blue, tan, gray, olive or gold, $14.95
5. Batiste oxford narrow candy stripes, white with blue, tan, gray, olive, or gold, $14.95
6. Denim chambray in faded blue, gray, or soft olive, $16.95
7. Dacron/cotton deep toned wash'n'wear batik type prints, abstracts and geometrics, black, olive, blue, brown grounds, $22.95
8. Dacron/cotton candy stripe, white with blue, tan, soft olive or gray, $22.95

Mail orders filled in 3 days, add 50c mailing
Free on request: 1962 Traditional Brochure for Men & Women—32 pages.

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
798 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta 8, Ga.
1707 Main St., Dallas 1, Texas

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL
Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

CAFE RENAISSANCE
MANHATTAN

COAST TO COAST AND CANADA
HOW ABOUT A REAL FARM VACATION?
Rural America is fun, friendly, bountiful, inexpensive. Send 50¢ for Directory of Vacation farms and ranches.
FARM VACATIONS
Dept. 4 500 5th Ave., New York 36

FLYING SQUAD
SANITATION POLICE
SANITATION POLICE
SANITATION POLICE
SANITATION POLICE

New Flying Squad of the Sanitation Police roars into action.

NEW YORK DECLARES WAR ON LITTERBUGS!

A new arm of the Sanitation Police has been set up to crack down on the one out of ten New Yorkers who is still a litterbug. It is called the Flying Squad. This 40-man squad will blitz a different area of our city every day. Every litterbug they spot will get a summons and *must* appear in court. Now read what you can do to help keep New York City clean—and avoid risking a $25 fine for littering.

Six years ago a block by block survey of New York showed our city to be *56 percent clean.* Last year, a similar survey showed our city to be *84.6 percent clean.*

The job of the new Flying Squad is to raise this percentage even more.

Any day now, they may be patrolling your neighborhood—on the lookout for the thoughtless few who refuse to obey the law. Every litterbug they catch will be given a summons and ordered to appear in court.

To avoid risking a $25 fine for littering, obey these five simple rules:

1. Use litter baskets. Put all *light* litter—candy wrappers, newspapers, cigarette packs, scrap paper—in the litter baskets.

2. Put all garbage inside garbage cans. Don't leave loose rubbish on top of cans or on the sidewalk. Be sure garbage cans have *tight-fitting* covers.

3. Keep all sidewalks clean. Put all sweepings into garbage cans. Do *not* sweep dirt into the street.

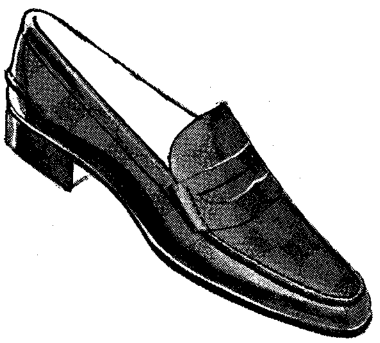
4. Never put trash in vacant lots. Don't leave litter, rubbish or empty bottles in vacant lots or yards.

5. Curb your dog. Be sure your dog is leashed at all times. Walk him in the gutter—*not* on the sidewalk.

Follow these five rules and you'll be doing your part to make New York cleaner than ever.

Did you risk
a $25 fine today?
DON'T LITTER

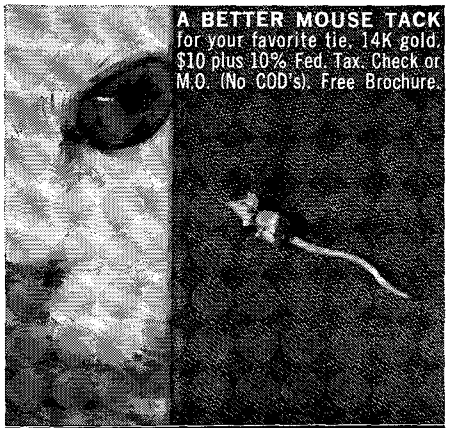
Citizens Committee to Keep New York City Clean, Inc.



S.F.A's HAND-SEWN CLASSIC SLIP-ON

We say loaf in the classic manner with our hand-sewn moccasin. It's a great shoe for slacks when you desire well-appointed comfort on your country weekends. In fine selected leathers, black or brown. 6-13 sizes, 15.00. Men's Shoes, Street Floor

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield • Chicago
Detroit • Beverly Hills



A BETTER MOUSE TACK
for your favorite tie. 14K gold. $10 plus 10% Fed. Tax. Check or M.O. (No COD's). Free Brochure.

473 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.
306 N. Rodeo Dr.
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Battaglia
Milano New York Beverly Hills

FIFE & DRUM INC.
MARBLEHEAD MASSACHUSETTS
IMPORTERS

MADRAS SWIMMER Men's slim cut India madras swim trunk. Flat front, fully lined, tapered Jamaica length. Blues predominate. Waist sizes 30 to 40. **$12.95 ppd.**
Catalogue on request

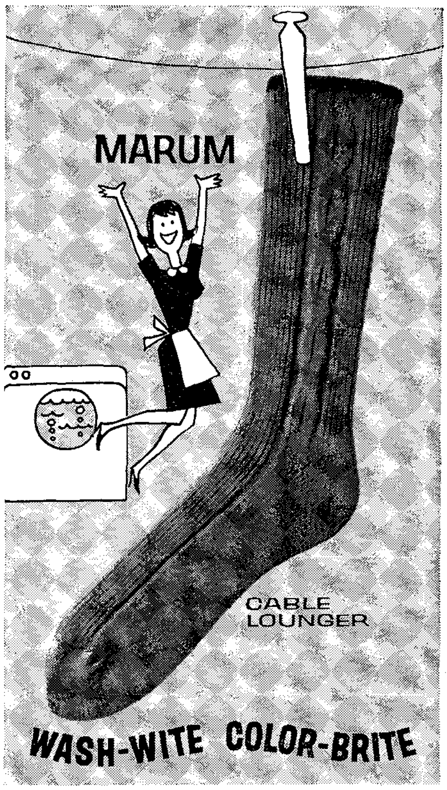
checked gingham. Reversible topcoats that shed water on both sides use white cotton with a navy-and-black Tattersall check overlay and slit pockets on one side, scarlet cotton poplin and patch pockets on the other.

ANOTHER watershed is domiciled in British American House, 488 Madison Avenue (51st), and it's made up to a considerable extent of raincoats from England. Among these visitors are fairly slim coats in French-blue cotton poplin, whose sleeves and mandarin collars roll back to show off the lily-white cotton lining. Another guest is a voluminous beige cotton gabardine that can do double duty as a topcoat on trips. This particular display of elegance has a broad turnover collar, natural bone buttons, and below-elbow sleeves. From one of the United States come daytime-through-evening coats of black silk. Vertical tucks run all the way around them beneath the black braid buttons at the collarless throats. American, too, are the box coats of black ciré French nylon, as shiny as slickers. They're shirred in back below their square yokes.

ANDRE, at 21 West 56th Street, has something for life on whatever bounding main will be your summer sea—a waterproof three-quarter hooded coat in many a fabric and pattern. Among the goods employed in this project are cotton, cotton-and-rayon, cotton-and-mohair, and nylon; among the solid colors are red, blue, black, charcoal, and tan; among the prints are seventeenth-century Spanish hearts and flowers, dots and dashes, ships, lanterns, and octopuses. The linings are cotton backed with plastic foam; the sizes range from 12 to 20; the price is $49.50.

THE negligee department at Hattie Carnegie has softly tailored at-home robes of beige shantung ($80) with box-pleated shirtwaist tops and unpressed pleats in the long skirts. Coral velvet bows and streamers trail from the draped Empire bodice nearly to the hem of some peignoirs done in a blend of cotton and acetate that is laden with coral roses, pink-and-burnt-orange roses, and green leaves. These last are $45.

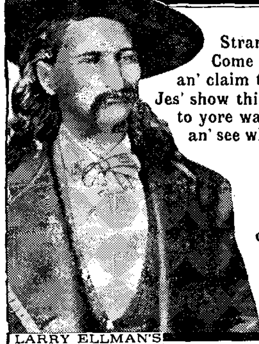
CHILDREN who are allowed to go near the water might as well first of all be allowed to go to the Bendel department that is devoted to citizens of their age group. There are topless bathing bloomers for girl toddlers, halter bathing suits for girls sizes 3 to 14, and



JUMP FOR JOY!! So will HE with HIS WASH-WITES—COLOR-BRITES by MARUM. CABLE LOUNGER, a blend of 60% Hi-Bulk Orlon*, 40% Stretch Nylon, stays WHITE, BRIGHT and extremely SOFT after many machine washings. 19 He-Man colors, incl. Blk., Lt. Oxf., Navy, Olive, Cordovan, Red, White. 1 Size Stretch fits 10-13. Only $1.50. Add 35¢ for mailing.
☐ C.O.D. ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
*DuPont T.M.

NEIMAN-MARCUS
DALLAS, TEXAS

SURPRISE!



Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988
PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, NEBRASKA ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

FRENCH-ITALIAN CUISINE
La Petite Maison
LUNCHEON from $2.50
COCKTAILS
DINNER from $4.50
Open Daily
Sunday from 5:00
108 E. 60th ST. • PL 5-5667

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT
STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER•SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

sunbonnets for one and all. Black Watch tartan or yellow-and-white checked gingham with ruffles of white eyelet-embroidered cotton, not sugar and spice, is what they're made of. Brother-and-sister bathing sets appear in Helanca yarn. The sisters' tank suits are strawberry pink or sky blue; the brothers' counterparts are sky-blue trunks. Horizontal rows of daisies with yellow or pink centers surround the hooded beach capes of pale-blue terry cloth that come from Israel. Party pinafores for sizes 2 to 6, of white eyelet-embroidered batiste, have pockets of kangaroo antecedents (across the stomach) and pink or blue velvet pin-on bows; bloomers of eyelet cotton go under them. Dresses of Dacron-and-cotton with checks of strawberry pink and white are ornamented down the front of their box-pleated skirts by sprays of pink and mauve tulips. Hooded capes of white plastic with a mauve tulip on one side and a pink one on the other protect them from showers (the outdoor kind). For fair days there are sun dresses of red-and-white mattress ticking on which two whales of navy cotton are appliquéd; the detachable berthas (one whale) convert into crownless sun hats.

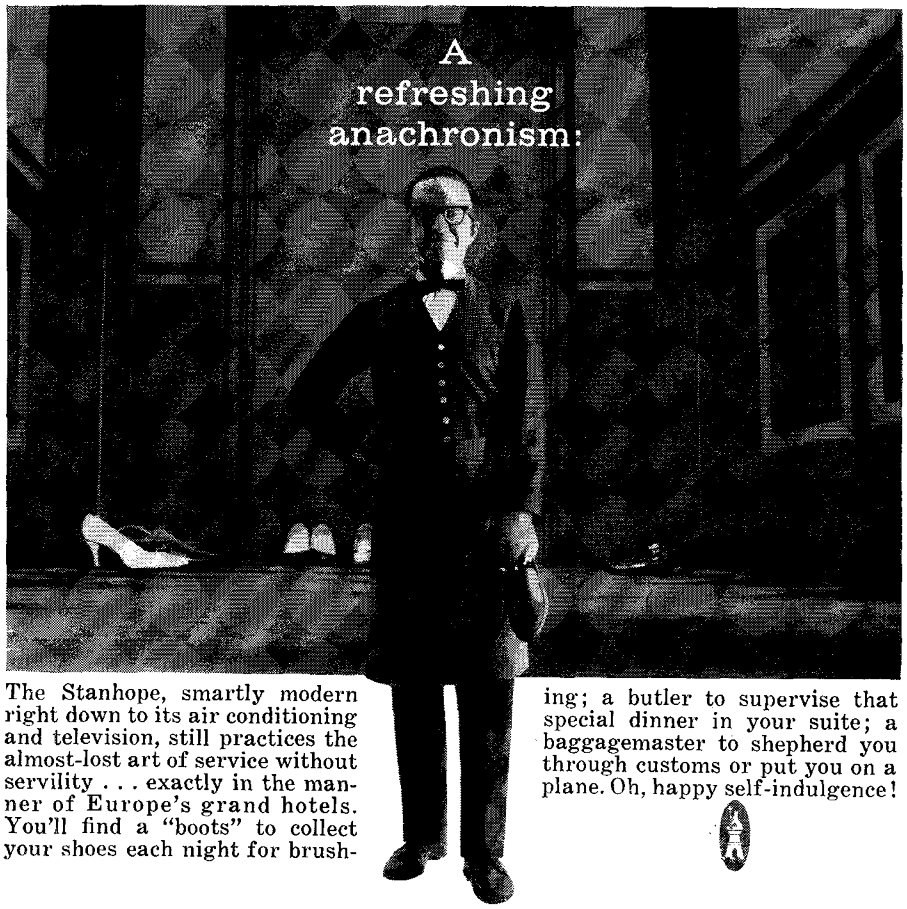
AT Cepelia, 5 East 57th Street, everything comes from Poland. Gathered peasant skirts of white, sky-blue, or yellow challis bear a print of both small and bountiful bouquets of red roses. Even more spirited one-of-a-kind skirts of gathered cotton are painted all over—sometimes black down to the thighs, then azure blue spattered with silver blossoms and black curlicues; sometimes covered by ovals, pyramids, and patches of flowers in a cacophony of hues. Nearly weightless rope necklaces, fifty-six inches long, are of painted and varnished paper beads (all colors) that look like wood, plus gilt glass bugle beads. Chokers of natural wood cubes on which a variety of burnt-work designs appear are fit to be tied with colored wool yarn. —M. M.

•

DOORS

They become, the lucky ones, beautiful
toward
their end, unhinged, down and out
of duty, nailed up together, slap-
dash, in a fence, around quick sites
of demolition. Guardians of rubble
and dust, their shy shades of paint
grown bold, the doors, pure color, come
into an abstract fame, an antic glory.

—GROVER AMEN



A refreshing anachronism:

The Stanhope, smartly modern right down to its air conditioning and television, still practices the almost-lost art of service without servility . . . exactly in the manner of Europe's grand hotels. You'll find a "boots" to collect your shoes each night for brushing; a butler to supervise that special dinner in your suite; a baggagemaster to shepherd you through customs or put you on a plane. Oh, happy self-indulgence!

THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

The very climate of France is in this bottle

As you break the seal and sniff, you will discover why Marie Brizard still bottles its liqueurs in France. Such a refreshing fragrance must be captured at the source. This bottling in Bordeaux makes Marie Brizard more expensive. Is it worth it? Pour some of this incredibly smooth Anisette into a glass. Examine it a moment. Now taste. Ahhhhh! Reason enough?

Marie Brizard
ANISETTE
LIQUEUR
Marie Brizard

MARIE BRIZARD **ANISETTE** • 50 PROOF • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK
ALSO: CREME DE CACAO, 50 PROOF • BLACKBERRY, CREME DE MENTHE, 60 PROOF • APRY, 70 PROOF

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Business Week

Laurel gathering

In the fertile soil of publishing, nothing sprouts quicker in the springtime than awards. Before the first crocus is up, the first award is in full bloom. This year, BUSINESS WEEK's research in the field of apperception was tagged by Annual Media Awards as tops in Media Research for 1961. Conducted for us by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., the study shows what readers of BUSINESS WEEK and of five other general-business and news publications *expect* to find in the publications they read regularly. A few of the results? The readers of BUSINESS WEEK expect to make more "helpful, practical, problem-solving" use of the advertising than do the readers of the other publications. BUSINESS WEEK readers also apperceive that their magazine is addressed to them in their management role . . . that there is a "unity of purpose" in BUSINESS WEEK's editorial and advertising pages. Quite an image to have among one's readers!

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want
to inform
management men
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXXVI—BISMARCK, N. D.

ALT., 1,670. Pop., 27,670. The people of Bismarck are fond of saying that when it doesn't rain out their way it doesn't rain harder than it doesn't any other place in the United States. "Son," a Bismarck resident recently told a visitor, "our dry spells can best be described as torrential." Nobody thinks there is anything remotely funny about the weather in North Dakota, but people manage to stick barely this side of despair by almost continuously joking about it. "The jokes help," a local farmer said not long ago, "but not much." During a summer drought, when the land appears to shrivel up, and when everything on it seems to be either dead or dying, it is standard practice to scan the skies, especially the northern ones, wet one's finger, and keep a weather eye out for rain. Ironically, rain seems daily to be on the way. During the late afternoons, giant sheets of thick, ugly black clouds, miles wide and miles high, fill the skies. Sometimes they turn into brief, section-line rains, but more often they don't. People will stop each other on the streets of Bismarck, point at the dark curtain of cloud, shake their heads, make a few quiet remarks, smile ruefully, and pass on. "I've stood in downtown Bismarck during many a drought, for many a year, and watched these good folk looking at those afternoon clouds," a Bismarck man has said. "Over the years, people have a tendency to say pretty much the same things. They'll say, 'Well, here comes the rain again, but by the time it gets here it won't be wet.' Or they'll say, 'Here comes the rain again. It'll be the biggest dry rain in history.' Or they'll say, 'Our rain is fifty per cent moisture,' or 'Maybe we'll get a two-inch rain. Two inches between drops.' "

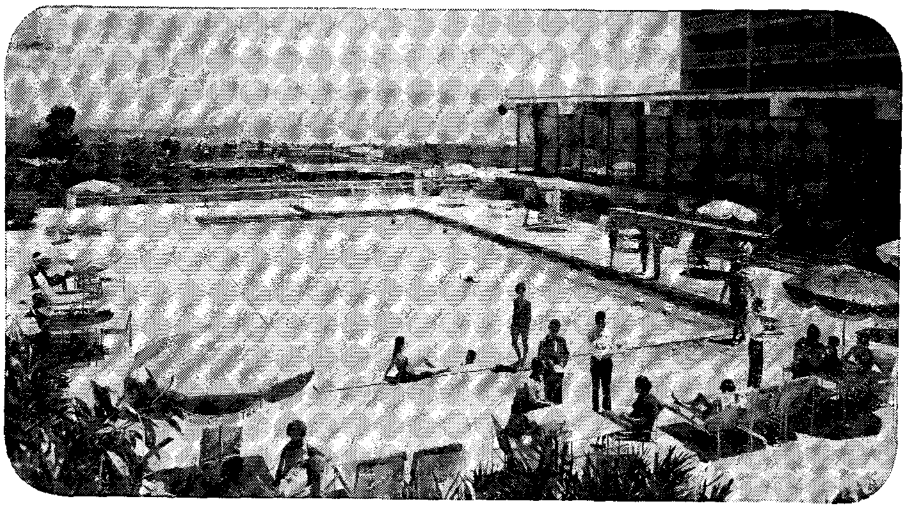
One cannot talk about the weather all the time, even in Bismarck. Fortunately, Bismarck has a conversational ace in the hole: General George A. Custer. General Custer's connection with Bismarck is a tenuous one, but as a talking point he is a life raft. One can always fall back on Custer. The General was not born in Bismarck, and he did not die in Bismarck, but he started out, in May, 1876, for his ill-fated rendezvous with Sitting Bull from Fort Abraham Lincoln, in Mandan, which is a few miles west of Bismarck, across the Missouri River. Custer fell at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, some three hundred miles west of Bismarck, in what is now Montana. This is quite close enough for Bismarck's purposes. Custer talk leaves little about Custer untalked about. People like to chew the fat about Custer's personality, his long blond locks, the personality of his wife (known to everybody in and around Bismarck as Libby), his political ambitions, his military prowess, his stability, and his instability. The Battle of the Little Big Horn is fought again and again, over tablecloths, with knives, forks, spoons, saltcellars, and sugar bowls. Particular emphasis is given to determining exactly where Custer himself fell. Passions run high.

"I say that he was spunk in the middle of the river," a Bismarck Custerite will remark, rapidly laying two knives (the river) parallel to one another and putting a saltcellar (Custer) between them. "He had just started across the stream on his horse, and was spunk in the middle of it."

"Nonsense," another Custerite will say, putting the saltcellar (Custer) behind one of the knives (riverbank).

To the people of the Bismarck-Mandan area, Custer is not always merely a saltcellar. During the summer months, a pageant, called "Custerdrama," is presented five nights a week in the Custer Memorial Amphitheatre, outside Mandan, and on those nights Custer is represented by a live actor wearing a long, tangled wig. On hand, too, are about a hundred other actors and a lot of dogs and horses. The souvenir program of "Custerdrama" carries on its cover the legends "Out Where the West Begins" and "May Their Glory Never Fade." Played on several levels of an open stage, the pageant itself offers the knife-and-saltcellar set little guidance, since it concentrates on the events at Fort Abraham Lincoln prior to Custer's departure. At last, the men and horses of the 7th Cavalry set out through great wooden stockade doors, amid huge swirls of real dust. A moment or so later, in the distance, on what passes for a hill behind the amphitheatre, patrons can distinguish Indians surrounding and attacking Custer and his men, to the accompaniment of bloodcurdling shrieks. The actors are so far away that they are hardly more than tiny figures in a pageant, and one man's guess is as good as another's as to whether Custer was in the middle of the river or on the riverbank.

THE North Dakota State Capitol, in Bismarck, is eighteen stories high, and is known, of course, as the Skyscraper Capitol. It can be seen for many miles around on both clear and cloudy days. There is nothing to obstruct a view of it. "A good many Bismarck people would have you believe that if it weren't for the Rockies a man could stand up in a boat out in Puget Sound, look east, and catch a glimpse of their capitol," a Bismarck man said recently. "This is obvious nonsense." The building met with considerable local opposition when it first showed up above the prairies, in 1933, and again when it was completed, in 1935. It looked much more like the home office of a large insurance company than it did like a capitol, and it gave people an uneasy feeling that their state government had taken an erratic, commercial turn. Time mellowed their outlook, and these days people in Bismarck—and throughout North Dakota—feel that the building represents a worthwhile, lasting investment. "Unique in its simplicity, usability, and practicability," reads a brochure available to visitors to the Capitol, adding that the usual verdict following an hour's tour of the place is "It is the most capitol for the money we have ever seen." Many visitors are also of the opinion that it is the most wood for the money. The Capitol is chock-full of wood. There is rosewood in the Legislative Hall (with light panels of curly maple); American chestnut in the House of Representatives (with chairs and rostrum of American walnut); English quartered oak on the walls of the Senate; laurelwood on the walls of the Governor's reception room; teakwood on the walls and ceiling of the Governor's private office; primavera on the walls of the Governor's private corridor; rosewood again in the Supreme Court Room; American walnut again in the Supreme Court elevator lobby. And so it goes—wood, wood, wood. Rubber tiling covers all the floors in the building except the floor of the Governor's reception room. The Governor, it was felt, deserved



SOUTH OF 3 BORDERS & UP ONE MOUNTAIN...*PARADISE*

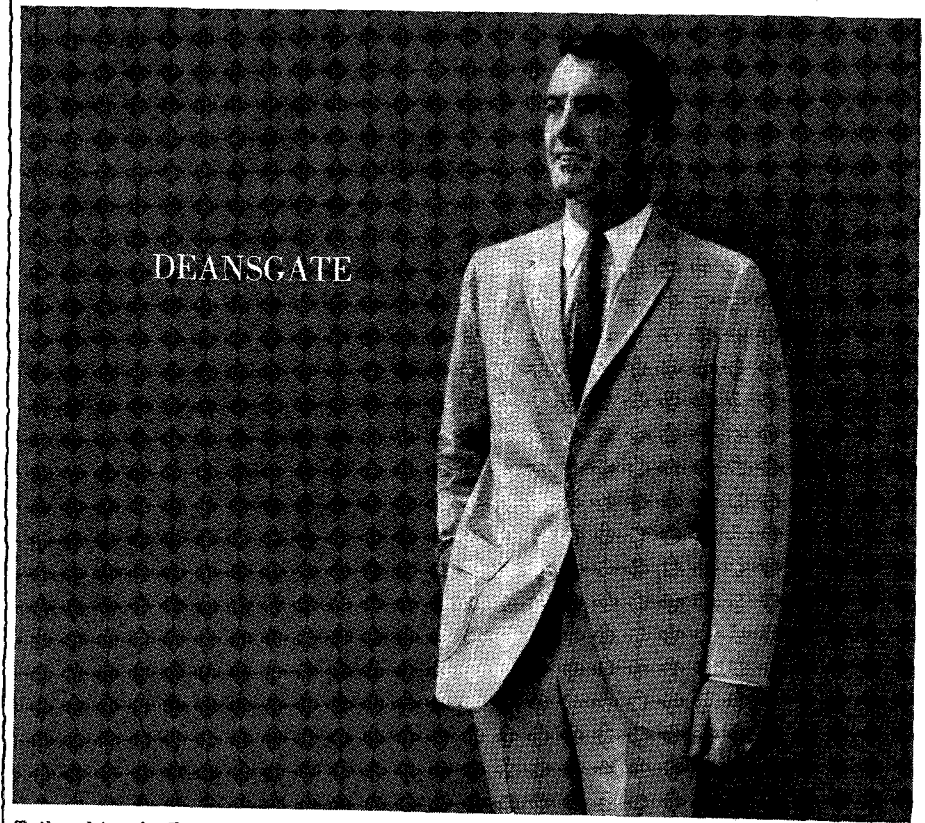
EL SALVADOR INTERCONTINENTAL

SAN SALVADOR • EL SALVADOR

Welcome to a magic land of sapphire lakes, black sand beaches, flaming volcanoes, green tropical valleys. And a glorious, pearly-white, modern hotel. El Salvador Intercontinental beckons from a mountainside overlooking Central America's bustling, colorful coffee capital. Come, plunge into our turquoise pool. Wander in our sun-dappled gardens. Come inside to delightful lounges, bars, a superb supper club with dancing, entertainment nightly. Nearby: boating, fishing, golf. El Salvador can be the surprise of a lifetime! See your travel agent, or write us: Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

Familiar Comforts in Faraway Lands



Tailored for the Traditionalist... a wash and wear suit in Reeves famous poplin of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton. About $45. At fine stores everywhere or write to Famous-Sternberg, Inc., 950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans 5, La. New York Showroom: 200 Fifth Ave.

REEVES *fabrics*

The Summer's most delightful experience
in America's most beautiful theatre.

AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
THEATRE & ACADEMY
STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT

1962 REPERTORY SEASON
JUNE 12 THRU SEPT. 16

HELEN HAYES   MAURICE EVANS
in
SHAKESPEARE REVISITED
A PROGRAM FOR TWO PLAYERS

RICHARD BASEHART   HAL HOLBROOK   ERIC BERRY
appearing with the
FESTIVAL ACTING COMPANY in
RICHARD II
HENRY IV (Part One)

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE Evgs at 8:30, Mats at 3:00
H (Henry IV, Part I), **R** (Richard II),
SR (Hayes-Evans in Shakespeare Revisited)

TUES EVE	WED MAT	WED EVE	THURS EVE	FRI EVE	SAT MAT	SAT EVE	SUN MAT
JUNE							
12H**	13R*	13H**	14R**	15H**	16R*	16R	17H
19R	20H	20R	21H	22R	23H	23R	24H
26H	27R	27H	28R	29H	30R	30H	
JULY							
							1R
3R	4H	4R	5H	6R	7H	7R	8H
10H 10SR*	11R	11H	12R 12SR*	13H 13SR*	14R	14H	15R 15SR**
17SR	18R	18H	19SR	20R	21SR	21H	22R
24SR	25H	25R	26SR	27H	28SR	28R	29H
31SR							
AUGUST							
	1R	1H	2SR	3R	4SR	4H	5R
7SR	8H	8R	9SR	10H	11SR	11R	12H
14SR	15R	15H	16SR	17R	18SR	18H	19R
21SR	22H	22R	23SR	24H	25SR	25R	26H
28SR	29R	29H	30SR	31R			
SEPTEMBER							
					1SR	1H	2R
4SR	5SR	5R	6SR	7H	8SR	8R	9H
	12SR			14SR	15SR	15SR	16SR

*Matinee preview **Evening preview

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Tues. thru Fri. & Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.: Orch. $5.50, 4.50; Mezz. $4.50; Balc. $3. Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $6.25, 5; Mezz. $5.; Balc. $3.50. List 2 alternate dates for best selection of seats. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with check or money order payable to American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn. Season subscription still available at special discount prices. Call or write Stratford, Conn. for price information. In Stratford call EDison 7-4457. In N.Y. call CAnal 6-6047.

wood on his floor, and he got wood—American white oak. No one around the Capitol understands the significance of all the wood. "Somebody just liked wood, that's all," an attendant recently remarked.

A segment of Bismarck's population became uneasy all over again when a new ranch house, for use as a Governor's mansion, was erected at the edge of the Capitol grounds in 1960. "Doesn't look like a Governor's mansion" was the opinion of a large group of Bismarck residents. They were the same people, or descendants of the same people, who had not felt that the Capitol looked like a capitol at the time the Capitol was built. "They have become reconciled to the Capitol, and eventually they will become reconciled to the Governor's mansion," a Bismarck resident said not long ago. "For one thing, the place is a Governor's mansion by virtue of the simple fact that a Governor lives there." Bismarck people who are shaken up by the architecture of the Governor's mansion can generally find spiritual solace by attending one of the several livestock auctions held in and around Bismarck. A man knows where he stands, or sits, at a livestock auction. Auctions are held in an indoor ring, and buyers and their wives and children sit on wooden benches. The wall above and behind the auction ring is covered with flamboyantly illustrated and highly tinted advertisements for Herefords, horses, ranches, Western shops, chiropractic clinics, and so on. In the advertisements, rivers flow through deep canyons, mountains glistening with snow come to needle-thin peaks surrounded by supernal blue hazes, and plump livestock gaze blissfully down upon the red-faced and blue-shirted buyers and sellers. The wall resembles a curtain in an old-fashioned variety hall. In an open booth facing the ring and the spectators sits the auctioneer. Two big wooden gates are on either side of him—one to let the animals into the ring, the other to let them out. The auctions run on all day. The entrance gate swings open and a large sow strolls into the ring, blinks at the spectators, blinks at the auctioneer, blinks at the animal pictures on the walls, as the auctioneer drones on (". . . thirty . . . forty . . . fifty . . . sixty. . . . Sold"), and the sow is shooed out through the exit gate as the entrance gate swings open and a huddled knot of sheep enter, preceded by a wiry lead goat with a Sinbad beard and a knowing, weary air. The lead goat performs only half duty; he brings the sheep in, but he does not stay for the

I
I CAN
I CAN GET
I CAN GET IT
I CAN GET IT FOR
I CAN GET IT FOR YOU
WHOLESALE

"MOMMA, MOMMA, MOMMA, WHAT A GOOD, SOLID SHOW."
—Kerr, Herald Tribune

BROADWAY'S NEW SMASH HIT MUSICAL!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. $8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 3.60.
SHUBERT THEATRE 225 W. 44 St., N.Y.

"THOROUGHLY ENCHANTING"
— Watts, N. Y. Post
2nd HIT YEAR!
CARNIVAL
AMERICA'S MAGICAL MUSICAL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. $8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
IMPERIAL THEA. 249 W. 45, N.Y.

"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN! ENCHANTED MUSIC...IMAGINATIVE, CHARMING."
— Taubman, Times
NO STRINGS
"O, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL EVENING! THE ONE SHOW YOU MUST SEE!"
— Walter Winchell
MAIL ORDERS FILLED THRU JAN. 5
Eves.: Orch. $9.20; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.85. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.25; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Tax Included. Please list alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
54th STREET THEA., 152 W. 54th St., N.Y. 19

"A THOUSAND CLOWNS"
Smash Comedy Hit!
" 'A Thousand Clowns' is the freshest, funniest comedy of the season! Jason Robards Jr. is the new clown prince of Broadway!" —TIME Mag.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Eves. Mon. thru Fri.–Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Eves.–Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Mats. Wed. & Sat.–Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 2.90.
EUGENE O'NEILL Theatre, 230 W. 49th ST., CI 6-8870

"WONDERFUL" —The New Yorker   "DON'T MISS IT!" —Her. Trib.
BRENDAN BEHAN
THE HOSTAGE
AIR CONDITIONED
ONE SHERIDAN SQ. — YU 9-1334
W. 4th St. bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
Evgs. 8:30; Sat. 7:00 & 10:00; Sun. 3:00 & 8:30

sale. The auctioneer's voice keeps up its singsong, children fall asleep on their parents' shoulders, acres of popcorn are consumed, and sharp-faced men seated along the benches touch their ears, twitch their noses, tap their stomachs, shift slightly, and otherwise maintain the old and arcane ritual of bidding. "Men's habits change slowly out this way," a Bismarck man has said. "Perhaps a bit more slowly than other places. I suspect it's the broad open spaces and the huge sky coming down on all sides. We look out over all the space and figure, hell, it's too big for us, it's too wide, there's too much of it, and we get gloomy. Your North Dakota man can get good and gloomy."

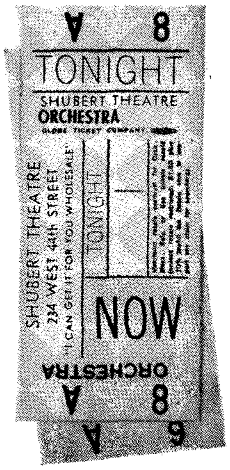
OFTEN, when the people of Bismarck tire of talking about the weather, General Custer, and livestock sales, they switch to Reinhold Delzer. Mr. Delzer is a successful contractor. "Delzer is what you might call a new Bismarck man," an old Bismarck man said recently. Mr. Delzer does not trifle with ordinary construction—houses and such. He thinks big and he acts big, and his construction is of the big, heavy variety (bridges, filtration plants), and many of his contracts are with governments (federal and municipal). He reserves his biggest thoughts, however, for the continuing fulfillment of a childhood dream—the tender maintenance, in his home, of a large theatre organ. "I was just a lousy usher in a Bismarck theatre when I was a boy," Mr. Delzer said not long ago. "It was the Eltinge Theatre, and when the organ in that theatre played, I would get so excited that I would drop my flashlight. Day after day, I would hear the notes of that theatre organ, and they did something to me, way down deep inside. I vowed that someday I, Reinhold Delzer, would have a theatre organ in my own home." As Mr. Delzer began to climb the ladder of success in the filtration-plant and heavy-construction world, he bought the organ from the Eltinge Theatre itself and installed it in the living room of his house, a many-levelled structure on what passes for a hill in a modern residential section of Bismarck. The house is furnished in a style that might best be described as Bismarck Roxy, and the organ does not clash with any other object in the room. Soon, the construction business being what it is, Mr. Delzer had his eye on larger game, and when he heard that the forty-three-hundred-seat Radio City Theatre in Minneapolis was about to be razed and turned into a parking lot, he instantly

FREEZOMINT
FREEZOMINT
France's finest creme de menthe
green or white
By CUSENIER
EUROPE'S LARGEST LIQUEUR DISTILLERS
FREEZOMINT
CREME DE MENTHE
CUSENIER
IMPORTED
CUSENIER

SHIPPED DIRECT FROM PARIS—SET OF 3 CYRANO LIQUEUR GLASSES. Tulip shaped...crystal clear, elegant ...graceful. Only $1.50 per set. Order as many as you like from: Cusenier, 75 E. 55th Street, New York City, Dept 662.

60 proof • imported by Barton Distillers Import Co., New York City

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT

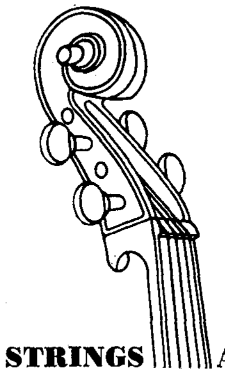

A 8
TONIGHT
SHUBERT THEATRE
ORCHESTRA
SHUBERT THEATRE
234 WEST 44th STREET
"I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE"
TONIGHT
NOW
ORCHESTRA
A 8
A 9

KOL 5780/KOS 2180—Stereo

STEREO
DAVID MERRICK
COLUMBIA RECORDS
I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
JEROME WEIDMAN
HAROLD ROME
HERBERT ROSS
LILLIAN ROTH
JACK KRUSCHEN HAROLD LANG
KEN LeROY MARILYN COOPER BARBRA STREISAND
BAMBI LINN
ELLIOTT GOULD
SHEREE NORTH
ARTHUR LAURENTS

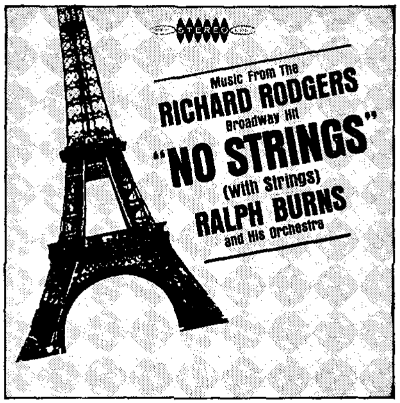
THE SOUND OF BROADWAY ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

® "COLUMBIA", MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



STRINGS ATTACHED

Ralph Burns, the brilliant orchestrator of Richard Rodgers' newest Broadway show, now embellishes "No Strings"—with strings!



LN 3840/BN 630—Stereorama

EPIC RECORDS

"AN UNINHIBITED ROMP!"
—TAUBMAN, TIMES

ZERO MOSTEL in
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY To THE FORUM
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
with JACK GILFORD DAVID BURNS RUTH KOBART
also RAYMOND WALBURN
and
JOHN CARRADINE

Original Cast Album by Capitol RECORDS

AIR COND. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
ALVIN THEATRE 250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C. Cir. 5-5226

For the entertainment of your most valued customer or cherished friend

Florentine Room
in the ITALIAN VILLAGE
71 W. Monroe, Chicago DE 2-7005
Luncheon—Cocktails—Dinner

thought of that theatre's organ—*a mighty Wurlitzer!* "I can't tell you how many times I had gone down there to hear Jesse Crawford at the giant console," Mr. Delzer said recently. "That organ was the dream of my life. I *had* to have it." He has it. It is now enshrined a level below its little sister from the Eltinge—in a specially constructed basement room half the size of a basketball court. Mr. Delzer's friends gather in the long room, at small cocktail tables, to listen to the organ. They face a tan-and-gold curtain, which opens silently, at the push of a button, to reveal the immense cream-and-gold console bathed in changing hues from hidden lights. The spectacle is overwhelming, and when Mr. Delzer sits down at the mighty Wurlitzer to play "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the locks on his doors, the pictures on his walls, the windowpanes, the house as a whole, and a number of the neighbors rattle from the mighty vibrato. Sometimes, at night, when the cattle auctions are over for the day, and the livestock is silently bedded down, Bismarck people like to stroll over to the Northern Pacific depot and watch the fliers screech into town. (Bismarck got its name because the Northern Pacific Railroad, back in 1873, wanted to entice German capital to invest in the completion of the railroad.) The fliers pause briefly and then start up again across the prairies toward the Bad Lands (West) or Minneapolis (East). Even as the long trains come in, their diesels honking, many people claim that they can hear Mr. Delzer, high over the city, at his mighty Wurlitzer, playing "I Wanna Be Loved By You." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

With the first cold snap, insects, which make up 40 per cent of the starling's food disappear. The birds must discover new food sources for the winter. If an early snow comes along, the food situation becomes particularly acute.

Thus "a sound which simulates a field fecund with singing critics would have a strong appeal for hungry starlings," the report said.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It would attract hungry play producers, too.

•

Starts Friday on WSB-TV at 6:00 P.M. and alternates every other Friday with Cisco Kid. Don't miss this exciting new adventure about a car that can go anywhere on land, in the air, under water, through jungles and in vast underground taverns, and . . . —*Atlanta Journal.*

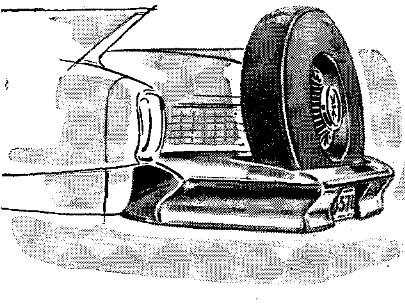
Count on us, definitely.

Bicycle built for you

Everybody's a big wheel, cycling along the Boardwalk in the balmy spring air. Bigger still when home port's the Dennis. Builds a hearty appetite for the grand traditions of the Dennis' superb table. Then, too, relaxing on our putting green, dancing an evening away, a lazy hour of doing nothing, a laugh or two. Here's where they are in the spring. Dennis, anyone?

HOTEL **Dennis**
ATLANTIC CITY
On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
Phone (Area Code 609) 344-8111
OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE BUZBY FAMILY

CONTINENTAL KITS



AUTOMOBILE COACHWORK of DISTINCTION
by GEIGEL
11-26, 46th. Road—Long Island City-1-NY
EXeter-2-2339

APPLETON ESTATE
A LIGHT JAMAICA RUM
86 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

SHORE DINNERS • STEAMERS • FRESH FISH • PRIME MEATS

THE LOBSTER BOX

CLOSED MONDAYS

LOCATED AT THE TIP OF CITY ISLAND
PHONE: TT 5-1952
Weekdays From 5 pm
Sundays From 1 pm

Cool, Breeze-swept Terrace Overlooking L. I. Sound

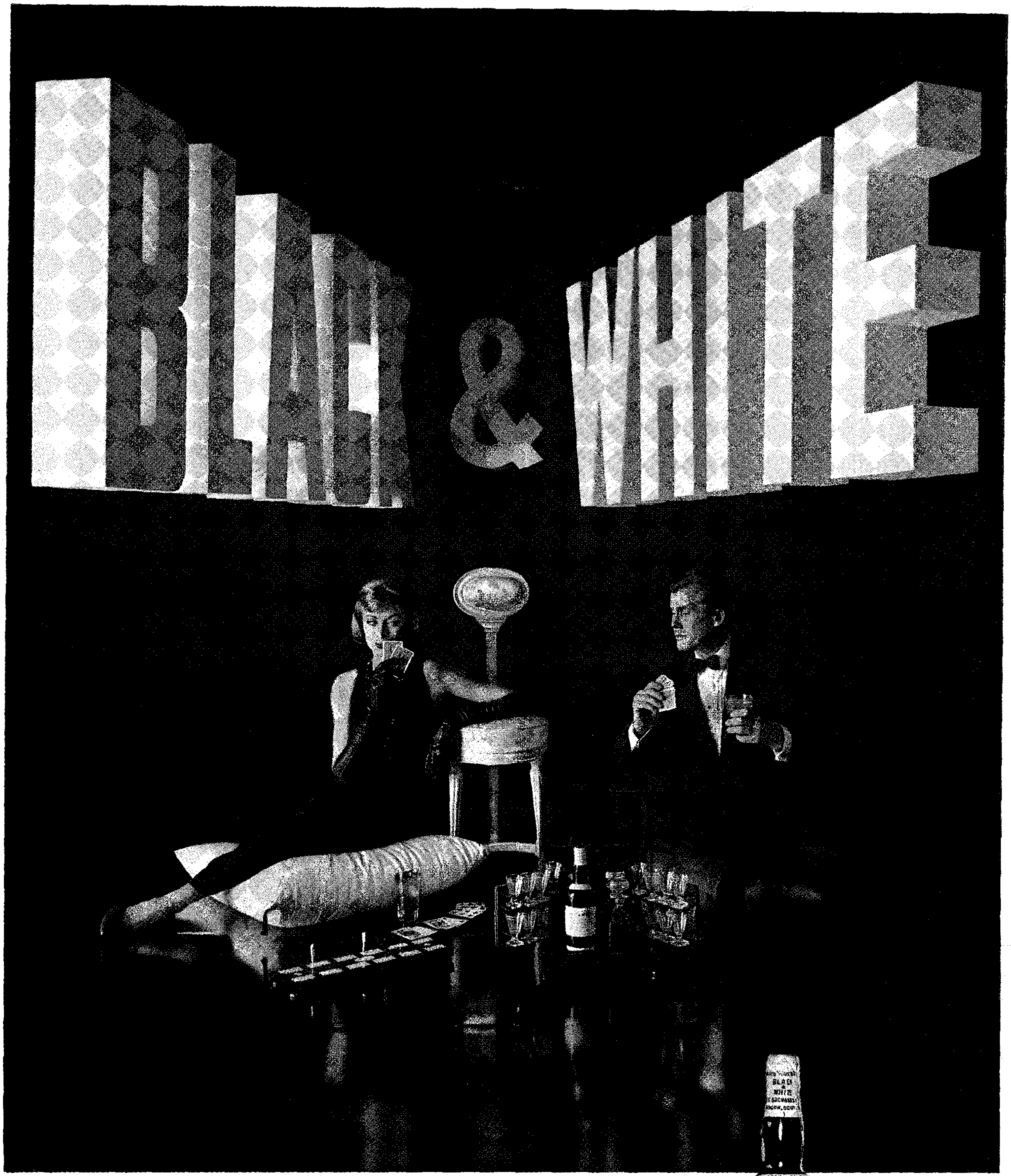
A morning shower— [illegible] breaks through sparkling a rain washed patio—
and Woodard's [illegible]field Collection is not in the least disturbed
—[illegible] stays out in all kinds of weather.
The upholstery is Drain Dri* designed for exposure to rain and sun—and available on all Woodard furniture.

*PATENT NO. 2,784,773

style/authority in wrought iron

Woodard

[illegible] New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas. Write for catalogue and name of dealer nearest you.


BLACK & WHITE

Put out the bottle that shows you know Scotch!

Enjoy the extra smoothness that has always given "Black & White" a light, bright character all its own.

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE SCOTCH WITH CHARACTER

BLACK & WHITE
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

THE RACE TRACK

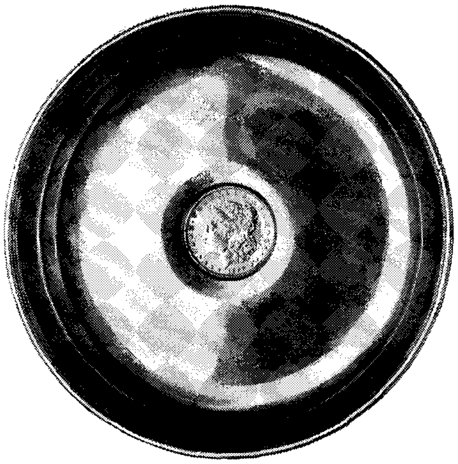
New Pastures

THREE years ago come September, the rebuilt Aqueduct opened, and almost immediately people began calling it the Big A. On Wednesday of last week, the new Finger Lakes Race Track, near Canandaigua, opened, and in the course of the ceremonies several of the speakers referred to it as the Little A. While the grandstands of the two tracks are done along the same architectural lines, I think the speakers called Finger Lakes "Little A" in the hope that it would prove as financially successful as Aqueduct. That's a large order. Nevertheless, Finger Lakes is a pleasant place to go racing. The plant has all the amenities and is well arranged, and when the newness wears off, it should be quite attractive. Things didn't go as smoothly as they might have on the first afternoon, but then, I don't remember any opening day that has gone off without a hitch. As you'd guess from its name, the track is in the popular vacation area known as the Finger Lakes district. Six miles from Canandaigua and seventeen from Rochester, with Syracuse not so awfully far away, it should have quite a congregation of horseplayers. That may take time, though, because after an announcement came over the track loudspeaker that a runner had been scratched, I heard one spectator say to another, "Is that good?" Still, the crowd of 12,100 wagered $383,611, which is a lot more than many wiseacres thought they would.

The reason the Finger Lakes grandstand reminds you of Aqueduct's is that both were designed by Arthur Froehlich, and, if I may say so, he's done another good job at Finger Lakes. To list the things I like especially, the saddling paddock is behind the grandstand (as it is at Monmouth); you can see every foot of the racecourse from any seat in the grandstand or the clubhouse enclosure; the seats themselves are form-fitting and comfortable (though I wouldn't advise a horseplayer to try standing on one while rooting a 3–5 shot home); and the pari-mutuel windows are well placed, with a hundred and nine ticket sellers and—following the law of diminishing

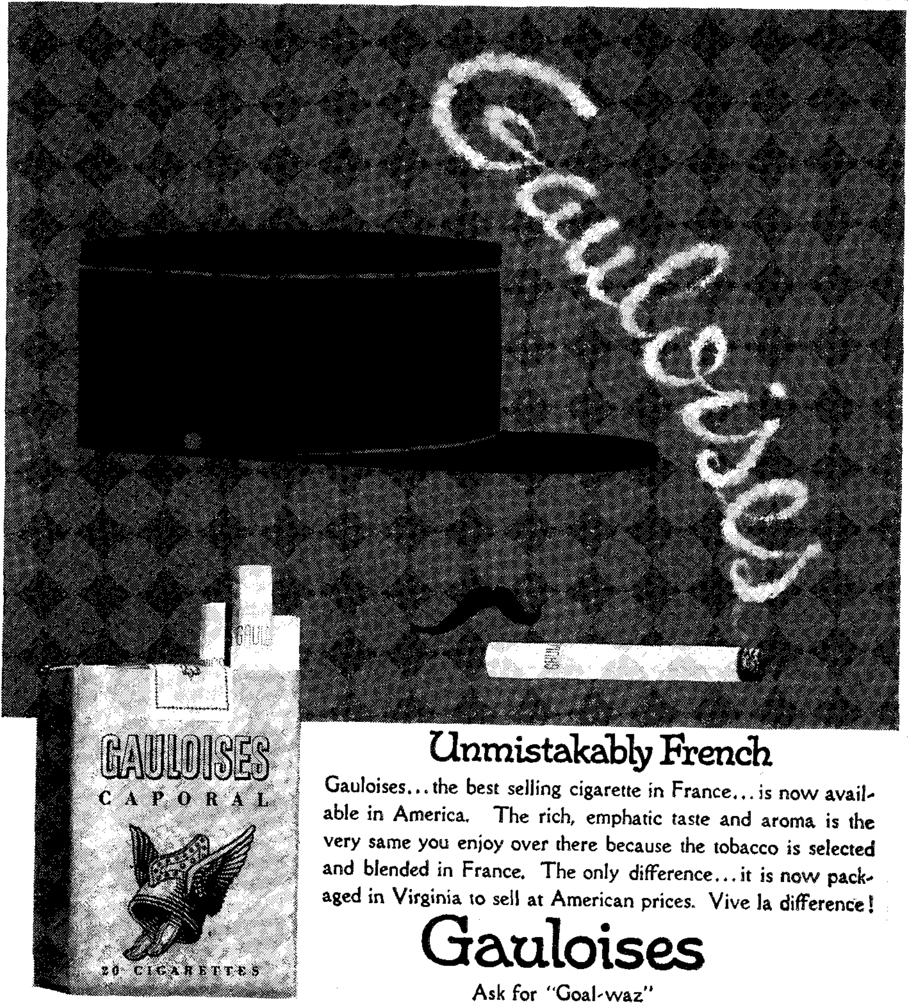
ANDRADE & CO., LTD.
Honolulu, Hawaii
CAPPER & CAPPER
Chicago - Detroit
NORTON DITTO
Houston, Texas
GANO-DOWNS
Denver, Colo.
ROBERT W. GATES
Burlingame, Calif.
JACK HENRY
Kansas City, Mo.
LARRIMOR'S
Pittsburgh, Pa.
LITTLER, INC.
Seattle & Pebble Beach
MAC NEIL & MOORE
Milwaukee - Madison
MARTIN'S
Louisville, Ky.
MUSE'S
Atlanta, Ga.
JERRY ROTHSCHILD
Beverly Hills, Calif.
HUBERT W. WHITE
St. Paul & Minneapolis

MEN'S APPAREL FORVM



MAF Exclusive...Classic Pewter Ash Tray With Silver Dollar Inset. Created For The Men's Apparel Forum By Destino. 7" Ash Tray, $10. Silver Dollar Inset, $1. The Price, $11

Mail & Phone Orders. Add 35¢ for Shipping, plus local tax where applicable.



Unmistakably French

Gauloises...the best selling cigarette in France...is now available in America. The rich, emphatic taste and aroma is the very same you enjoy over there because the tobacco is selected and blended in France. The only difference...it is now packaged in Virginia to sell at American prices. Vive la difference!

Gauloises

Ask for "Goal-waz"

THE MAN-TAILORED TERRY SHIRT

The Great Male Robbery! *Copied to the last detail from a man's shirt—it just covers a swim suit, pairs off with tapered pants or shorts. Ideal for golf, sailing; after tennis or swim.* Fastens with pearly buttons. Sleeves roll or push up. White, pink, aqua **terry.** Sm (8-10), Md (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$7.95**
P.S.—FOR THE **MEN** same shirt in white or red **terry**—man-sized S, M, L. **$8.95**
Add 35¢ each for shipping. Send for playwear catalog.
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Right On The Ocean Opens June 29
Fred F. Schock, Mgr.
THE Essex AND Sussex
SPRING LAKE BEACH, N. J.
Its own private beach and country club with 18-hole golf plus *new* outdoor swimming pool. Dancing nightly in the air conditioned Essex lounge. Bathers' buffet luncheon. Monmouth Pk. nearby. Am. Plan. Write Mgr. or **Tel. GI 9-7000.**

THE ALAN GALLERY
766 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
LÉON BAKST Costume Design 13 x 11"

return—seventy-nine cashiers. The racing strip—a mile oval with two chutes, one for races at six furlongs and the other for races at a mile and a quarter—is far from fast (the best time the day I was there was six furlongs in 1:15⅘), but horses running over this track will last longer than they would on a number of courses I could name.

For the record, the opening race of the meeting, which continues through September 15th, went to a seven-year-old son of Bernborough named Pure Village, who led all the way, and whose owner, Fred Fancher, received a silver trophy to commemorate the occasion. Something named Thynk Again took the Finger Lakes Inaugural Purse, and honors for the day went to the Jacobs-Bieber stable, which won three races and finished second in two others. And no doubt George Gibb, who has been riding in New England and Canada, will have a big following from now on, because he rode five winners. The surprise of the day for me was to see Basil James, who retired from race riding a decade ago, back in the saddle. He rode a winner, too.

MY stay-at-home observer reports that his biggest thrill of the week was the way Physician, who took the Santa Anita Handicap last February, won a nine-furlong gallop at Aqueduct called the Cravat Handicap. Outrun for six furlongs, he seemed to drop out of the clouds at the turn into the stretch, and passed the winning post nearly two lengths to the good.

WELL, they'll be off and running at Belmont Park this weekend, and I, for one, shall feel at home again. I regret to report that the meeting will last only twenty-six days. I daresay Cicada will be the favorite for the Mother Goose Stakes, on Saturday, but it's the opinion of a number of horsemen that she'll have her work cut out for her. They seem to think that Upswept, who finished barely two lengths behind her in the Acorn a couple of weeks ago, was unlucky. I wouldn't sell Cicada short, though. She's as gallant a little racer as they come.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Juan Manuel Hernandez, a boy, 2919 San Dario, March 25.
He refused to elaborate further on his visit.
—*Laredo* (*Texas*) *Times.*

What more is there to say?

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST EXQUISITE TASTE...
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811
IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS . . .
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING COOKING.
For those who want VARIETY and the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine.
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities
GOURMET
157 W. 49th St., Nr. 7th Ave., JU 2-8182

EAST	WEST
75 East 55th St. Cor. Park Ave. PL 3-4930 Park Free after 6 PM	143 West 49th St. in Hotel Plymouth PL 7-1170 N.Y.C.

Tony's Wife
Luncheon **just good food served con amore**
Bar
Dinner
150 EAST 55TH ST., N.Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.

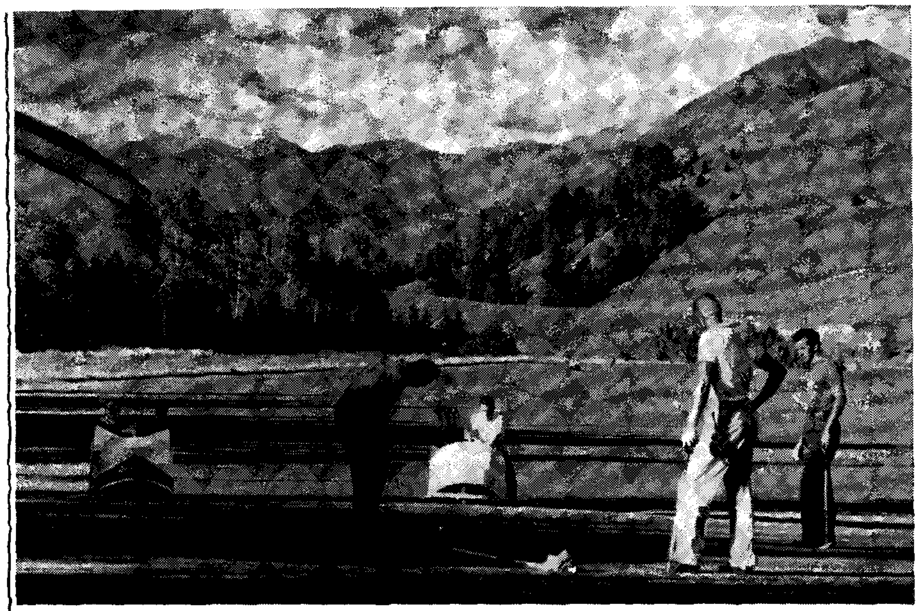
✶ JUMBLE SHOP RESTAURANT ✶
TAP ROOM Famous Greenwich Village Landmark
3 Dining Rooms...
3 Dining Moods
• Charcoal Specialties
• Florentine Cuisine
28 W. 8th St.
NYC • SP 7-2540
Open daily from 4 P.M.
diner's club • amer. exp.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

TWO recent recordings are devoted to the music of Alban Berg, the Viennese atonalist and Schoenberg disciple whose career spanned the first third of the century, and, listening to them, we are once again under the strange spell of this gifted composer. In one, a Mercury release, the London Symphony, under Antal Dorati, and with occasional contributions by a soprano named Helga Pilarczyk, performs the symphonic suites Berg extracted from his only two operas, "Wozzeck" and "Lulu." In the other, a more ambitious affair, put out by Columbia, Robert Craft, the indefatigable champion of modern and contemporary music, conducts a variety of pieces of his own selection, ranging from a few of Berg's earliest songs to the "Lulu" suite, presented in a version that differs slightly from the one used by Mr. Dorati.

"Lulu" occupied Berg from 1928 up to the time of his death, in 1935, and was never quite finished. What is missing is the orchestration for a large part of the third act, though Berg sketched it all out and, in the course of preparing the "Lulu" suite, set down the orchestral interlude between the last two scenes and also the finale. (Some years back, Columbia brought out a complete recording, by members of the Vienna State Opera, of the first two acts and the closing scene.) Structurally, the chief difference between "Wozzeck" and "Lulu" lies in the fact that by the time Berg got around to writing "Lulu" he had mastered the twelve-tone idiom invented by Schoenberg, whereas in "Wozzeck" he had only flirted with it. It is a difference that is likely to hold enormous interest for the scholar and none at all for the average listener, concerned only with the relative effectiveness of the two works. It might strike such a listener as noteworthy, though, that while both stories are lurid, sordid, and melodramatic, "Wozzeck" has gradually gained a foothold in the opera house and "Lulu" has suffered almost total neglect. The reason for this—aside from the unfinished state of the latter, which is not serious enough to pose any great production problems—seems obvious: "Lulu," whose libretto Berg put together from two plays by Frank Wedekind, has no really sym-



PLAY IT COOL...*having fun in the sun*

sun valley IDAHO

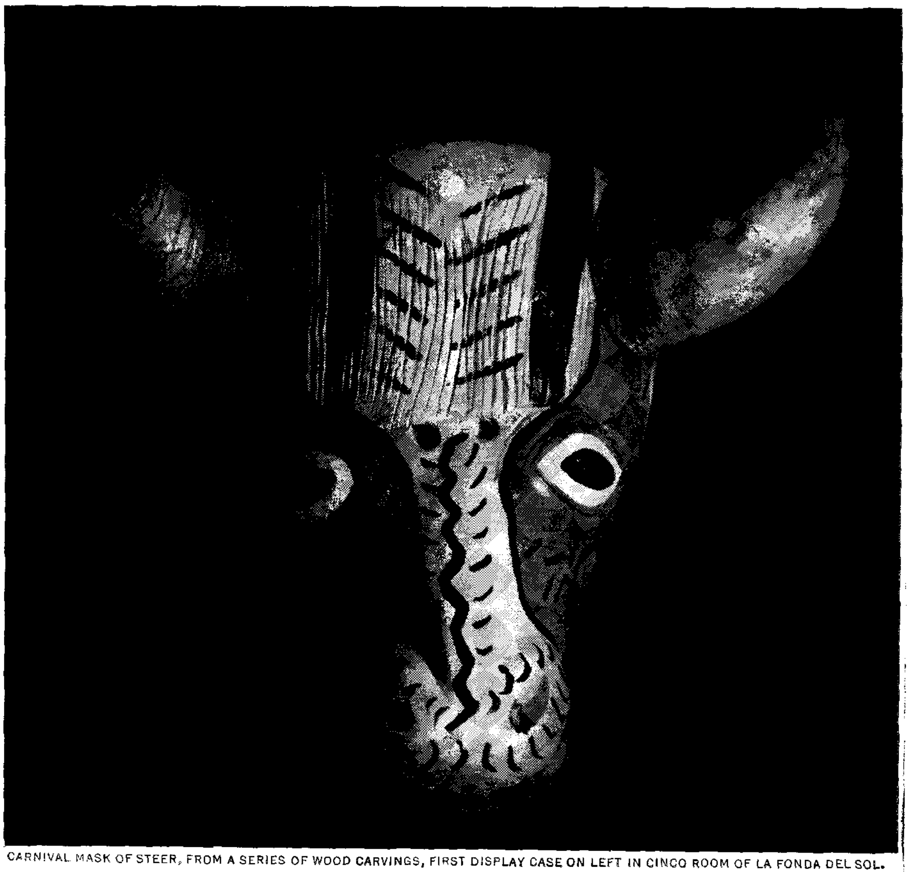
Sun Valley's crisp mountain air is naturally air conditioned. You feel like doing things and there's a world of activity for the whole family to enjoy. Golf on a challenging new 18 hole course, swimming, fishing, ice skating, riding, bowling, hiking, dancing—or if you like, you can do absolutely nothing, and still have a wonderful time.

For the smaller children there is a supervised playground.

for reservations:

Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho (phone 3311) or Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your travel agent.

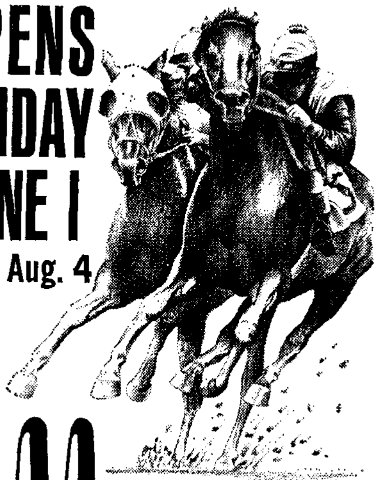
OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



CARNIVAL MASK OF STEER, FROM A SERIES OF WOOD CARVINGS, FIRST DISPLAY CASE ON LEFT IN CINCO ROOM OF LA FONDA DEL SOL.

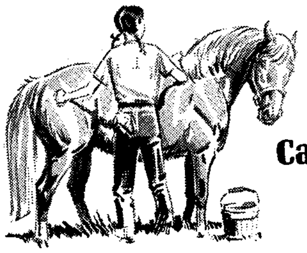
If steak isn't an authentic South American dish, what did La Fonda del Sol do with my brother, wise guy?

He's right. Argentina was charcoal-broiling steaks before Texas ever heard of Sirloin. And the portions! Try one next time at La Fonda del Sol. 123 West 50 Street, Plaza 7-8800

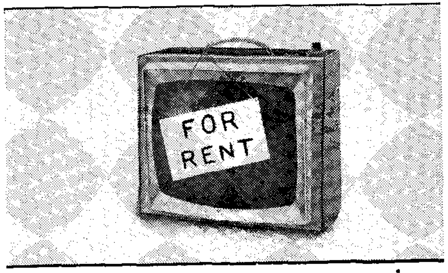


OPENS FRIDAY JUNE 1 thru Aug. 4

Monmouth Park THE RESORT OF RACING
OCEANPORT, N. J.
Between Red Bank & Long Branch
2 miles from Garden St. Pkwy., Exit 105
Enjoy a pleasant, short ride through the beautiful New Jersey countryside. Come by air-conditioned train, special buses or private car over super-highways. You'll have fun!
SPECIAL TRAINS Direct to Grandstand (DST)
Lv. Penn. Sta. NY 12:20 (Sats. & July 4, 11:48)
Lv. Newark (PRR) 12:35 (Sats. & July 4, 12:04)
Lv. Liberty St. NY 12:30 (Sats. & July 4, 12:00)
Lv. Newark (CNJ) 12:40 (Sats. & July 4, 12:00)
BUSES: Lv. Port Authority Term., 10 to 12:30
CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED
POST 2:30 Daily Double 2:20



Camp or Ranch Riding
Let your child ENJOY riding at camp or ranch in clothes cut to prevent saddle sores and chafing: sensibly priced for riders of all ages. Send 50¢ for our new catalog 97 of riding clothes ranch wear, saddlery and accessories.
MILLER'S
123 E. 24 ST. N. Y. 10 • OR 7/0800



TELEVISION SETS are just 1 of a 1001 things you can rent from HERTZ RENT-ALL
PROMPT DELIVERIES . . . 24-HOUR SERVICE . . .
New York City • Chicago • Cincinnati • St. Louis • Norfolk, Va. • W. Hartford, Conn. • New Brunswick, N.J. • Huntington, L.I. • Springfield, Ill. • So. Bend, Ind.

pathetic character, and its principal, Lulu herself, is so bizarre a study in evil that one would be inclined to call the whole thing just plain silly if it were not for the power of the music. Even so, it is hard to take "Lulu" with a straight face. Marie, in "Wozzeck," for which Berg also provided his own text, taking it from Georg Büchner's early-nineteenth-century dramatic fragment of the same name, is also an undependable sort, but humanly so, and Wozzeck is, of course, an object of pity worthy to rank with the most wretched of operatic characters. In each work, Berg's seemingly rootless, disembodied style of composition is ideally suited to the fantastic world of the libretto, and he had, one must remember, a considerable knack for highlighting dramatic situations. (I hate to imagine what the result would have been if Berg had decided to leave us a comedy—it would surely have been a monument of ghoulish merriment—but he probably never entertained such a frivolous idea.) It may also be worth pointing out that where in "Wozzeck" just one man is undone by a woman's frailty, Lulu's victims pile up at an alarming rate, until she, having turned prostitute, is herself destroyed, and by none other than the dedicated Jack the Ripper.

What we have in Berg the writer of music drama (and herein seems to lie his chief claim to immortality, based almost entirely on the fascinating "Wozzeck") is a kind of disenchanted Wagner; the sensuality and awesomeness are cruelly distorted, but they are still there—flaring, for instance, in the orchestral passage near the very end of "Lulu" where Berg appears to be trying to apotheosize Lulu's depraved life. He is Wagner come to us through Mahler, Debussy, and, naturally, Schoenberg, and plunged deep in the mystique of an unrecognizably altered Austro-German complex, now stirring from total humiliation to stalk, nightmarelike, through the nineteen-twenties and into the maniacal new logic of Nazism. In this atmosphere, Berg ordered his own music with almost frightening discipline, as when he cast "Wozzeck's" fifteen scenes in as many distinct musical forms; when he caused "Lulu" to evolve entirely from one twelve-tone row; and when he created his Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano, and Thirteen Wind Instruments out of the musical equivalents of the names Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg, and went on to emphasize threes throughout the work. That his genius was able to transform such somewhat pedantic notions stamps it as all the more remarkable.

* IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
In the still of the night…

we roam through the halls shining the shoes you've left outside your door. It's just another one of the extra conveniences at the Manger Hay-Adams Hotel, where *everything's* been thought of for your comfort . . . from oversized towels to individual terry cloth bathrobes.
200 rooms of sheer luxury.
Manger Hotels
Completely Air Conditioned
HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
(OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE)
16th AT H STREET N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

EXHIBITION:
PORTRAITS IN REVIEW
1961-1962
MAY 29th-
JUNE 15th
PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

COLONIAL Inn
GOOD FOOD • DRINK • LODGING
CONCORD, MASS.
FOR RESERVATIONS-CALL EMerson 9-4600

Closed Sat. & Sun. June, July & Aug.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
We Park Your Car at Dinner
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2729

Besides the "Lulu" material, the Columbia set includes the Chamber Concerto; three movements from the "Lyric Suite" in the string-orchestra arrangement that Berg made from what was originally a quartet; the three-part concert aria "Der Wein," which is generally considered a kind of warmup for "Lulu;" and, disarmingly, the "Seven Early Songs," which Berg arranged for orchestra many years after their composition, in the early nineteen-hundreds. That was when the young Berg had just come under the influence of Schoenberg, and since he had not yet absorbed the radical new compositional method, he leaned on the past in the songs, so that the listener hears echoes of several composers. But in spite of their eclecticism the songs are beguiling—youthful, sensitive, lovely, and wonderfully singable. The soprano Bethany Beardslee performs them delightfully, and she is also heard in "Der Wein," a marvellously evocative setting of three poems translated from Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" and dealing with intoxication of various sorts. The "Lyric Suite" arrangement, a skillfully organized work, has a slithering, scurrying, susurrant middle section—an *allegro misterioso* that is reminiscent of the chilling scene in which Wozzeck is about to disappear into the drink. The one work I couldn't get inside is the lengthy Concerto, in three continuous movements; though not exactly a concert staple, it has been heard often enough in the concert halls, but, I am sorry to say, it conveys little to me. I find this a frequent experience with twelve-tone writing, and I suppose that even Berg, with all his expressive powers, had to fail me at least once.

Anyone seriously interested in Berg will find the Columbia set especially rewarding, because of its wide range, but I felt that the performance of the "Lulu" music on the Mercury record was the more persuasive. This is partly because of Dorati's fluent hand but also because he offers the suite as it was originally set down, in five movements, with soprano, whereas Craft has dropped the vocalist and, therefore, the very last scene, and has rearranged the order of the four remaining sections. His reasons for doing so, which include the fact that Columbia plans to issue an "Operas of Alban Berg" set in the future, do not strike me as very cogent ones, but I won't dwell on them. I should add that Miss Pilarczyk, the soprano with Dorati, gives accomplished readings of Marie's music in the "Wozzeck" suite and of the Lulu and Countess Geschwitz passages in the other.

—DOUGLAS WATT

BEAUTIFUL YEAR-ROUND RESORT
...in the lovely Poconos
THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA'S LARGEST RESORT ESTATE
Buck Hill Falls, Penna.

JUNE is the month—when mountain laurel is in bloom and the days are perfect for golf on the only 27-hole course in the Poconos. Tennis, riding, swimming and lawn bowling. New Cocktail Lounge. 300 attractive rooms. Fine meals.

ONLY 3 HOURS FROM NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA
New York Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza • CIrcle 5-5620
Philadelphia Office—PEnnypacker 5-2433

play better golf with a
Super Maxfli
Dunlop
Super Maxfli
Sold only in Pro Shops
9 Maxfli

DISTANCE. No ball gives you greater distance than the Super Maxfli. Tests prove there is no longer ball.
ACCURACY. No ball plays more accurately off every club because no golf ball is *made* more accurately.
CONSISTENCY. No ball delivers more consistent performance. Every Super Maxfli, built and tested within exceedingly narrow limits of internal compression, plays outstandingly the same. Stays white longer, too!
You'll never know how good you are until you play a Super Maxfli.

BOOKS

An Interview with Edmund Wilson

Interviewer: What brings you to England, Mr. Wilson?

Wilson: I wanted to dine at the Café Royal. I have never been able to get any English friend to go there with me. They always say that it isn't what it used to be. But I want to see it all the same. That's one reason, and another is that I want to get a set of Ackermann's "London" at a somewhat cheaper price than they ask for it in the United States. I feel that when I'll have achieved these two objectives, I need never come to London again. Not that I don't enjoy it, but it is so hard to live through the London Sunday, and such a nuisance having to go to Paris on Saturday. Besides, I'm afraid of finding that the old London I used to like isn't really there any more.

Interviewer: May I ask you for your opinion of some of our English writers?

Wilson: Certainly.

Interviewer: How do you feel about Sir Charles Snow?

Wilson: My only objection to his novels is that I find them almost completely unreadable. But I always stand up for him in opposition to the virtually united front against him of the London literary world. He does have "something to say"—put that in quotes. He's been bold enough to disregard the literary rules and to open up a whole new geography of the intellectual world, so everybody is furious with him. I like to read him when he's not writing novels, though I think he has to some extent created a false issue in the matter of the "Two Cultures." Perhaps not in England, where there seems to be a sort of social barrier between science and the humanistic studies, but in the United States everybody who goes to college—or at least they did in my time—has to take a certain amount of science. Snow insists that it is just as absurd not to know the Second Law of Thermodynamics as not to have read any Shakespeare. I once knew about the Second Law, but I couldn't tell you now—I don't think I really need it—and I imagine that there are many scientists who would get little or nothing out of Shakespeare.

Interviewer: How do you feel about the Snow-Leavis controversy?

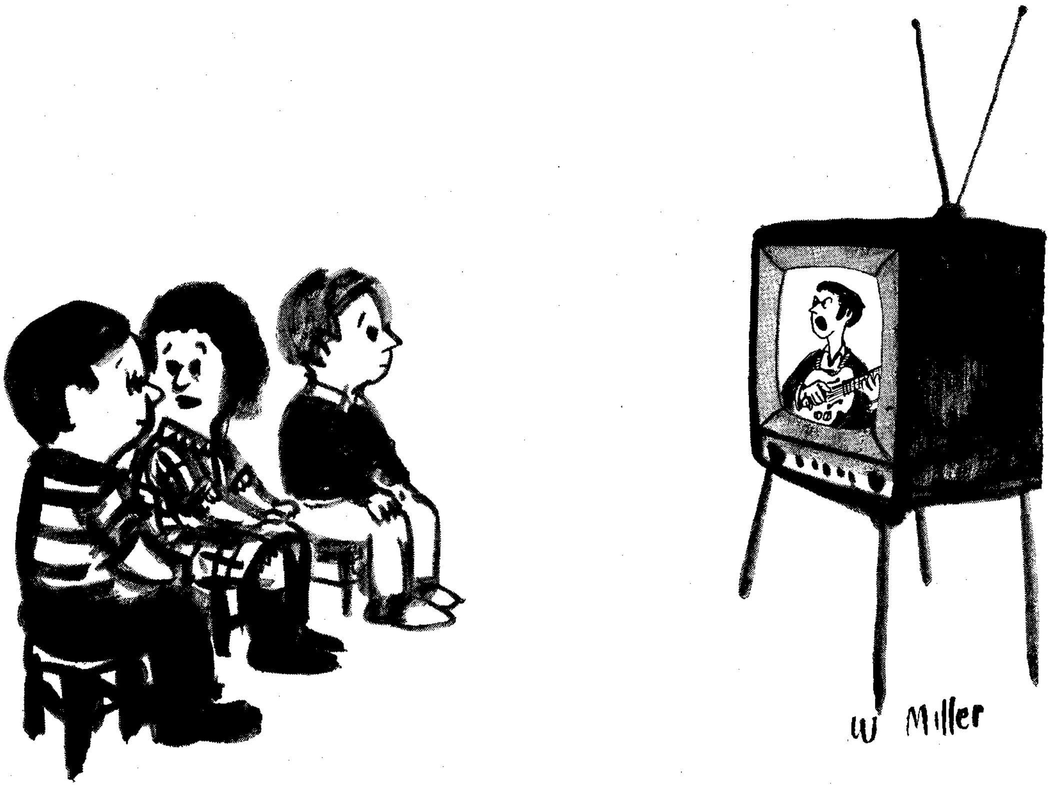
Wilson: Why, I believe that I'm rather on Snow's side. I don't actually know much about Leavis. I'm told that he's a stimulating teacher—such people sometimes are: Irving Babbitt at Harvard, for instance—and that parts of his books are brilliant. But I haven't read these books, and when I've read him, he was always railing against somebody. He's the kind of dogmatic person who always antagonizes me. I can't understand making a moral issue out of one's preference for this or that writer. Why try to cast an anathema on somebody who doesn't like George Eliot? I detested "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner" when I had to read them for school, and I've never got around to "Middlemarch." Why regard Max Beerbohm as trivial? He seems to me to have been one of the best writers of his period. Leavis tries to be scathing about Snow's style, but if this lecture is a fair sample of Leavis's, I'd say that he didn't express himself nearly so well as Snow. Still, it may be that something of importance is involved in the Snow-Leavis controversy. I think that Leavis has one real point—one that I had raised in my own mind: that Snow seems to take it for granted that technical education and development are desirable in themselves. This naturally gets Leavis's back up, because his interest in literature is passionate and moral—almost, I suppose, religious. For Leavis, Snow, I suppose, is committing the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Interviewer: What do you think of Kingsley Amis?

Wilson: His last novel is by far his best—"Take a Girl Like You." The use of language is wonderful, and he has made a kind of squalid but delightful poetry out of—one doesn't know what to call it; not lower-middle-class life, but something that I suppose is new in England, a kind of world that is more like America, where people meet and drink and make love and have flip conversations without belonging to any class at all. I felt in reading this book, as I had not done in reading his verse, that Amis is really a poet. "Take a Girl Like You" is, I think, the best humorous poem that has come out of England since Betjeman has been Poet Laureate.

Interviewer: You are mistaken; John Betjeman is not Poet Laureate. Masefield is still—

Wilson: Nonsense. I've been much amused by the way in which Betjeman



"Whenever he does that song, I sort of choke up."

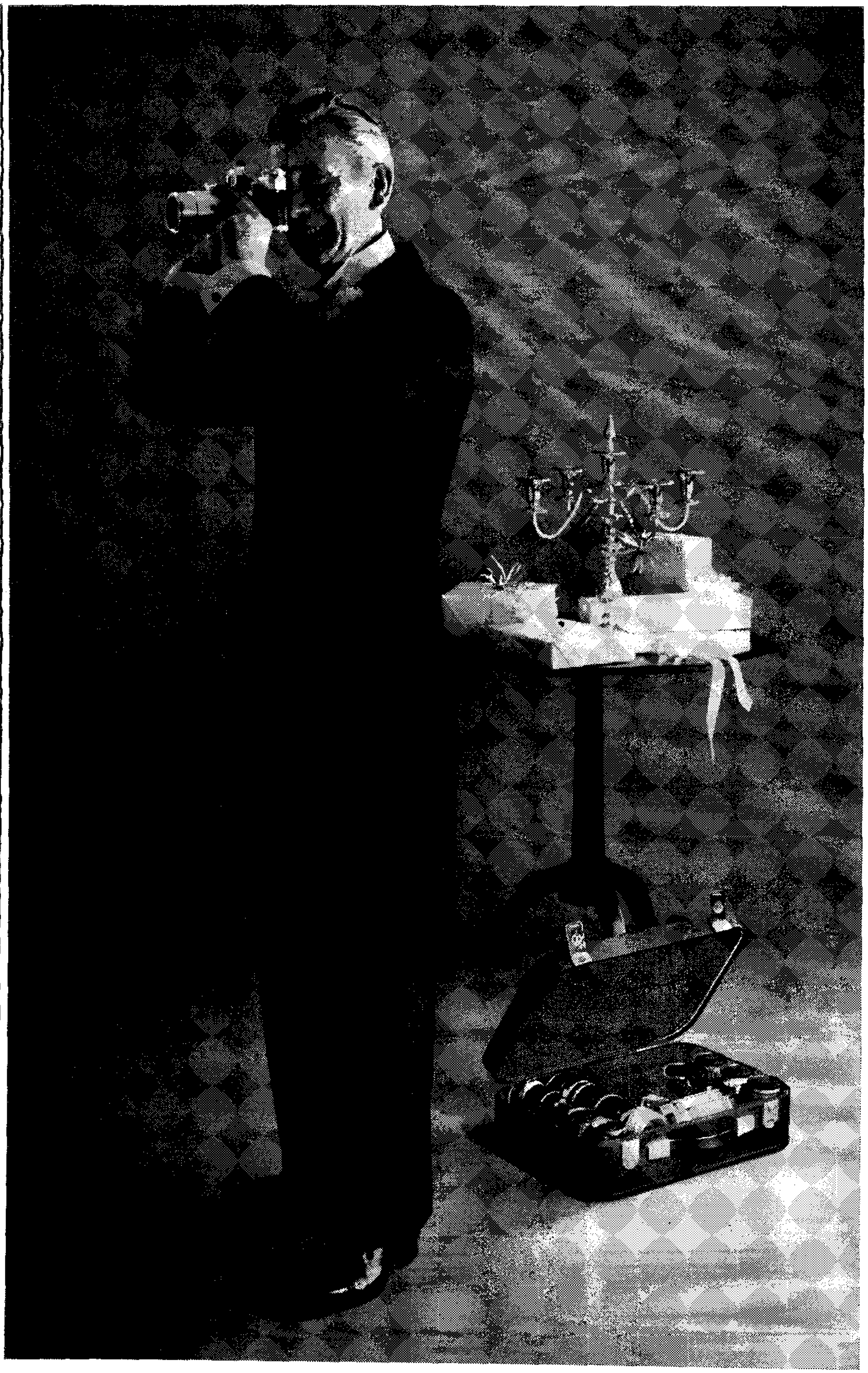
has been handling the Royal Family. They had already been made to look middle-class by the English press and its public. Betjeman has made them suburban.

Interviewer: And Anthony Powell—have you read him?

Wilson: I don't see why you make so much fuss about him. He's just entertaining enough to read in bed late at night in summer, when his books usually reach me. If Evelyn Waugh is the Shakespeare of this school, Powell is the Middleton or the Day. It's a pity he ever dipped into Proust—and that goes for Durrell, too, though of course Durrell did more than dip, he saturated himself completely. Durrell is even better to read in bed. He creates such an atmosphere of sinister suspense, heavy odors and colors, and fantastic sexual didos, and the Alexandrian series is full of extraordinary descriptions of a kind that few people can do. He has a real mastery of language at a time when so much English prose is self-conscious, impoverished, and pale. But the trouble with this series is that—along with the trick of astonishing the reader by revealing new aspects of his characters—he took over Proust's preoccupation with disabling and distressing illness and the torments of frustrated love. With Proust these obsessions are neurotically real, but in Durrell's case you feel that he is a strong, healthy fellow who immensely enjoys himself, and that all this is artificial. He mutilates all his characters or gives them perversions and diseases. By the time he gets to the end, practically everybody has been crippled in one way or another, and we don't much believe in any of it. And then the real big surprise comes—which is also a giveaway—when the whole grotesque carnival of horror and lust turns out to have a happy ending. Boy and Girl go off to Paris together and there is nothing to prevent us from supposing that they will live happily ever after. She has lost her right hand, to be sure, but she has learned to paint with an artificial one, and for some reason this has made her the great painter that she couldn't be before.

Interviewer: You spoke of Evelyn Waugh. Have you been reading his later books?

Wilson: I regard "Gilbert Pinfold" as the greatest Protestant allegory since "Pilgrim's Progress," and the military series is also good; it is the first time he has succeeded in getting into any of his books a suggestion of Christianity. "Helena" was his weakest novel: the implication was that the heretics were



The case for the father-of-the-bride

It contains his gift to the lucky youngsters. A Zeiss Ikon Camera *System*. A jewel-like, master-crafted photographic ensemble to capture every thrill in their eventful lives. Dad has just decided to add a roll of wedding pictures to his lavish gift. A good excuse to try those fine matched lenses, that eagle-eye telephoto, that panoramic wide-angle. He's intrigued by the unique interchangeable backs—that permit instant switching between black-and-white and color film. Clearly, he's convincing himself that Zeiss Ikon Camera Systems are for privileged fathers—of brides, grooms, graduates, debutantes, or offspring of any sort. They turn fathers into complete photographers. For a booklet on these new dimensions in photography with Zeiss Ikon Contarex and Contaflex 35mm. Camera Systems, write to Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE ZEISS IKON IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

ICE CREAM COLORS, apricot, mocha, pistachio, or blue-ice, deep for the skirt, creamy for the blouse: cool and luscious combination by Adelaar in blended chambrays. Wrap-and-snap skirt, of dacron and polyester cotton, 9.98; ruffled blouse, of dacron and avron, 6.98. Sizes 8-16. Available at all Casual Corner Stores.

CASUAL CORNER

HOUSEHUNTING?

In an Unfamiliar City?

Turn to Homerica, the company that guards the interests of the intercity home *buyer*, in over 125 major cities and their suburbs. Given your particular family needs, we'll recommend the right suburbs and locate the right houses for you. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

HOMERICA INC.

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

MORT SAHL • GEORGE SHEARING
NANCY WILSON
Nightly except. Sun.
BASIN STREET East
48th St. east of Lexington Ave. • PL 2-4444

invariably dreadful people, people that you wouldn't care to know.

INTERVIEWER: Angus Wilson?

WILSON: I think that he interests me more than any other English novelist I read. No nostalgia for the twenties or the old institutions. He concentrates on the present, on the new social types that have appeared since the war, and the changed situation of the old ones, and I feel that I am getting a great deal of light on what is happening at the present time in England. His last book is one of his best—"The Old Men at the Zoo." He is always particularly good when he is impersonating a character who is telling the story. "For Whom the Cloche Tolls" is one of the best of his shorter things—and the most unappreciated; it was not even published in America. The subject of "The Old Men" is rather like one of Snow's. The relations between men in an institution—it is, in fact, a Snow novel written by someone with more talent for fiction. The reviews of it in England that I read mostly sounded as if they had been written by the imaginary narrator himself—the slightly intelligent civil servant who is always saving face and carrying on. I almost suspect Angus Wilson of having forged these reviews himself—like the archeological controversy in the appendix to "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes."

INTERVIEWER: You follow the English press?

WILSON: Oh, yes. I subscribe to the *New Statesman* and regularly read the *TLS*, *Encounter*, the *Observer*, and the *Sunday Times*—sometimes the *Spectator* and the *Listener*. My house is full of these weeklies; when I go down to dinner I find them. Hence, I suppose, this interview. As for the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*—since I rarely read the editorials, I can't detect much difference between them. One has Kenneth Tynan and the other Cyril Connolly. Tynan is still young, with, I hope, the best of his career before him, but I can never read Cyril Connolly without wishing he were doing something that was better worth doing than most of those reviews. But why mention it? I think that he rather enjoys having this kind of thing said about him. And then there is Harold Nicolson—I don't know whether he irritates me or amuses me more. He works up so much moral indignation about the writers whose biographies he reviews: Montesquieu, Goldsmith, the Goncourts. He began it years ago in his book about Verlaine. As I remember, he reproved Verlaine for his lack of moral

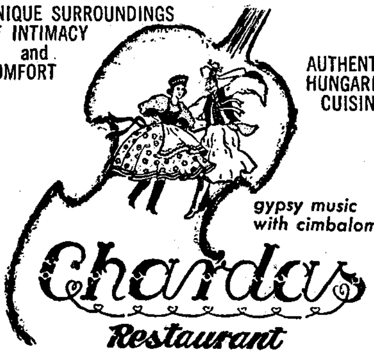
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "FOOLISH VIRGIN"?

Down here, a Foolish Virgin is two things: a drink and a cocktail bar. The drink is mixed with the great Virgin Rums made right here on the islands . . . and it's served (naturally enough) in the Foolish Virgin Bar. The home of both is the Virgin Isle Hilton. Join us! Dine on our Torchlight Patio, swim in our salt-water pool, dance under our special stars, tan on golden beaches, tennis—everything fun, friendly and happily Hilton. Newly re-decorated, too! (25 air minutes from San Juan; $200 duty-free shopping.)

See your travel agent or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office—LO 3-6900 in New York.

Virgin isle Hilton
on sunny
ST. THOMAS
U. S. VIRGIN
ISLANDS

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT
AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE



gypsy music with cimbalom
Chardas Restaurant
307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • FREE PARKING • Closed Mon.

DISTINCTIVE! DRAMATIC!
Top of the Six's
GRACIOUS AFTER THEATRE DINING
666 Fifth Avenue • PL 7-6662

City Line & Schuylkill Expressway/Philadelphia
Marriott MOTOR HOTEL

backbone, when the substance of Verlaine's poetry is entirely a matter of fleeting impressions, quickly varying moods, and the pathos of emotional instability. If Verlaine had had moral backbone, his poetry would never have existed. And how can you scold someone like Goldsmith or worry because Montesquieu, in some connection, is supposed to have "behaved badly"? The only writer on whom I have read Nicolson who seems to me somewhat to deserve this peevish kind of disapproval is William Beckford, whom I have always thought very unpleasant; yet V. S. Pritchett, in one of his best reviews, writing about the same biography, shows a sympathetic comprehension that made me feel I knew Beckford better. I am glad to see, however, that the staggering contradictions of Dostoevski have forced Nicolson to yield a little. In the most recent review of his I have read, he concludes, "In some ways this collection of letters shows us how petty a great man can be. In other ways it teaches us never to condemn a genius for the way in which he behaves."

INTERVIEWER: Would you care to express an opinion of Sir Winston Churchill as a writer?

WILSON: A romantic American journalist infatuated with English history. And this reminds me that I'd like to say something about someone I know you're not going to ask me about: the writer that nobody—in London, at least—takes seriously. He had an American mother, like Churchill. I mean Compton Mackenzie. He makes a mistake nowadays, I think, in always describing himself as an "entertainer." A good many of his books, actually, since his early period, are meant to convey "a message"—put that in quotes. For years he has been trying to plead in his books for the rights of small nations and cultural minorities, as against all the forces that are driving us in the direction of a centralized power that tries to process or crush them. His rather odd long novel "The Four Winds of Love" is all—and somewhat irrelevantly to the career of the hero, who is a playwright, and not an editorial writer, though, to be sure, he is a Scottish nationalist—it all amounts to a defense of oppressed and recalcitrant groups: the Greeks, the Poles, the Jews, the Irish, the Scottish, and even the Bretons and the Cornish. But I never remember to have seen a review of one of these later novels that gave any indication of what Mackenzie was driving at. The trouble is that he is both a professed Scot and something of a crypto-American, so he is always at an angle to Eng-

NATURALEIGH, EVERYWHERE...

Today's fashionable men have it better than even Sir Walter . . . as they step out in the Napoli by Raleigh. Tailored to one button perfection from a variety of the season's newest imported fabrics. A bold new step for men of advanced taste. At the better stores from $69.50.

NATURALEIGH BY RALEIGH
DESIGNED BY AMORE PACE

Raleigh Clothes, Inc., 915 Broadway, N. Y.

BALLY

SHOES THAT CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS

New York, Boston & Washington	ROGER PEET
Atlanta	RICH'S
Baltimore	HESS BROS.
Beverly Hills	MORRIS BOOTMAKERS
Boston	COES & YOUNG
Cincinnati	SHILLITO'S
Dallas	VOLK'S
Detroit	THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
Honolulu	ANDRADE'S
Houston	MORGAN-HAYES
Kansas City	JACK HENRY
Miami & Ft. Lauderdale	JORDAN MARSH
Minneapolis	DAYTON'S
New Haven	BARRIE, LTD.
New Orleans	GODCHAUX
Philadelphia	JOHN WANAMAKER
Phoenix	MCDOUGALL-CASSOU
Reno	GRAY-REID
San Antonio	PINCUS & CO.
San Francisco	FRANK WERNER
Seattle & Portland	NORDSTROM'S
Shreveport	SELBER BROS.
St. Louis	STIX, BAER & FULLER
Washington	RICH'S

For other smart shops, write
BALLY, INC.
444 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N.Y.

SCUOL

The inherent pleasure of SCUOL is in its urbane sophistication and detailing. Bootmaker seamed; colt leather quarter-lining. Black or Brown Calf.

THE
Embassy Club
CONTINUOUS DANCING
ROGER STEELE
and his Orchestra
QUINTERO
and his
Continental Orchestra
Dinner from 6:30 P.M.
Dancing from 8:30 P.M.
Closed Sundays
Reservations: PL 5-1000
THE
Sheraton-East
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK
Vice-Pres. & General Mgr.
Member of Diners' Club

IN MAINE'S
LOVELIEST LAKE
AND MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY
Mount Kineo
HOTEL
on Moosehead Lake
KINEO
MAINE
Louis O. Hilton
Manager
Here, in "the last true frontier on the Eastern Seaboard," a luxury hotel on its own 1200-acre resort estate, provides everything you're looking for. The greatest hunting and fishing, private golf, tennis, swimming pool, boating, lake and stream fishing. Accessible by car, train or plane. June-September.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Rob't. F. Warner, Inc., 630 5th Ave., N.Y.
JUdson 6-4500
also in
Boston, Washington, Chicago, Toronto, London

The house of
quality food
for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and American Express
SUN YAH

lish society. They don't understand him or don't want to understand him, and I suppose they resent such a comic portrait as that of Captain Waggett in the Scottish series—which is so lightly done but so deadly in intention—more than anything in Bernard Shaw. And nobody is able to bring himself to give Mackenzie credit for being the fine artist that at his best he is. Most of his recent novels have not even been published in America, and I can't imagine why. In my youth he was extremely popular. But now people—not I, however—laugh their heads off over P. G. Wodehouse and pretend to take him seriously as a writer and speak with respect of Somerset Maugham, a bad writer with none of Mackenzie's distinction, when they have often never heard of Mackenzie. Since nobody else is doing him justice, I'm going to have to write about him myself, so I shan't give you a lecture on the subject.

INTERVIEWER: I am sure that Ackermann and the Café Royal are not your only reasons for coming to England. There must surely be other reasons.

WILSON: No other reasons. My English friends I see when they come to America—and, as a matter of fact, I'm not really in England. The question is, am I really anywhere? I'm not really in America either; I take so little part in what is happening there, and have so little sympathy with it. I say that I'm afraid of finding that the London I once knew isn't there any more, but the New York I used to know has disappeared long ago. Why, there's hardly a house in New York where I ever lived or went in my youth that is still even standing now! There are times when I'm not even sure that I'm real. Would you say that I was real?

INTERVIEWER: I can't be sure.

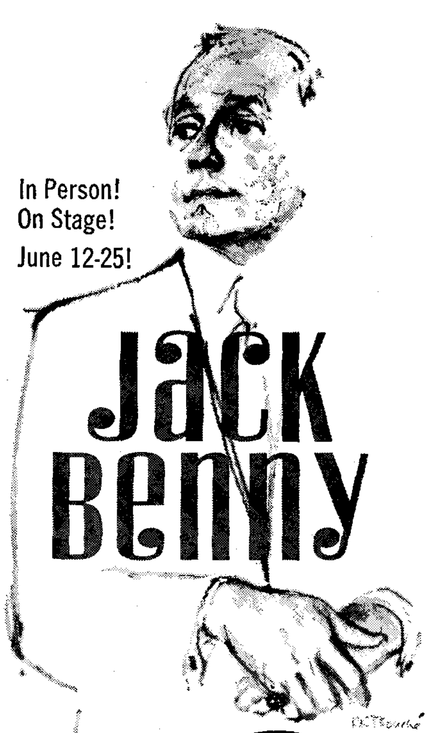
WILSON: Are you real?

INTERVIEWER: I'm afraid not.

WILSON: Are these people we're talking about real?

INTERVIEWER: I don't think they quite know. Sir Winston, perhaps.

WILSON: In a sense, I suppose, I'm in Cambridge, Mass., imprisoned in an upstairs room, with the complete works of Swinburne and the six volumes of his correspondence and a lot of books about him on my desk, on the windowsill, on the bureau, and on the bed next to mine. I sleep with them, work with them, eat with them. It's a possible mode of escape. But Swinburne himself is a little unreal, and outside I can see nothing but a narrow Cambridge street—the gray snow and ice or slush are all over the sidewalks and road.



In Person!
On Stage!
June 12-25!
JACK BENNY
plus
JANE MORGAN
THE HALF BROTHERS
Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN
& COUNTRY CLUB
Las Vegas
For Reservations Call PL 1-3434 in New York

Luxury
in the New York manner
Cheerful, air-conditioned rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Two notable restaurants
Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

There are ugly frame houses opposite, all crowded up against one another. In the mornings the garbage collectors bang around the big garbage cans that always stand in front of the houses—it's a feature of Cambridge life. Later on, you hear the gaspings and barkings of the cars that people are trying to start, trying to get them out of the snowdrifts—the streets there are never cleaned. This sometimes goes on for hours. But if you don't look out of the windows, it's like a long voyage on a boat that never gets to Europe—when you just lie in your berth and read. I feel sometimes that I'm getting to the proverbial point when good Americans die and go to Paris. But of course if one went there alive, one might be killed by a plastic bomb. And then there are Anouilh's plays.

INTERVIEWER: You don't care for Anouilh's plays?

WILSON: I abominate them. It's a kind of fraudulent cleverness that I hate to see them getting in France: forced whimsey—the French should never be whimsical—implausible improvised shocks, empty *tirades* that pretend to mean something. Other people are doing it, too—Françoise Sagan, for example. Jean Cocteau began it when he became meretricious in his later plays; Giraudoux carried it on. Anouilh made an industry of it, and now his plays are being done everywhere—in England, America, and Germany as well as in France. Yes, one of the chief problems of modern life is to avoid seeing Anouilh's plays.

INTERVIEWER: What is your opinion of the British theatre?

WILSON: Very high at the present time. I used to think, after the First World War, that our theatre had become very good and the London theatre—after the big Shaw-Barker period—relatively uninteresting. Now it is the other way around. New York isn't any good—except for an occasional Off Broadway production—and London is very strong. The best of your actors are wonderful: Gielgud, Olivier, Guinness, Peggy Ashcroft, Pamela Brown, Edith Evans. We have no such actors in America. Even Noël Coward is not to be sneezed at.

The Interviewer sneezes.

WILSON: But "Blithe Spirit" is an excellent comedy. If "The Importance of Being Earnest" survives, "Blithe Spirit" ought to survive. In any case, we have no such actors in America as the ones I have just mentioned. Lunt and Fontanne are the nearest thing. The only Broadway event of any importance

If you really like the taste of Scotch Whisky

Speak up for Peter DAWSON

The Scotch that tastes like Scotch!

SPECIAL
P.D.
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE
PETER
86.8 PROOF
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Peter Dawson
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

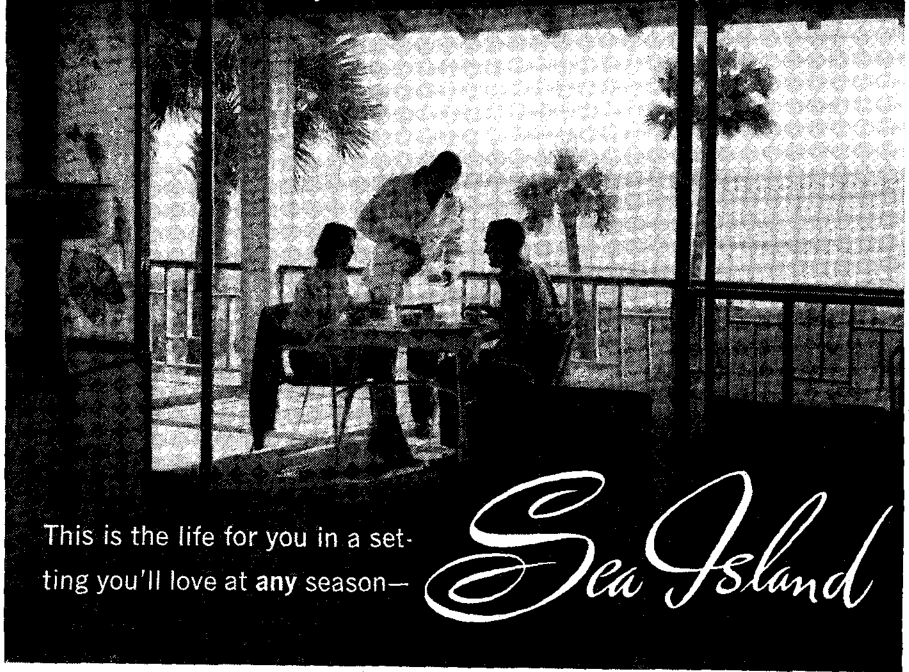
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality.

Bottled in Scotland

Whether dining by the sea, or dancing under the stars. . . . Whether swimming in the surf or pool, or strolling the miles of secluded, private beach. . . . Whether golf is your game, or tennis, skeet, riding, fishing or boating your sport. . . . You'll glory in the comfort of your rooms in the Hotel, Apartments or Beach Houses. Completely air-conditioned. American Plan.

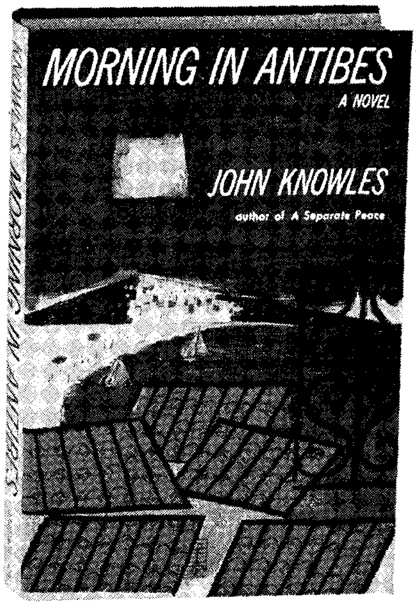
THE CLOISTER SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA

(Also fully furnished rental homes available)



This is the life for you in a setting you'll love at **any** season—Sea Island

Write direct, see Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y., JU 6-4500, also Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto



LOVE AND CONFLICT ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA...

The new novel by John Knowles, author of *A Separate Peace,* brings this high praise from John Cournos, writing in the *Philadelphia Bulletin:* "*Morning in Antibes* is about to take place on my permanent shelf next to J. D. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey.*"

MACMILLAN $3.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Thoroughly enjoyable . . . a real treat." —THOMAS WALSH

The D.I.

By JEFFREY ASHFORD

The author of Counsel for the Defense proves that the lot of the rural English policeman is not so much unhappy as continuously exciting.
At all bookstores • $3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The NEW James Bond thriller by IAN FLEMING

The Spy Who Loved Me

$3.95 VIKING

that I have seen in many years is Mike Nichols and Elaine May. I saw their show four times, which I can't imagine doing with any other recent Broadway production. I think that they are serious artists and have all kinds of possibilities, but they have been written about as if they were trivial—in connection with sick jokes and so forth. Every one of their sketches, no matter how brief or funny, creates a real dramatic tension, and they sometimes come close to the tragic: the Teen-Agers and the Pirandello and the sketch about the little girl whose father is going to prison. This season I have heard it said that the Little Players at Central Park West is the best thing in the theatre in New York, and now that Nichols and May are not doing their show any more, I don't think this is far from the truth. It is a theatre of glove puppets—that is, not marionettes but the kind of puppets you put your hands in. I am an amateur Punch-and-Judy operator, but I never could have believed that this kind of thing could be raised to such a point of perfection. Everything is done by one man, whose management of the movements and gestures is absolutely astonishing to me, and as an impersonator of voices and accents he rivals Peter Sellers. The whole thing has an elegance and imagination which must make it unique in this kind of entertainment.

INTERVIEWER: To go back to the bombs you were speaking of—would you care to express your views on nuclear warfare?

WILSON: I have been very pessimistic. There is nothing really serious at issue between us and the Soviet Union, and we are becoming more and more alike, but the more we become alike, the more we glare and square off at one another. It's just an animal rivalry—a couple of gorillas beating their breasts. I try to look on the cheerful side, and to tell myself that there's no real way of getting rid of the horrible American cities except to have them vaporized, so I am not in favor of those weapons which exterminate the human beings without destroying the buildings. And it is something of a consolation to remember that if New York, for example, were bombed, certain magazine proprietors and Power Authority potentates, whom good taste prevents my naming, would probably be taken off; and then if Washington got it, the Pentagon, the C.I.A., and all the rest of the government bureaucracy would go. But I hope that as between us and Russia the destruction would be reciprocal. Moscow is a dread-

You'll have a better vacation if you take along the HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES

HAWAII
ISRAEL
VENICE
ONLY $1.45 EACH

● Half a million people report wonderful results from these pocket-sized, profusely-illustrated, up-to-date guide books. And so will you! They tell you where to stay; where to eat; what to buy; everything you need to know about prices, tipping, tours, sights. Two-color fold-out map in each book.
Horace Sutton of the *Saturday Review* calls them "the biggest pocketful of information you can buy."
Only $1.45 *each*

HAWAII • ISRAEL • VENICE • SCANDINAVIA • THE LOW COUNTRIES • RESTAURANTS OF EUROPE • SHOPPING IN EUROPE • THE RIVIERA • THE CARIBBEAN • SWITZERLAND • BRITAIN • LONDON • FRANCE • PARIS • ITALY • ROME • FLORENCE • SPAIN • MEXICO

Now at your bookstore, or order direct from RANDOM HOUSE, Dept. TNY, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

JUST ARRIVED!
Bemelmans
IN HIS NEW ROLE
ON BOARD NOAH'S ARK

". . . so colorful, so Italian, so completely Bemelmans that it becomes an indelible, hilarious memory."
—Chicago Tribune

Many drawings and 14 full color paintings $5.00 VIKING

Aldous Huxley
ISLAND
His new novel is a national best seller
3rd LARGE PRINTING • $5.00 • HARPER

ful place, too, and also swarming with bureaucrats.

Interviewer: You don't see any hope, then?

Wilson: Not much—but then I'm getting old: I am constantly riddled with gout and I have almost no teeth in my lower jaw.

Interviewer: You seem to me very vigorous.

Wilson: It's these drinks that produce the illusion. Can't I give you another?

Interviewer: No, thank you.

Wilson: I'm also allergic to the dust from old books—an occupational hazard that I'd never heard of till last winter in Cambridge, when I was coughing and sneezing for months, and finally went to a throat-and-nose man and found out what was the matter with me. I'd had to read a lot of old bound periodicals and things for my book on the Civil War. It seems that this allergy is a common complaint. One of the librarians at Harvard had to retire on that account, and a girl who does research for a friend of mine has to wear a gauze mask in the stacks. There's also, it seems, an allergy to calf bindings, which I'm told has a slight prestige value in academic circles.

Interviewer: Interesting. . . . Your book on the Civil War. That's the American Civil War, isn't it?

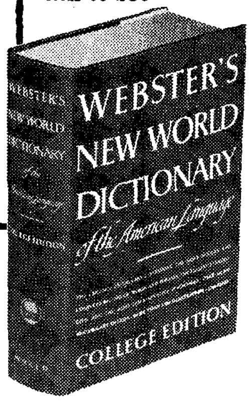
Wilson: Yes; the North and the South—Lincoln and Lee and all that.

Interviewer: Do you remember the Civil War?

Wilson: Oh, very well. I was a drummer boy at Gettysburg, one of the big battles. But later on I came to realize that the South ought to have been allowed to secede from the Union—that was the great issue rather than slavery, you know—and I deserted and took refuge in upstate New York, which had always been rather disaffected. I became what is called a Copperhead.

Interviewer: We haven't talked about American writers. What contemporary American writers do you think most highly of?

Wilson: Well, I don't read them very much nowadays. I have been trying to keep up my English. I've had to read foreign writers, and, in connection with the Civil War, so many inferior American books of that period that I feel I've been losing my hold on good literary English, but, as I say, I don't think that current English prose is especially exhilarating. I feel that my own prose is getting as "pale" and "impoverished" as anybody's. It has been a great relief to me lately to read some



WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY of the American Language
COLLEGE EDITION

Your teacher is right. This is what we need — a modern dictionary with accepted usage.

A modern dictionary is more than just an old work updated. *Every entry* should be freshly and clearly defined for the age in which we live. Accepted usage should be indicated. Not all dictionaries meet this test. For a modern dictionary at its finest ask to see

The newest, biggest desk dictionary, approved at leading colleges and universities, is **WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY, College Edition.** In various bindings, from $5.75, at better book, department, and stationery stores.

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland and New York

DON Q PUERTO RICAN RUM

ASK ANYONE
who's been
to Puerto Rico

They'll surely tell you
the best-selling, best-tasting
quality rum on the Island is

DON Q®

Finest Rum for You
80 Proof. Schieffelin & Co., New York
Also available at 151 Proof

A RINEHART SUSPENSE NOVEL

Murder strikes at an Interpol conference in Geneva... and Inspector Tibbett of Scotland Yard is the prime suspect!

DEATH ON THE AGENDA

By PATRICIA MOYES, author of "Down Among the Dead Men"
$3.50

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

HOW WONDERFUL TO FIND
YOURSELF READING

"a work of genius"

the fox
in the attic

by RICHARD HUGHES

7th LARGE PRINTING • $4.50 • HARPER

of the Elizabethans I hadn't read before. But I can't write my articles in Elizabethan. And the various American styles are no good to me. I can't write Hemingway. I can't write Mencken. I can't write the jargon of the critical quarterlies. This is always something of a problem in America. If you are not doing a play or a novel in which you make people talk the way they do, you have no standard American medium in which to express yourself. I am giving myself a vacation from the kind of language I usually write by concocting a sort of farce-melodrama of academic life, in which the professors and students talk like professors and students, and one of the professors, who is something of an old ham, forges an Elizabethan play which he pretends to have discovered in England and which he gets produced in the college, with himself in the role of the Duke. A performance of a part of this play takes up the whole of the second act, and this is giving me an opportunity to write some Elizabethan. The villain is a New Critic, who laboriously takes Yeats's poems apart and discovers homosexuality in "The Wild Swans at Coole"—note the "Wilde" swans, and of course the swans are really young men. The hero is a young instructor, boorish but brilliant, whom the English Department is trying to eliminate. They are competing for the hand of the Professor's daughter. The Professor himself represents the spirit of creative scholarship, which always has to forge the works of its subjects.

But you asked me what writers I admire. Well, the only American fiction writers I always read are Salinger, Edwin O'Connor, and James Baldwin. There is nothing invidious about this; it is just that I haven't read most of the others. (I'm not speaking of the older ones, like Faulkner, Dos Passos, and Dawn Powell.) James Baldwin I think most remarkable. He is not only one of the best Negro writers that we have ever had in this country, he is one of the best writers that we have. He has mastered a taut and incisive style—which is what Negro writers often lack—and in writing about what it means to be a Negro he is writing about what it means to be a man. No one is more concerned with the Negro problem, and yet no one so far transcends it by intellect and style. He concentrates on himself or his main character an intense kind of isolating spotlight, which makes him stand out against his sordid background—or, rather, he makes this individual seem to shine and throw everything else into shadow.

As for poetry, aside from the older

TRAVEL THE Duncan Hines WAY

TAKE the guesswork out of travel and still have the fun of discovering new places to dine, stay and vacation. Duncan Hines Travel Books, America's favorite travel guides for more than 25 years, contain just the information you need to make your trip a happy one.

Whether you plan your stops in advance or simply "go as the spirit moves you," Duncan Hines books will make your every stop an adventure. Every place that is listed (at no charge) has been thoroughly inspected to assure you of the best in food, lodging and resort facilities.

ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATING, LODGING FOR A NIGHT, VACATION GUIDE and ADVENTURES IN GOOD COOKING and the ART OF CARVING IN THE HOME. Each $1.50 at bookstores, newsstands

$1.50

DUNCAN HINES INSTITUTE
408 E. State St.
Ithaca, New York

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for

☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS

My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions
1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00

Canada, Latin America and Spain
1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00

Other Foreign
1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include postal zone number)

THE Arlington HOTEL • BATHS

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK
ARKANSAS

Enjoy a HEALTH and FUN Holiday in the cool, scenic Ouachita mountains of Arkansas . . . luxurious accommodations . . . superb cuisine . . . cosmopolitan tone . . . social calendar . . . world-famous thermal waters . . . golfing . . . swimming . . . fishing . . . a COMPLETE resort hotel. Write for Folder A.

EDGAR A. MAY
Manager
MRS. JOY MANNING SCOTT
President

In New York, call
MU 8-0123
532 Madison Ave.

In Chicago, call
MO 4-5100
505 N. Michigan Ave.

Joan Crawford with Host John C. Bruno

Bruno's PEN and PENCIL

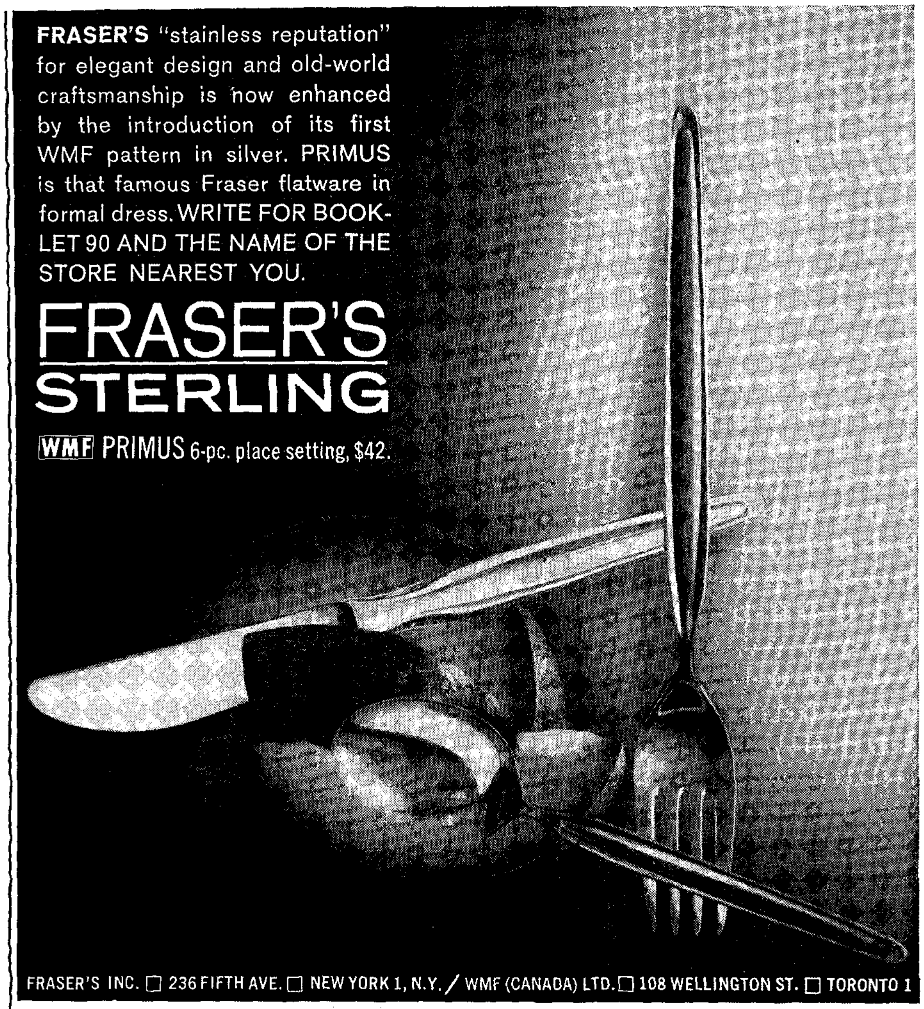
"It is without a doubt that the Pen and Pencil serves the best steak in the country." As quoted from ex-Esquire editor Frederic A. Birmingham's new book.

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

DANCE in LONDON at HAMMERSMITH'S
and, of course, in New York it's
Roseland
DANCE CITY
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
CONTINUOUS DANCING EVES • EX MON. 2 GREAT BANDS
MAT. THURS. AND SAT. • SUN. CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

YOU, ANYONE, EVERYONE
can sustain, and participate in, American art
Join Collectors of American Art INC.
Your $5.00 membership GUARANTEES you an ORIGINAL—a painting, or a print, or a piece of sculpture in the annual distribution.
19 East 71 St., New York 21
EMILY A. FRANCIS, President YU 8-0771

poets the only one I really read is Robert Lowell. He has done something very extraordinary; he has made poetry out of modern Boston. He spares nothing of its dinginess and ugliness and vulgarity. You have all the constriction and agonizing of the Puritans and the puritanism and parochialism of the Irish Catholics; you can feel behind his work the cramped frame, the straining energies, the sloppy, icy winters, when everybody has a cold and the cars can't make it up Beacon Hill on account of its being so slippery—even in Boston they don't do much about the streets in winter. He even writes about those garbage pails. But the poetry never ceases to be noble, and the imagery, which is spiky and dark, is also in its way rich and brilliant. He is, I think, the only recent American poet—if you don't count Eliot—who writes successfully in the language and cadence and rhyme of the resounding English tradition. In some way that I find it rather hard to define, he and W. H. Auden stand distinctly apart from the other contemporary poets. It is a matter of stature, I suppose. They are not playing a game or amusing themselves or trying to make an impression or occasionally giving expression to some more or less poignant emotion. They have higher and more serious ambitions and they also have big enough talents to achieve poetic careers on the old nineteenth-century scale. Lowell's recent book of translations, called "Imitations," is, so far as I know, the only book of its kind in literature. I have always said that the best translations—the "Rubáiyát," for example—are those that depart most widely from the originals—that is, if the translator is himself a good poet; otherwise the result is fatal. Now, Lowell, who has used material from a variety of other writers, all the way from Homer to Pasternak, has produced a volume of verse which consists of variations on themes provided by these other poets and which is really an original sequence by Robert Lowell of Boston. It has, in general, it seems to me, been stupidly received. It is absurd to complain, for example, that he has not followed Baudelaire literally when he has made a point of explaining in his foreword that he has taken every possible liberty—has changed the order of stanzas, invented stanzas of his own, and contributed his own new images. He has also in many cases transmuted the whole tone and color of the poem which he has taken as a point of departure. A pretentious reviewer in *Time* magazine tried to take him to task in this way, and then went on to be patronizing about his handling of Leopardi's "L'In-


FRASER'S "stainless reputation" for elegant design and old-world craftsmanship is now enhanced by the introduction of its first WMF pattern in silver. PRIMUS is that famous Fraser flatware in formal dress. WRITE FOR BOOKLET 90 AND THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU.

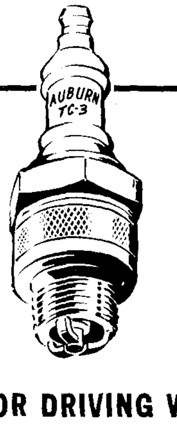
FRASER'S STERLING

WMF PRIMUS 6-pc. place setting, $42.

FRASER'S INC. ☐ 236 FIFTH AVE. ☐ NEW YORK 1, N.Y. / WMF (CANADA) LTD. ☐ 108 WELLINGTON ST. ☐ TORONTO 1

For the dad who has everything

TRIPLE ELECTRODE CHROMIUM PLATED Auburn TC-3 SPARK PLUGS



16 cylinders	$21.60 per set	6 cylinders	$8.10 per set
12 cylinders	16.20 per set	4 cylinders	5.40 per set
8 cylinders	10.80 per set	3 cylinders	4.05 per set

Packed in individual transparent tubes. To order, specify make, model and year of car and send check or M.O. for number of plugs desired. Postpaid.

AUBURN SPARK PLUG CO., INC., Auburn, N. Y. Manufacturers of aircraft igniters and quality automotive spark plugs since 1910.

FOR DRIVING WITH A DIFFERENCE, POWER UP WITH AUBURN

HO-HO CHINESE RESTAURANT
Specializing in
Mandarin & Cantonese Cooking
LUNCHEON-DINNER-AFTER THEATRE
COCKTAILS • Diners' & Am. Express
789 7th AVE. Nr. 52nd St., CI 6-3278
陶陶酒家

Cherry Lodge Restaurant
American Cuisine Our Specialty
1 COLONIAL PL. • HARRISON, N.Y.
TE 5-3388 (Closed Tues.) Private Parties

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How to save money and the freedom to enjoy it

If you're like most Americans today, you've come to the realization that saving money isn't enough for the future. More and more people are asking themselves, "What else can I do? How can I make my family's and my country's future more secure?"

Part of the answer to this question is: invest in U.S. Savings Bonds.

The money you put into Bonds has some mighty important jobs cut out for it. One of the most important is making yourself financially strong. Another is helping our Government stay financially strong so we can shoulder the costs of freedom.

It adds up to the fact that buying Savings Bonds is one of the most fruitful ways you can help keep America free—so you can enjoy the things you're saving for. Why not start buying Bonds when it will do the most good . . . today?

CLOSED
TO WORSHIP

Is this church in America? In 1960 we built 4,915 new churches in the U.S. The one above is St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, Moscow—once one of Russia's greatest churches, now a museum.

Buy an EXTRA Bond during the Freedom Bond Drive

Keep freedom in your future with

U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

finito," which the reviewer calls "one of the supreme sonnets in all literature." But "L'Infinito" is not a sonnet!

Oh, and I ought to mention Elizabeth Bishop. She's not a poet on Lowell's scale, but her poetry is perfectly delightful and quite unlike anyone else's. She is never self-conscious or aware of the fashion but simply ripples out her poems like fluid diaphanous scarves.

INTERVIEWER: And now, if you don't mind, a question about yourself. To what do you attribute your success as a writer?

WILSON: Am I a success as a writer?

INTERVIEWER: I suppose so, or they wouldn't have sent me to interview you.

WILSON: Well, then, I attribute such success as I have had to the use of the periodic sentence.

INTERVIEWER: Surely that is not the whole story.

WILSON: And to my use of the colon and the semicolon. Writing so long for *The New Yorker* may have led me a little to overdo the comma.

INTERVIEWER: What else?

WILSON: My invariable habit of writing in pencil on "legal-size" yellow pads ruled across with blue lines. I believe that composing on the typewriter has probably done more than anything else to deteriorate English prose.

INTERVIEWER: Well, I mustn't take up any more of your time. Thank you very much.

WILSON: It's I who am grateful to you. I might be boring somebody with all these opinions, but you don't really exist, as you say, and when they're printed, people can skip them.

INTERVIEWER: Goodbye. Thank you.

WILSON: Goodbye. What horrible weather. It's equally bad in London or Cambridge.

The Interviewer disappears; Wilson floats up to his study.

WILSON: I must make an effort not to evaporate. —EDMUND WILSON

•

This was by all odds the most chic of the many receptions I have attended at the White House.

Lady Bird Johnson, wife of the Vice President, moved about in a lowered silk print.—*The Post.*

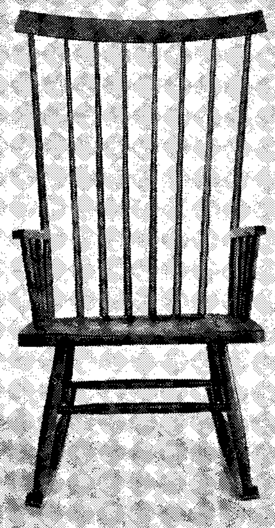
Better than standing still.

•

"We have a common interest at stake, a war against crime and community improvement that should be solved around a table."—*Editor & Publisher.*

Tables, tables—everybody always wants a *table!*

rocking chairware
—flawlessly crafted—native American inspiration with the fresh touch of modern maturity of design—for enduring acceptance. ROC/10H **29.95**
in walnut or blonde birch



DESIGNED, MANUFACTURED AND SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY
smilow-thielle
NEW YORK—856 LEXINGTON AVE. (Bet. 64 & 65 Sts.) LE 5-9232
WHITE PLAINS—41 MAMARONECK AVENUE, WH 8-4788
MANHASSET—2046 NORTHERN BLVD. (opp. Bonwit Teller) MA 7-0444
PLAINFIELD, N. J.—311 E. FRONT ST. (nr. Bamberger's) PL 7-0111
WASHINGTON, D.C.—3139 M STREET NW (Georgetown) 333-4757
CARPETING · PLANNED PAYMENT ACCOUNTS INVITED · FREE DELIVERY
MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED · SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S

FISHING—HUNTING IN CANADA

GEORGE RIVER, UNGAVA BAY
Salmon, Arctic Char, Brook Trout
Lodging: Arctic Anglers Club

LAKE ASHUANIPI, LABRADOR
Ouananiche, Brook Trout, Lake Trout
Lodging: Frontier Fishing Club

ALSO SELECTED AND PROVEN BIG GAME GUIDES AT OTHER CANADIAN LOCATIONS FOR:
—Grizzly Bear
—Big Horn, Dale & Stone Sheep
—Caribou, Elk, Moose

FOR INFORMATION
H. LeRoy Whitney, *Director*
SPORTS TRAVEL CENTER
15 E. 48 ST. N.Y.C. EL 5-6237 OR
TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES JU 6-8700

NEW LIFE
FOR YOUR FAVORITE TIES
Our own unique method of cleaning, hand-pressing and rolling edges restores original beauty.
WIDE TIES NARROWED
to the new, smart, slim shapes.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
TIES CLD. & NAR. .... $2.75 ea. 6 for $15.00
TIES CLEANED .... 1.25 ea. 6 for 7.20
TIES NARROWED .... 1.50 ea. 6 for 8.70
THE TIE CLINIC
Mail Order Dept. N-2
755 Dean St., B'klyn 38, N. Y.
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
38 E. 57th St., N. Y. 152 W. 42 St., N. Y.
200 W. 34th St., N. Y. 120 Liberty St., N. Y.
Enclose payment, save return postage

F A N N Y ' S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY) Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

Ready and on the ways—Kathy Kersh, Miss Rheingold 1962 and her crew.

Bon Voyage, Bon Rheingold

What seafarer (or landlubber for that matter) would think of launching into summer without plenty of Rheingold Extra Dry on deck? It's New York's largest selling beer—the beer with the taste that's brisk and bright and clean clear through. Rheingold is brewed of the choicest ingredients, brewed the long, slow, costlier way.

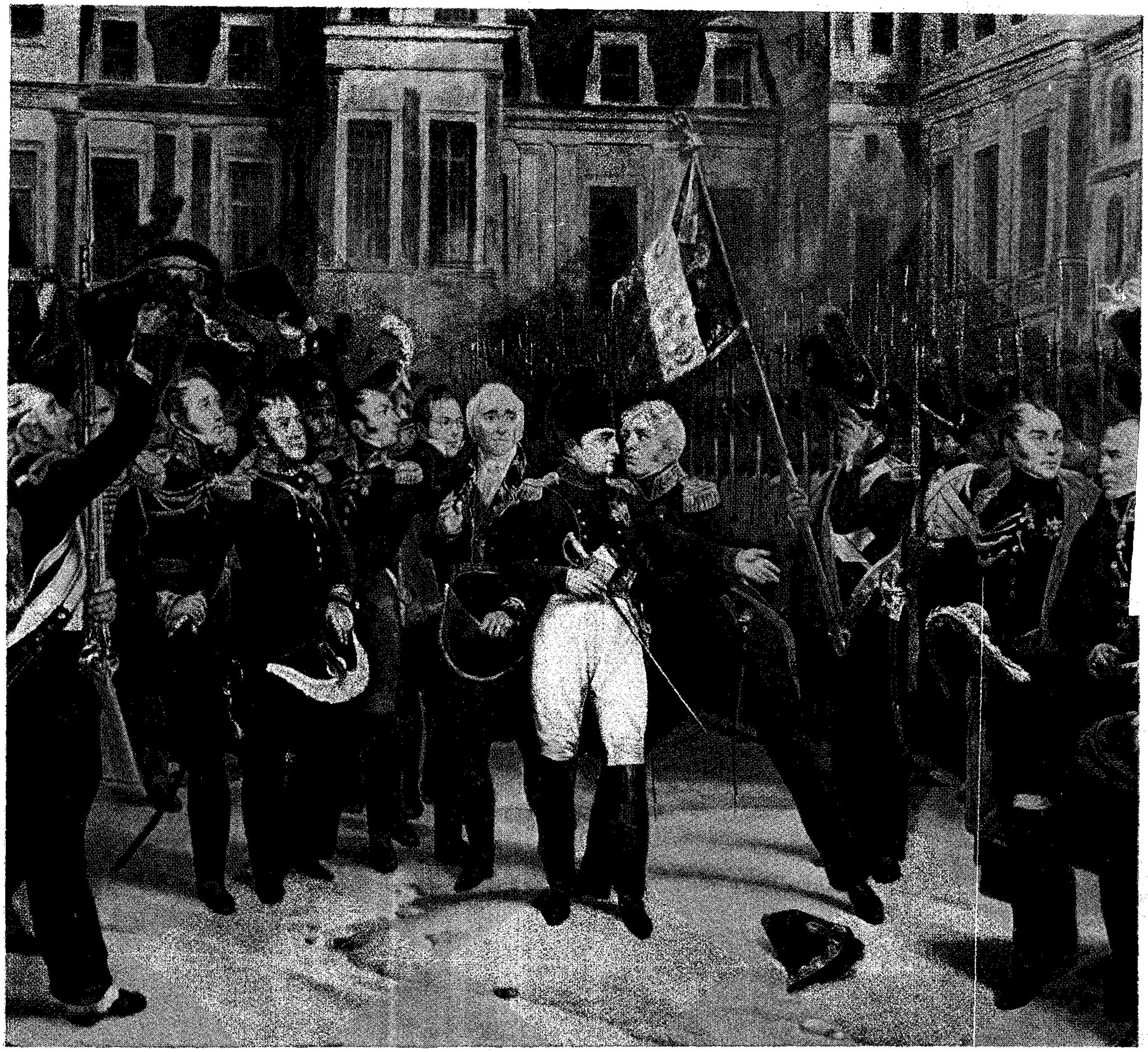
It's beer as beer should taste—Dry tells you why!

RHEINGOLD BRINGS YOU THE METS ON
WABC (770) AND WOR-TV (CHANNEL 9)

MILLIONS SAY:

"My beer is Rheingold the dry beer"

Liebmann Breweries, INC.,
NEW YORK, N. Y., ORANGE, N. J. BREWERS FOR OVER 125 YEARS.



Adieux de Napoléon à La Garde Impériale à Fontainebleau. Détail de la peinture par E.J.H.Vernet.

Napoleon bids farewell to his Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau, April 20, 1814, shortly before abdicating. General Petit, Commandant, embraces him.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

To great products and great men alike, history accords enduring fame. So with Courvoisier Cognac—The Brandy of Napoleon. For centuries, Courvoisier has been the choice of kings and statesmen and all who can command the finest. Enjoy it for its matchless flavour and bouquet—*pour la gloire* it perpetuates. *Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N. Y., Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.*

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

84 Proof
COURVOISIER
* The Brandy of Napoleon

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped from France. Send $1 cash, check or money order *payable to TV,* P.O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y., Dept. NY-27.

(Offer subject to state and local regulations.)